May 26, 1975

THE NEW YORKER

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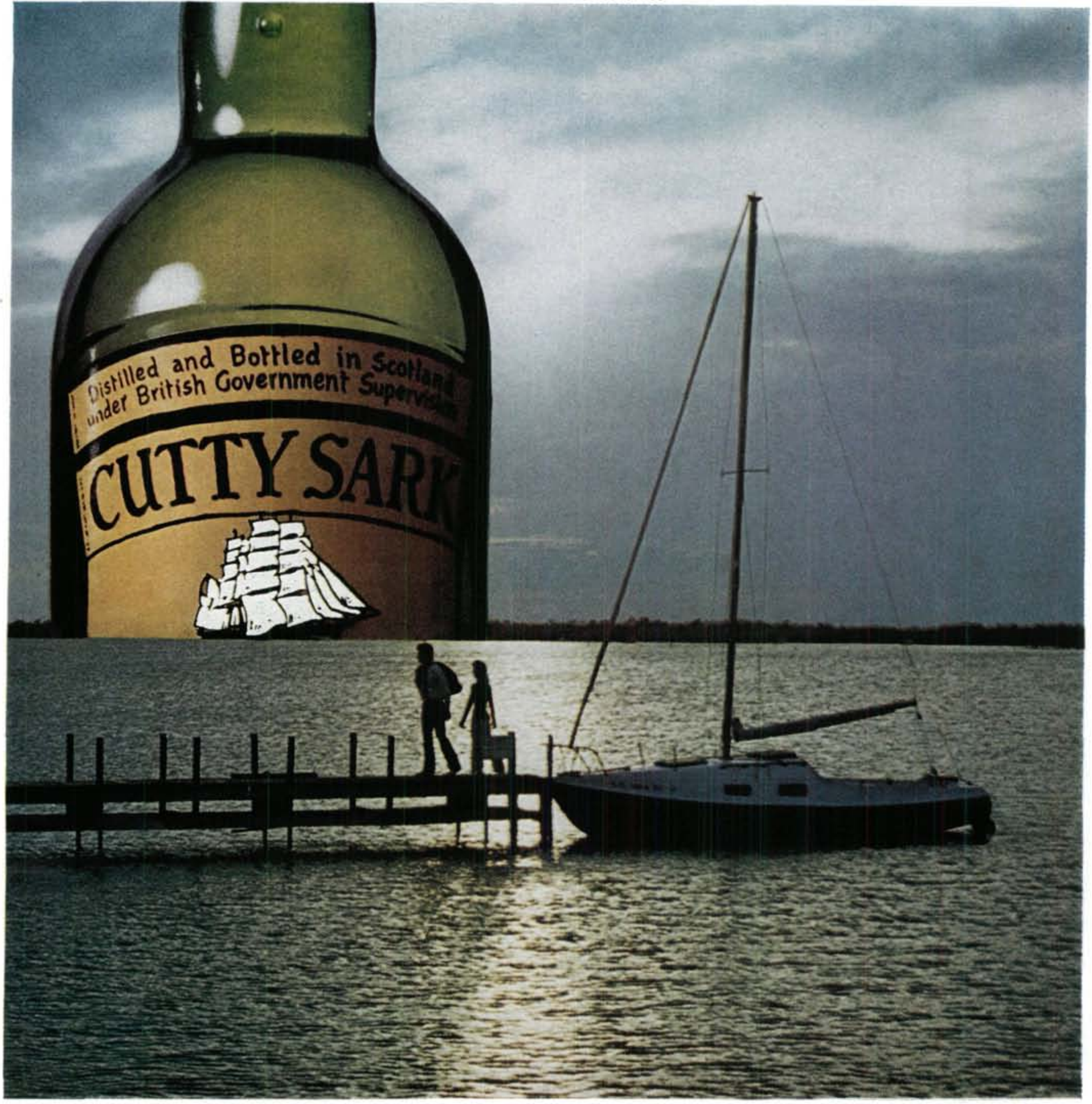
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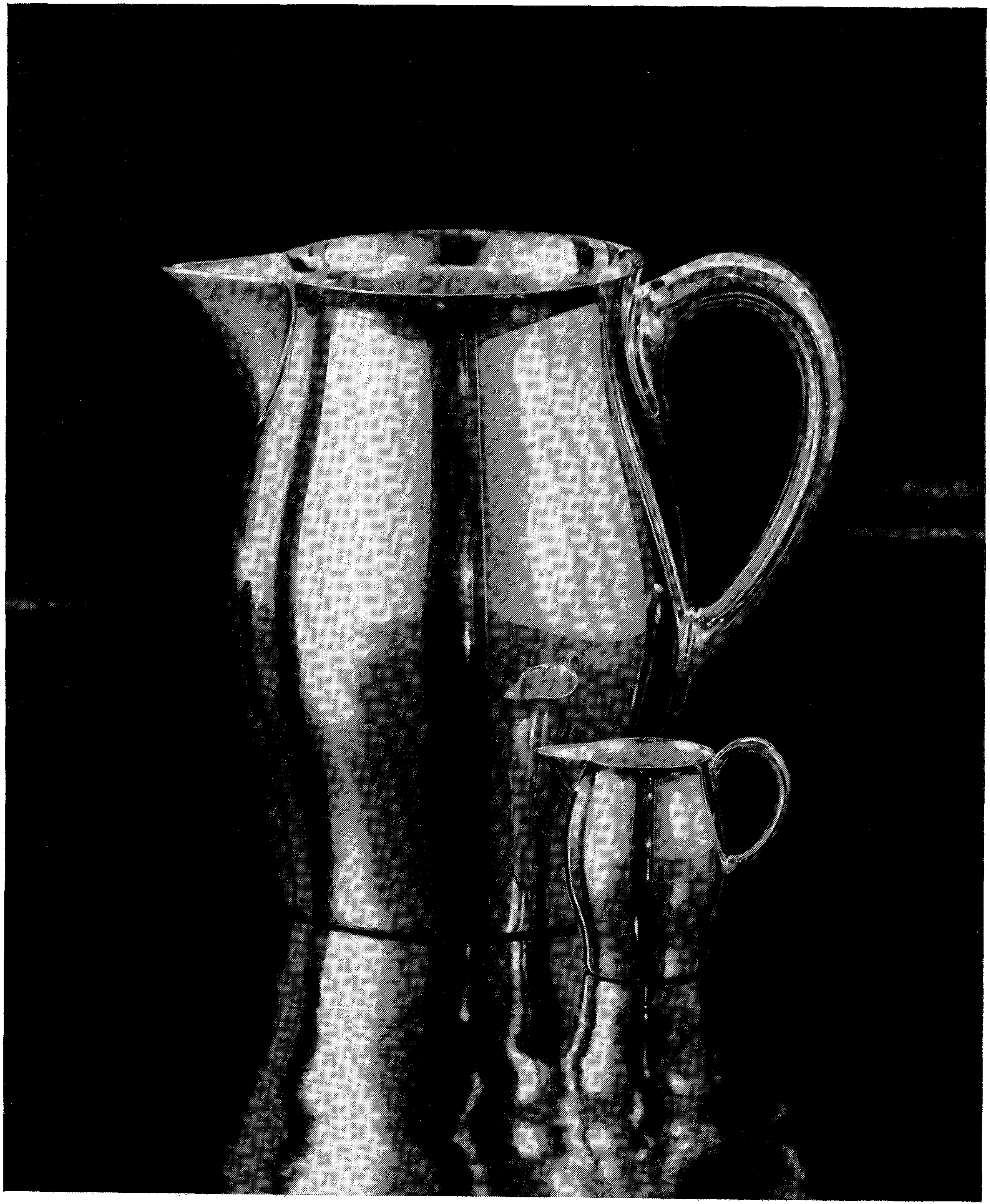

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(Next week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their schedules because of the Memorial Day holiday, which will be observed on Monday, May 26. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check the newspapers before making plans.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

ABSURD PERSON SINGULAR—Three neatly linked and extremely funny comedies by the English playwright Alan Ayckbourn. With Paul Shyre, Carole Shelley, Fritz Weaver, Geraldine Page, Sandy Dennis, and Curt Dawson. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

ALL OVER TOWN—A crippled farce by Murray Schisgal. Eleven doors in a set are witty, but not witty enough. Directed by Dustin Hoffman. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays, except May 27, through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Monday, May 26, at 3.)

BETTE MIDLER'S CLAMS ON THE HALF SHELL REVUE—A revue starring the formidable and often very funny Bette Midler, assisted by Lionel Hampton and other gifted folk. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Mondays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30.)

A CHORUS LINE—A musical conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett, with a book by James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante, music by Marvin Hamlisch, and lyrics by Edward Kleban. Opens Wednesday, May 21. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays and Thursday, May 22, at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

DANCE WITH ME—A musical mingling of real life and fantasy at a subway stop in Manhattan. Written by and starring Greg Antonacci, aided by members of a young and lively group that calls itself the La Mama Plexus Company. (Mayfair, 235 W. 46th St. 391-0063. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5; special matinée Monday, May 26, at 3.)

DIAMOND STUDS—A country-and-Western version of a life of Jesse James; the life doesn't bear close examination but is great fun to listen to. In a cabaret setting. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

EQUITY LIBRARY THEATRE—Rudolf Friml's operetta **THE THREE MUSKETEERS** is the final production of the season. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, May 25. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

EQUUS—Peter Shaffer's continuously exciting melodrama about a boy who mutilates six horses in the very act of worshipping them. With Anthony Hopkins and Peter Firth, directed by John Dexter. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, and Monday, May 26, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Monday, May 26.)

GOODTIME CHARLEY—Joel Grey and Ann Reinking make this musical oddity about the Dauphin and Joan of Arc worth giving half your attention to. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, May 26, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Monday, May 26, at 3.)

HARRY OUTSIDE—Corinne Jacker's comedy in the Chekhovian manner about a famous old architect who refuses to go indoors, and about the women who take care of him in various ways, has been accorded a first-rate production, under Marshall W. Mason's direction. Kevin McCarthy gives a truly distinguished performance in the title role, and Lois Smith is fine, too, as his loving, put-upon wife. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, June 8.)

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IN PRAISE OF LOVE—Rex Harrison, Julie Harris, and Martin Gabel all give exquisite lessons in the art of acting; their vehicle, by Terence Rattigan, is not an exquisite lesson in the art of playwriting but it will serve. (Morosco, 215 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, May 26, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Monday, May 26, at 3. Closes Saturday, May 31.)

LITTLE BLACK SHEEP—A nasty, failed comedy about a rebellious nun and several miserable priests. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays, Sundays, and Wednesday, May 21, at 2. Closes Sunday, June 1.)

THE MISANTHROPE—A strange rendering of Molière's great play, with Alec McCowen and Diana Rigg pretending to be Parisians of the nineteen-sixties. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, May 31.)

THE NATIONAL LAMPOON SHOW—A sharp-witted, brutal, often dirty, and often funny revue. The four young men and one young woman who wrote and perform it are energetic and accomplished—John Belushi especially so. (New Palladium, 120 W. 51st St. 974-6740. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays

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COVER: *Robert Tallon*

DRAWINGS: *Lee Lorenz, Stan Hunt, David Christianson, Eugène Mihaesco, Joseph Mirachi, Malcolm Hancock, Edward Koren, Dana Fradon, Donald Reilly, Warren Miller, Robert Weber, Jack Ziegler, Al Ross, Joseph Farris, John Corcoran, Chon Day, Nurit Karlin, Frank Modell, Arnie Levin*

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

at 8 and 10:15; Saturdays at 7:30, 9:45, and midnight; and Sundays at 7:30.)

Polly—Polly is Polly Peachum, here adrift in the New World, in John Gay's comic opera—a sequel to "The Beggar's Opera." This show comes nowhere near the brilliance of its great progenitor, but there is fun in it, all the same. The witty and clever costumes and scenery and the attractive score are by Carrie F. Robbins, Robert U. Taylor, and Mel Marvin, respectively. Robert Kalfin, who adapted it, also directed. Patricia Elliott, Robert Manzari, Betsy Beard, and Edward Zang are among the good performers. (Chelsea Theatre Center, Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Nightly at 8. Matinées Wednesday at 2 and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, May 25.)

The Ritz—Terrence McNally's ingenious farce about the travails of a frightened heterosexual garbage collector in a homosexual bathhouse. Doesn't sound much like "Martin Chuzzlewit"? No, that's right, it doesn't. With Jack Weston and Rita Moreno. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, Thursdays, and Monday, May 26, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Monday, May 26, at 3.)

Rodgers & Hart—Many samples of the handiwork of a great team of songwriters. What ought to be a zestful evening goes curiously flat. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, May 26, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Monday, May 26, at 3.)

Rubbers and **Yanks 3 Detroit 0 Top of the Seventh**—A double bill by Jonathan Reynolds, directed by Alan Arkin. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Mondays at 6:15; Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; and Fridays and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

Same Time, Next Year—A new playwright named Bernard Slade has invented an erector set of one-liners that should last a lifetime. With Ellen Burstyn and Charles Grodin, directed by Gene Saks. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

A-Season-Within-a-Season—Samm Williams' **WELCOME TO BLACK RIVER**, the final offering in a series of plays by new black playwrights, presented by the Negro Ensemble Company. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 8:30; and Sunday at 7. Matinées Saturday at 3:30 and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, May 25.)

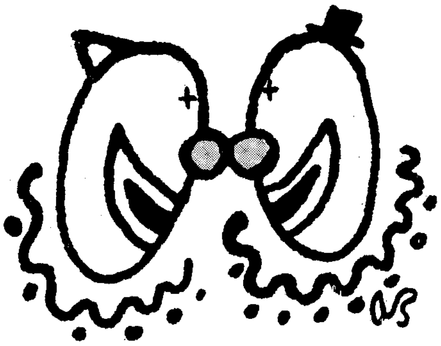
Shenandoah—Even thirty years ago, this would have been an old-fashioned musical. The star is John Cullum, who sings his dull songs beautifully. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, May 26, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Monday, May 26.)

Sherlock Holmes—A bright revival, under Frank Dunlop's direction, of the William Gillette classic. John Neville is the great, ice-cold ratiocinator. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 246-6699. Tuesdays, except May 27, through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Monday, May 26, at 2.)

Sidnee Poet Heroical—A play by Amiri Baraka (LeRoi Jones). (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. Thursday through Sunday at 7:30. Closes Sunday, May 25. Free.)

The Taking of Miss Janie—Ed Bullins' powerful, complex, and often funny play about the turbulent sixties. The setting is southern California, and much of the action takes place at a party that three black college roommates give for their black and white friends. (Newhouse, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Waiting for Mongo—A play by Silas Jones, with Graham Brown and Ethel Ayler in a cast directed by Douglas Turner Ward. The final production of the season by the Negro Ensemble Company. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3:30 and Sundays at 2:30.)



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The Wiz—An all-black production of a musical version of "The Wizard of Oz," with gorgeous scenery and costumes, tiresome music, and several first-rate performances. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Women Behind Bars—This takeoff on awful old movies, set in the Women's House of Detention in the Village, is often very dirty and almost always very funny. Tom Eyen is the playwright. With the remarkable Madeleine le Roux, as an empty-headed pyromaniac. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8:30. Matinées Sundays at 5.)

Long Runs—**CANDIDE:** A triumphant version of the once-doomed Bernstein-Wilbur-Voltaire musical. Voltaire still comes out last, but it doesn't matter. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** 6,273 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 6 and 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2 and 5.)... **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays, except May 27, through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Monday, May 26, at 3.)... **THE HOT L BALTIMORE:** Lanford Wilson's play about the assorted seedy residents of a once good hotel, now shabby and threatened by bulldozers, is synthetic and sugary, but it is quite entertaining, too. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays, except May 27, through Thursdays at 8; Friday at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Monday, May 26.)... **THE MAGIC SHOW:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks by Doug Henning make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)... **PIPPIN:** A big but skimpy musical that the director and choreographer Bob Fosse has turned into his very own "War and Peace," with everything but a yacht race. Eric Berry and Michael Rupert play Charlemagne and his son. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except May 28, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Monday, May 26.)... **RAISIN:** A jaunty and heartwarming musical has been made out of Lorraine Hansberry's old-fashioned play about a black Chicago family on its way to white-middle-class mediocrity. Directed and choreographed by Donald McKayle. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Monday, May 26, at 3.)

MISCELLANY

The Circus—Last chance! (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday through Friday at 1:30 and 7:30; Saturday at 10:30, 3, and 8; and Sunday and Monday at 1:15 and 5:30. Closes Monday, May 26.)

BALLET AND DANCE

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—**REPERTORY:** Wednesday, May 21, at 8: "Irish Fantasy," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Pas de Deux," "Agon," and "Western Symphony." ...¶ The second program in a **RAVEL FESTIVAL** of music and dance (all of the remaining ballets are premières). Thursday and Friday, May 22-23, at 8, and Saturday, May 24, at 2 and 8: "Schéhérazade," "Introduction and Allegro," "Alborada del Gracioso," "Ma Mère l'Oye," and "Daphnis et Chloé."... **REPERTORY:** Sunday, May 25, at 1: "Irish Fantasy," "Agon," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3."... Sunday, May 25, at 7: "Swan Lake," "Firebird," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Western Symphony."... Tuesday, May 27, at 8: "Agon," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Ivesiana," and "Stars and Stripes."... Wednesday, May 28, at 8: "Jewels."... ¶ The final program in the **RAVEL FESTIVAL:** Thursday and Friday, May 29-30, at 8, and Saturday, May 31, at 2 and 8: "Le Tombeau de Couperin," "Pavane pour une Infante Défunte," "Une Barque sur l'Océan," "Tzigane," "Gaspard de la Nuit," "Sarabande et Danse," "Chansons Madécasses," and "Rhapsodie Espagnole." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, June 29.)

Bolshoi Ballet—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday matinée, May 21, and Saturday evening, May 24: "Ivan the Terrible."... ¶ Wednesday evening, May 21: "Swan Lake."... ¶ Thursday evening, May 22, and Saturday matinée, May 24: "The Sleeping Beauty."... ¶ Friday evening, May 23: "Spartacus." (Metropolitan Opera House. 787-3880. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

Stuttgart Ballet—Opening performances of a four-week engagement that will run through Saturday, June 21—Tuesday, May 27, at 7:30, and Wednesday, May 28, and Friday, May 30, at 8: "Eugene Onegin."... ¶ Thursday, May 29, at 8: "Romeo and Juliet."... ¶ Saturday, May 31, at 2 and 8: "Swan Lake." (Metropolitan Opera House. 787-3880.)

Eleo Pomare Dance Company—Wednesday, May 21, and Friday, May 23, at 8: "Radiance of the Dark," "Passage," "Serendipity," "Roots," and "De la Tierra" (première).... ¶ Thursday, May 22, and Saturday, May 24, at 8: "Las Desenamoradas," "Narcissus Rising," "Movements II," "Transplant II," and "Hushed Voices."... ¶ Sunday, May 25, at 2:15: "Noon," "Junkie," "De la Tierra," and "Radiance of the Dark." (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350.)

Jean-Léon Destiné—With his Afro-Haitian dance company. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Sunday, May 25, at 6.)

Stagium Chamber Ballet of São Paulo—A company of thirteen, appearing here for the first time, in a single program: "Jerusalem," "Diadorim," and "Mary I, the Mad Queen." (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Tuesday, May 27, at 8:30.)

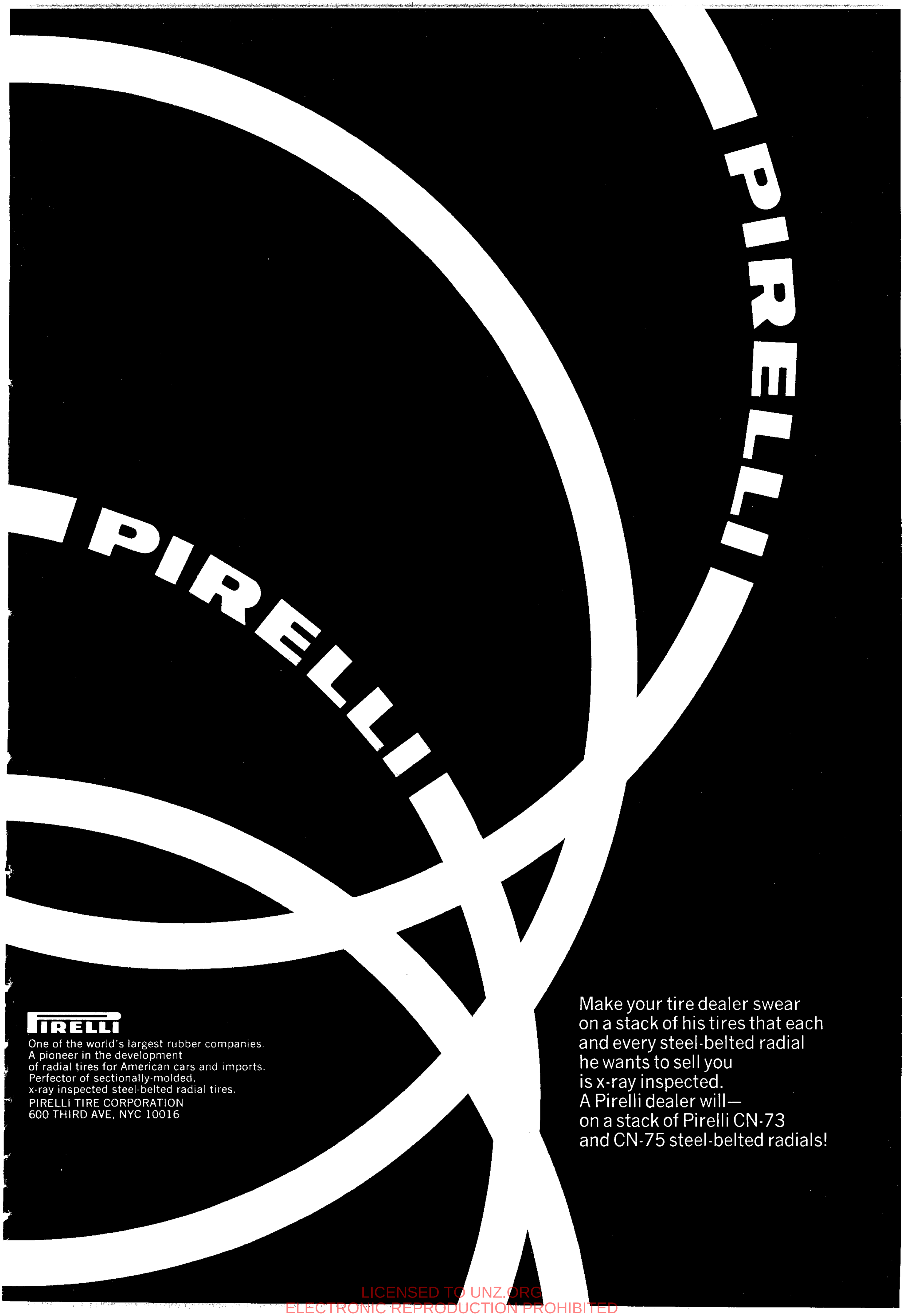
Rudy Perez Dance Theatre—"Parallax," "Daddy's Girl," "Top Load/Offprint," "Transit," and "Mirrors." (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. Thursday, May 29—a benefit performance—and also Friday and Saturday, May 30-31, at 8. For tickets, call 861-4200, Ext. 540.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which boldface type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.)

●

Buddy's Place, 133 W. 33rd St. (736-2888)—**MEL TORMÉ'S** voice—small, precise, immedi-



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ately identifiable, in the way Tony Bennett's is—has stayed about the same, but the buzzing-in-your-ear style he started out with thirty years ago has long since given way to an affable, swinging, hornlike attack much admired by musicians and other singers. Indeed, he has become—and consciously so, one suspects—a singer's singer. He has also become an entertainer's entertainer, and he keeps one's eyes hopping. He writes all the arrangements for his accompanists—in this case, **BUDDY RICH'S** marvellous new big band—and he conducts while he sings, making a variety of hypnotic Jacques Tati signals with his left hand. Moreover, he jumps ceaselessly from profile right to profile left, and occasionally he plumps at the piano and accompanies himself or plays a dozen bars of George Gershwin's "Concerto in F." It's a cheerful, hyperactive show—"Here's That Rainy Day," "Spring Is Here," "Mountain Greenery," and a long Gershwin medley make up a substantial part of it—and it's particularly lifting at its end, when he and Buddy Rich exchange Las Vegas insult-gags and then launch a series of fusillading four-bar breaks, in which (visions of the Savoy Ballroom!) Tormé scats in the Ella Fitzgerald mode and Rich summons up his idol, Chick Webb. Tormé closes on Saturday, May 24, and will be followed the week after by Lou Rawls and the comedian David Brenner. Everything about Rich's new club continues to be admirable—its superb sound system, its enclosed (for the noisy) bar, its peppy service—but show times should be checked in advance, for transient performers of note are apt to sit in and knock the schedules galley west. Generally, it's ten and midnight on weeknights and nine, eleven, and one on Saturdays. Closed Sundays.

FIVE SPOT, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (730-9270)—It is the business of an innovator's disciples to absorb and broadcast their master's works, which is what the admirers of **ORNETTE COLEMAN** have been doing during the fifteen years since his tumultuous arrival in New York. The result is that Coleman, who began dangerously as a critics' darling, now sounds as comfortable and ready-made as Benny Carter or Paul Desmond. He once said, when the first paeans were flowing, "My phrasing is spontaneous, not a style. A style happens when your phrasing hardens." Well, it has, and we have grown used to the bursting runs, the heretical notes, the unearthly melodies, and the roundelay rhythms. The down, shouting, lonesome quality of his alto saxophone is still startling, though, as are the strange, languorous, majestic melodic lines of his compositions, which have come to seem just as remarkable as his playing. His present group, which tends to muffle and blur his playing, is made up of James Ulmer on guitar; his son, Ornette D., on drums; Barbara Huey on percussion; and the great Charlie Haden on bass. Beware of Coleman's occasional forays on trumpet and violin; no matter how hard he puffs and saws, they remain one jump ahead of him. Tuesdays through Sundays from around ten. Trumpeter **DON CHERRY** arrives with a quartet on Tuesday, May 27. . . . ¶ On Mondays: **DAVE MATTHEWS'** twelve-piece band, made up of studio musicians who range from their twenties to their forties. Music from nine-thirty to two. On Sundays from five to nine: the Music Complex Jazz Orchestra, also made up of studio musicians. Like the old territorial bands it resembles, it doesn't always get the right sound in the right place, but it has enthusiasm and several impressive soloists. The pianist **JAKI BYARD** acts as the leader. Chinese and American food.

•

ARTHUR'S TAVERN, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—A pleasant, low-keyed little hideaway just off Sheridan Square, frequented on Monday nights by feverish devotees of Chicago jazz and Dixieland. The Monday-night band, known as the Grove Street Stompers, is composed of avocational musicians: they may just be tired businessmen when they begin, but by eleven-thirty or so, they have taken on the loose and limber and perspiring attributes of authentic jazzmen. The rest of the week—Tuesday through Saturday—is claimed by singer and pianist Mabel Godwin from nine to three. Closed Sundays.

BOOMER'S, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—A cozy place—white brick walls and a long, paned picture window with gauzy curtains—in which to munch pork chops, ribs, or collard greens and listen to some reliable, vigorously amplified music. **JUNIOR MANCE,** a bluesy and high-spirited pianist, has settled in with his trio; Wednesdays through Saturdays. On Monday and Tuesday, May 26-27, trumpeter Charles Sullivan brings in a quartet. Music from nine-forty-five to three. Closed Sundays.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The Ozark Mountain Daredevils, a pop-and-country group that takes fewer risks than its name implies, pounds out some predictable riffs opposite folkrockers Brewer and Shipley on Wednesday, May 21. Emmylou Harris sings country-rock ditties with her backup crew on Thursday, May 22. Friday through Monday, May 23-26, **MOSE ALLISON** creates both a rustic and an urbane presence, as he culls and borrows from Muddy Waters, Hank Williams, and Thelonious Monk. Allison trades sets with **JOHN HAMMOND,** who has studied and assumed the blues mannerisms of the Robert Johnson period. On Tuesday, May 27, Manhattan Transfer returns and begins doing its thirties, forties, and fifties routines opposite Canadian punk-rock singer Lewis Furey. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dinner.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—Piano-bass duos in a pleasant, occasionally chaotic dark-pine-walled Village sanctuary. The lineup Mondays through Saturdays consists of Kenny Barron and Bob Cunningham, through May 24, and Barry Harris with Bill Takas, beginning May 26. On Sundays, **JAKI BYARD,** who doesn't seem one bit tired after his bandleading stint an hour or so earlier (at the Five Spot), receives enthusiastically good-natured support from bassist Major Holley. Nine-thirty to two-thirty every night but Sunday, when the music runs from nine-thirty to one. Dinner.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—In the Café Carlyle, **BOBBY SHORT** demonstrates his unique, hard-hitting ways with classic popular songs Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Friday and Saturday, May 23-24. Helping out, as always, are bassist Beverly Peer and drummer Dick Sheridan. Short and company go on at nine-forty-five, eleven-thirty, and one. Dinner and supper. . . . ¶ Muriel Roberts, an industrious and swinging pianist, has taken over in the Bemelmans Bar, which appears to have become a permanent music room. Mondays through Thursdays from nine to twelve-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine to one. No music Friday through Monday, May 23-26.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—**DICK WELLSTOOD,** a subtle and inventive pianist, reproduces the raw materials—the emotions, the rhythmic patterns, the harmonic strengths—that the old-master pianists of the thirties and forties quarried their styles out of. He is playing by himself, which is as it should be; bass players simply bounce off his left hand. From eight until one every night except Sunday, when Dick Hyman takes over. Dining.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The third version, and an attractive one. The house band, which begins after nine, is made up of Ed Polcer, Vic Dickenson, Herbie Hall, Jim Andrews, Red Balaban (a bassist and the owner of the club), and Ronnie Cole. Cornettist **RUBY BRAFF** pays a visit on Tuesday, May 27. Red Richards mans the piano beforehand, from five to nine. Closed Sundays.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—An up-to-date version of the neighborhood pub. Twenty-three-year-old stride stylist and Ellingtonia fancier **BROOKS KERR** works with and learns from drummer **SONNY GREER,** who began his relationship with Ellington in 1919, and saxophonist **RUSSELL PROCOPE,** who joined the Ellington reed section in 1945. Wednesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to three. Mondays and Tuesdays from ten to three, alto saxophonist **LEE KONITZ** swaps ideas with pianist Dick Katz and bassist John Beal. Pianist **AL HAIG** plays from six to nine every night but Sunday, when he is joined by guitarist Sam Brown and bassist Jamil Nasser for a few sets from four-thirty to nine-thirty.

JACQUES AT THE VILLAGE CORNER, 142 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (473-9762)—A cheerful bar on one of the corners where the Village meets N.Y.U.'s academic industrial park. Pianist Lance Hayward plays nightly, except Wednesdays, and is joined on Sundays by singer Jane Valentine. Live sounds from nine-thirty to three.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—**ROY ELDRIDGE** is sixty-four, his hair is whitish, and he wears thick glasses, but the old drive is still there. His accompanists—Dick Katz or Cyril Haynes on piano, Eddie Locke on drums, Major Holley on bass, Joe Muranyi on reeds, and Bobby Pratt on trombone—provide camouflage for Eldridge during the early part of the evening and ballast during the later part. Music from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Max Kaminsky is in charge of a group of musical archivists from eight until two.

MABEL MERCER ROOM, in the St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—A portrait of the artist at seventy-five, which **MABEL MERCER** has just gracefully turned. Everything is just right—the voice (despite its early-evening ups and downs), the phrasing, the wonderful songs, her regal good looks, and the newly christened room itself. Jimmy Lyon's accompaniment is calm and fatherly. She sings—and miraculously well of late, particularly at her second show—at ten and midnight, through Saturday, May 24.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Whatever jazz violinist **JOE VENUTI** touches turns to swing. With him are John Bunch and Milt Hinton and Bobby Rosengarden. Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine-fifteen to one. Then, on Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—The management has thoughtfully installed two bicycle racks just outside this upper West Side hangout. One can keep tabs on one's bike from the sidewalk gallery, which has windows made of the same sort of plastic that separates taxi passengers from taxi-drivers. Some intricate, super-cool, and lazy rhythm-and-blues is offered up by bassist Gordon Edwards, guitarist Cornell Dupree, pianist Richard Tee, tenorman Charlie Brown, and drummer Chris Parker; Sundays through Thursdays. Their music is of the puristic, early- and mid-fifties variety—the basic and raw materials, untarnished by sixties and seventies rock-and-roll inflections or soul mannerisms. On Friday and Saturday, May 23-24, organist Larry Young works with a funky quintet. Music from ten until three. Dinner.

MUSIC ROOM, 2871 Broadway, at 111th St. (866-2018)—This modest restaurant and bar, which presents classical and, sometimes, folk music nightly from seven to eleven, makes a pleasant, relaxed alternative to the rigidities of the concert hall. The decorations include a characteristically brooding, steely-eyed portrait of Beethoven, a guitar-shaped poster that enumerates the recording artists for a small blues label, and regimented rows of hanging plastic plants and a few preserved palms. The musicians are young, proficient, and usually responsive to requests. Soloists perform weekdays; chamber duos, trios, and quartets take over on Fridays and Saturdays.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—**DAVE BRUBECK,** who has kept to himself and out of the public eye for much of the past ten or twelve years, has returned to these premises, where he appeared last June with his musical offspring, Darius, Chris, and Danny. His "My Three Sons" act has been broken up, though, by Chris, who has, it seems, turned his full attention to his rock-and-jazz outfit, Sky King. This time out, the elder Brubeck will be abetted by Darius, on electric keyboard, and Danny, on drums, and it's an odds-on bet they'll devote some time to such golden oldies as "Blue Rondo à la Turk" and "Take Five." Shows at nine-fifteen and eleven-thirty, with the house orchestra filling in the between-show gaps. Closed Sundays and Monday, May 26.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-

9090)—When the Rainbow Room was first described in these pages, more than forty years ago, two qualities were singled out. The first was air-conditioning, which dissipated the haze—"a mixture of cigarette smoke, talc, waiter's venom, and the strange Pontine vapors arising from glasses of gin and ginger ale"—that night-club habitués had grown accustomed to peering through, and thus enabled them to notice the view of the city. The second was an organ, which tinged the "fox trot with an odd piety." The customers here nowadays seem to have adjusted themselves to the novelties of air-conditioning, and the management has wisely done away with the organ. The music is currently provided by SY OLIVER's orchestra, which plays gustily rather than piously every night but Sunday and Monday, May 25-26. The room will be closed on Tuesday, May 27.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—The most exotic night spot for blocks and blocks, with an enthusiastic clientele and a reverence for just about anything campy. John Phillips and Genevieve Waite, a singing team whose act is just about as campy as they come, perform for their admirers and for those who find Chip and Dale too deep. Opening the shows, at nine and midnight, is gospel mover and shaker Denise Rogers and her band; through Saturday, May 24. On Tuesday, May 27, pianist Louis St. Louis comes in with a trio, along with Mirabai, a young singer and guitarist, whose name is taken from a legendary follower of Krishna. Mondays are showcases for new talent. Dining. Closed Sundays.

St. James Infirmary, 22 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (675-1343)—An infirmary in name only—the music is very much alive and kicking. CHET BAKER, playing in his traditionally smooth and laid-back style, visits Wednesdays and Thursdays. Baker soloes with the very capable resident rhythm section—pianist Hod O'Brian, bassist Cameron Brown, and drummer Beaver Harris, and he occasionally does a loose, front-of-the-throat vocal—his two favorites seem to be "My Funny Valentine" (a hard song for any vocalist, to say nothing of vocalizing trumpet players, to bring off) and "There Will Never Be Another You." Friday and Saturday, May 23-24, Marshall Brown lights into various rags, aided by his own well-versed quintet. On Friday and Saturday, May 30-31, tenor saxophonist and explorer from the sixties ARCHIE SHEPP drops by to give O'Brian, Brown, and Harris a run for their money. On Mondays, singer Joe Lee Wilson and saxophonist Monty Waters' combo take over, and on Sundays, the three residents perform together. Music from about ten. Closed Tuesdays.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—On Mondays and Tuesdays, CHET BAKER returns to this attractive and darkly lit home base. His young and enthusiastic cohorts sometimes forget what page they are on, but they keep him afloat from nine-thirty to two. Mellophonist Don Elliott and trumpeter HOWARD MCGHEE seem to like it here, too: Elliott performs with a relaxed quartet on Wednesdays and Thursdays, and McGhee brings in *his* quartet on Fridays and Saturdays. Sundays, from nine to two, are given over to the guitar duo of JOE PUMA and CHUCK WAYNE, who exchange more notes than there are begats.

Studio 77 / Ali's Alley, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—This after-hours gallery-loft, though among the less congested of the growing number of SoHo hangouts, is one of the more animated. The source of the commotion is the bandstand, where RASHIED ALI, an astonishingly gifted drummer, and his quartet—James Vass, David Durrah, and Benny Wilson—play intense, rigorous, free-form jazz. Ali, the proprietor, spent several years playing with those saxophonists who were the vanguard of sixties jazz—Archie Shepp, Pharoah Sanders, and the late Albert Ayler and John Coltrane. Thursdays through Sundays from ten to three. Soul food and nonalcoholic beverages.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—An airy, spacious restaurant with clear-varnished pine-panelled walls, a picture window filled with lush hanging plants, a black-marble-topped bar, and an acoustically perfect corner where the musicians are to be found. Guitarist Gene Bertoncini can be found soloing on Wednesday and Thursday, May 21-22, as well as every Sunday. JAKI BYARD shows up with his bassist, Major Holley, on Friday and Saturday, May 23-24. On Wednesday and Thursday, May 28-29, Peter Newburger will be at the keyboard, assisted by bassist Michael Bocchicchio. Friday and Saturday, May 30-31, have been allotted to singer Jay Clayton; Frank Clayton, on bass; and Masuo, a fine young guitarist who has been a standout soloist with the most recent Sonny Rollins combo. Music from eight on Sundays, from nine on Wednesdays and Thursdays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays.

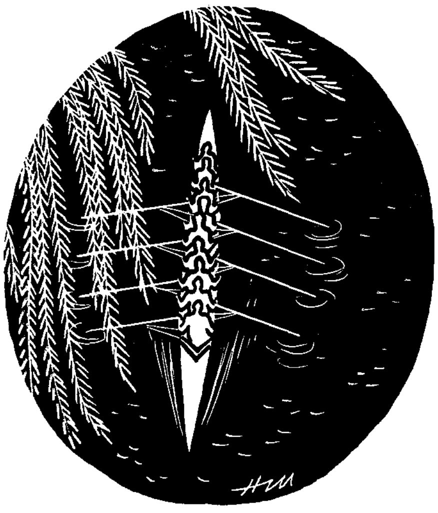
Tangerine, 1057 Lexington Ave., at 75th St. (861-2521)—ELLIS LARKINS has landed in this bar-and-grill that echoes the thirties and forties, and is wheeling out his beautifully feathered and bejewelled Art Tatum ruminations on an in-tune upright. The fine Wilbur Little is on bass. Be advised that though Larkins' playing is mighty his sets are mini. Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten until three.

Tin Palace, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-0566)—A lively though scarcely palatial evening haunt comprising two enclosed sidewalk galleries—affording views of the Bowery—and a large inner room with exposed-brick walls and a black ceiling of hand-pressed tin. Nothing much happens until around ten-thirty, when, on Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, flutist Lloyd McNeill and his capable crew—the very fine Cecil McBee on bass, electric pianist Dom Salvador, and drummer Buddy Williams—begin to play lilting, rhythmic, Brazilian-flavored jazz. On Wednesdays, Greg Bobulinski's quartet performs some bop standards, and on Sunday, May 25, pianist Sonelius Smith heads up a quartet. Dinner.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—Smoky, stuffy, and cramped, this illustrious basement institution continues to present some of the best jazzmen in the world. Pianist BILL EVANS, complex, challenging, and satisfying as ever, is here with his amazing bassist, Eddie Gomez, and his new drummer (who replaces Marty Morrell), through Sunday, May 25. On Tuesday, May 27, stalwart reedman SONNY FORTUNE arrives with his quintet. On Mondays, the THAD JONES-MEL LEWIS big band ambles in, assembles itself, lets loose, and sometimes—but not often enough—blasts off. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Convenient to a New York City truck route but not much else, this bar has red Afro-psychedelic walls, hundreds of gold Christmas-tree ornaments hanging from the ceiling, and a tiny (about five by ten feet) soul-food kitchen. Other assets: Mondays through Wednesdays, David Long is at the keyboard, and Thursdays through Sundays, pianist Chuck Fowler works with a bassist. Music from eight until two.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A wood-and-brick-walled retreat primarily patronized by Columbia students. The music that is keeping the students here during the break before the summer session begins is neither folk nor rock nor glitter. It is jazz—and somewhat old-fashioned jazz at that. Mondays and Tuesdays, trumpeter Franc Williams, Eddie Durham on trombone and electric guitar, pianist Ram Ramirez, and drummer Shelton Gary take the stand. Wednesdays and Thursdays, TINY GRIMES, a four-string tenor guitarist, plays bebopping blues with bassist Brian Torff and Shelton Gary. Fridays are turned over to five bop-oriented musicians, and Saturdays and Sundays are claimed by drummer JO JONES, tenor saxophonist Paul Quinichette, trumpeter Taft Jordan (the Chick Webb and Ellington alumnus), and pianist Dill Jones. Music from nine to one.



JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS

M'Boom Re: Percussion—"A Tribute to the Drums," with the Collective Black Artists Ensemble. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Friday, May 23, at 8.)

ZZ Top and Brian Auger's Oblivion Express—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday, May 23, at 8.

New York Jazz Repertory Company—"An Evening of Harlem Stride Piano." (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Saturday, May 24. at 8.)

Junior Mance Trio—New York Jazz Museum, 125 W. 55th St. Sunday, May 25, at 3, 4, and 5. No tickets necessary.

James Taylor—Carnegie Hall. Wednesday through Friday, May 28-30, at 8.

Bad Company and Maggie Bell—Madison Square Garden. Friday, May 30, at 7:30.

Climax Blues Band and Caravan—Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th St. Friday, May 30. at 8. For information about tickets, call 757-9516.

Black Oak Arkansas, Golden Earring, and Thee Image—Academy of Music. Saturday, May 31, at 8.

John Fahey—A benefit concert. (Hunter College Assembly Hall. Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday, May 31, at 8. For tickets, call 541-7290.)

Return to Forever (with Chick Corea)—Carnegie Hall. Saturday. May 31, at 8.

Hawkwind—Academy of Music. Saturday, May 31, at midnight.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

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Joseph Cornell (1903-72)—Cornell took one of the Dada forms that Marcel Duchamp had offhandedly invented and briefly played with—that of the boxed assemblage, stripped bare of its Victorian clutter, even—and made it into his lifework. He lived in Flushing, Queens, with his mother and handicapped brother for most of his life, and was early recognized as a genius of his peculiar specialty, though hardly plied with the sort of money that his work now commands. His boxes—in which birds, astronomy, jewelry, Renaissance portraits, palaces, and hotels recur as themes—combine found objects, painting, collage, and construction, and have an atmosphere of mystery and eccentricity, a daintiness of execution, and a rigor of composition that is unique to them. People who knew Cornell speak of his singular sweetness and simplicity of character, his kindliness, selflessness, and unworldliness. None of this is present in the boxes, however, which have the characteristic perversity, coldness, humorlessness, and nasty knowingness of Surrealism and the dream life it portrays. This exhibition includes twenty-nine boxes done between the late forties and the sixties, a display of memorabilia, and ten collages of the mid-sixties. Through June 14. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.)

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Gifford Beal (1879-1956)—A retrospective of paintings from all periods, including New England harbor-town scenes and depictions of circus life. Through Thursday, May 29. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Max Beckmann (1884-1950)—Twenty-three drawings, dated 1909-50, and three bronze sculptures. Through Saturday, May 31. (Carus, 1044 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Maurice Brianchon—Landscapes of the French countryside, still-lifes, and interiors. Through June 7. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

James Brooks—Recent Abstract Expressionist paintings, in a show running concurrently with his show at the Finch College Museum of Art. Through June 7. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

Corneille—Gouache paintings inspired by the story of Pinocchio, done with childlike di-

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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rectness in vivid, childlike colors. Through Saturday, May 24. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Ron Davis—Recent paintings. Through Saturday, May 31. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St.)

Emily Elman—Landscapes of Georgia marshlands and upstate New York. Through June 10. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St.)

Martha Mayer Erlebacher—Figures, groups of figures, and still-lifes by a Philadelphia painter whose polished realism gives her subjects, mostly contemporary, some of the quality of Medici portraits. Through Friday, May 30. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Nancy Grossman—Collage paintings of male figures. Through June 7. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

George Grosz (1893-1959)—A large selection of oils, watercolors, and ink drawings from the Berlin period, 1912-33. Through June 28. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Pierre Jacquemon—Abstract paintings, some suggesting landscapes and some suggesting figures. Through Saturday, May 24. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St.)

James C. Leong—Semi-abstract oils on galactic themes, such as barren moonscapes and cosmic upheavals. Through Saturday, May 31. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St.)

Alberto Magnelli (1888-1971)—Examples of his early figurative paintings, as well as abstractions from later periods. Through June 28. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

André Masson—A comprehensive show of his surrealist works, 1937-43, including paintings and sculptures. Through Saturday, May 24. (Lerner-Heller, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

Richard A. Milholland—A series of pencil drawings entitled "Book of Jews." Through Wednesday, May 28. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

George Rickey—Abstract stainless-steel kinetic pieces. Through Saturday, May 24. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

William David Ridenhour—Black abstractions on paper. Through Thursday, May 29. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

William Roberts / Michael Zansky—Stylized paintings of lighthouses and other coastal buildings by a Canadian artist who lives near the shores of Lake Huron. / Semi-abstract paintings, mostly suggesting distant views of cities. Through Saturday, May 31. (FAR Gallery, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

Norman Rockwell—A benefit loan show of magazine-cover designs, oil sketches, and other works. Through June 28. (Gallery 1020, 1020 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Raymond Saunders—Paintings, collages in mixed mediums, and drawings. Through Saturday, May 24. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.)

Morteza Sazegar—Squares of uniform size in varying shades of color on acrylic canvases. Through Saturday, May 31. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St.)

George Schulman—Abstract paintings, ranging in size from large to miniature, with wide areas of color. Through Saturday, May 24. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

Frederick Wardy—Linear black-and-white oils. Through Saturday, May 24. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Elbert Weinberg—Animals and mythological themes are the subjects for this sculptor's bronze, marble, and resin pieces. Through Thursday, May 29. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Jane Wilson / Ardeshir Mohassess—New still-life paintings, some representational and others abstract. / Colored-pencil and watercolor caricatures. Through Saturday, May 24. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

National Association of Women Artists—The 1975 annual exhibition of paintings, graphics, and sculptures by members of this organization of professional artists, numbering more than seven hundred. Through Sunday, May 25. (National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Daily, 1 to 5.)

Group Shows—At the **ALONZO**, 26 E. 63rd St.: A tenth-anniversary show of "small works." Among the artists: Lynne Drexler, Shozo Nagano, and Roy Shifrin. Through June 14. . . . **FAIRTREE**, 924 Madison Ave., at 74th St.: More than eighty artists are included in a show devoted to miniature and delicate works, some of them functional pieces, in mixed mediums, such as glass, wood, and ceramic. Through Saturday, May 31. . . . **KRASNER**, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by Avery, Degas, Nevelson, and others. Through June 6. . . . **NICHOLLS**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: "Flora and Fauna," a show of cartoons, magazine-cover designs, and watercolors by Charles Addams, Peter Arno, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Charles E. Martin, Warren Miller, Frank Modell, Mary Petty, George Price, Charles Saxon, William Steig, James Stevenson, and Barney Tobey. Through July 18. (Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5.). . . **PERLS**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Thirty works, among them two Modigliani portraits, a Picasso tapestry, and a Dali stage setting painted on glass. Through Saturday, May 31. . . . **SHEPHERD**, 21 E. 84th St.: Nineteenth-century French figurative art, chosen to show the academic backgrounds of the painters, among them Ingres, Chassériau, and Puvis de Chavannes. Through June 28. . . . **STONE**, 48 E. 86th St.: Paintings by Susan Goodrich and Ray Kass, and sculptures by John Anderson. Through Friday, May 30.

Sculpture—At the **FORUM**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Indoor and outdoor pieces (in bronze, terra-cotta, and stone, for instance) by Lucchesi, Manzù, Gross, and others. Through June 5. . . . **GIMPEL**, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Bronzes from the sixties, mostly, by British artists Robert Adams, Barbara Hepworth, Bernard Meadows, and Henry Moore. Through Saturday, May 31. . . . **GRUENEBAUM**, 25 E. 77th St.: Five Constructivists—Abe Ajay, Stephen Edlich, Will Horwitt, J. Pindyck Miller, and Ulrich Niemeyer. Through Saturday, May 31.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Luis Cruz Azaceta / Michael Isen—Large paintings of subway passengers and subway graffiti./ Painted-plaster sculptures, among them a bed with sheets, blankets, and pillow. Through Saturday, May 31. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St. Open Saturdays at noon; closed Sundays.)

Saul Baizerman (1889-1957)—Five hammered-copper sculptures by a figurative artist. Through June 14. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

Leonard Baskin—Bronze sculptures (one piece is nine feet high), drawings, and graphics. Through June 6. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

Max Bill / Brett Whiteley—Paintings and sculptures by this Swiss artist, a Bauhaus graduate, who took up where Mondrian left off and has worked his way through (and out of, he says) mathematical concepts of art. / Ink drawings with a kind of Oriental dash, by an Australian artist. Through June 14. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

Isabel Bishop—Drawings and etchings, as well as a few new paintings, in a show running concurrently with her retrospective at the Whitney Museum. Through Saturday, May 24. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

John Civitello—Acrylic still-lifes, in delicate colors, of ventilators, transformers, and other totemic-looking utilities. Through Thursday, May 29. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

Doug Davis—Eight videotapes, two of them showing the artist typing his thoughts, which also appear on the screen. Through Saturday, May 31. (Stefanotty, 50 W. 57th St.)

Edward Hicks (1780-1849)—A benefit loan exhibition of paintings by the folk artist. Through June 28. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays; open Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Hans Hofmann (1880-1966) / **Pat Lipsky**—Late paintings. Through June 27. / New abstract paintings. Through June 4. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Iris Kaplan—Figure paintings, many of women. Through Saturday, May 24. (Cernuschi, 121 E. 57th St.)

Harriet Kline / Dolly Moreno—Semi-abstract watercolors with brushstrokes influenced by Chinese techniques. / Desktop-size sculptures—constructions, really—that are held together by magnetic force and invite do-it-yourself reassembly by the spectator. Through Saturday, May 31. (Selected Artists, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

Stephen Mueller—Abstract paintings. Through Thursday, May 29. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Isamu Noguchi—Polished and sandblasted stainless-steel sculptures, 1958-74. Through June 20. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Bridget Riley—Six large oils and fourteen gouaches by an Optical artist who previously worked in black and white but has now turned to color, often with vertiginous effect. Through Saturday, May 31. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St.)

Wallace H. Smith—Landscapes, mostly. Through June 7. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

Roger Welch—In 1960, a rowboat capsized in the Niagara River and a little boy was swept over the falls but miraculously survived. Mr. Welch has prepared an evocation of the event, shown simultaneously on two screens, one offering an hour-long, matter-of-fact video interview with the survivor, now twenty-four, and the other a scary 16-mm. closeup, taken from a helicopter, of the raging waters involved. Through June 28. (Stefanotty, 50 W. 57th St.)

Siet Zuyderland—Fourteen paintings of Netherland prison interiors (including a particularly frightening restraining bed) and one of a West Side F.B.I. detention cell (the bars are bright yellow), done with steely precision in hard, enamel-like oils on paper by a Dutch artist whose fear of confinement is such that he says he will never break any law anywhere; first one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, May 31. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At **DAVIS & LONG**, 231 E. 60th St.: Paintings by Charles Conder, Robert Henri, James Morrice, and Maurice Prendergast, all of whom worked together in France in the eighteen-nineties. Through Saturday, May 31. . . . **PARSONS**, 24 W. 57th St.: Kenzo Okada, Cleve Gray, Hedda Sterne, and others showing large paintings. Through June 13. (Closed Saturdays.). . . **PARSONS-TRUMAN**, 24 W. 57th St.: Thirty-four artists exhibiting works on paper. Through June 6. (Closed Saturdays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Cicely Aikman / Maria Lassnig—Paintings that combine interiors and exteriors and still-lifes. / Portraits of women, predominantly nudes. Through Thursday, May 29. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Nancy Beal—Landscapes, still-lifes, portraits, and figure paintings. Through Thursday, May 29. (Bowery, 135 Greene St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Donald Cole / Juan Gonzalez—Abstract images on unstretched canvas. / Colored-pencil drawings of landscapes and still-lifes. Through Wednesday, May 28. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Brenda Corbin and Peter McBain—Wood and stone carvings of abstract and semi-abstract figures. Through Saturday, May 31. (Aames, 93 Prince St.)

Marcia Hafif—Large color-field paintings, including one done directly on the wall. Through Saturday, May 31. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

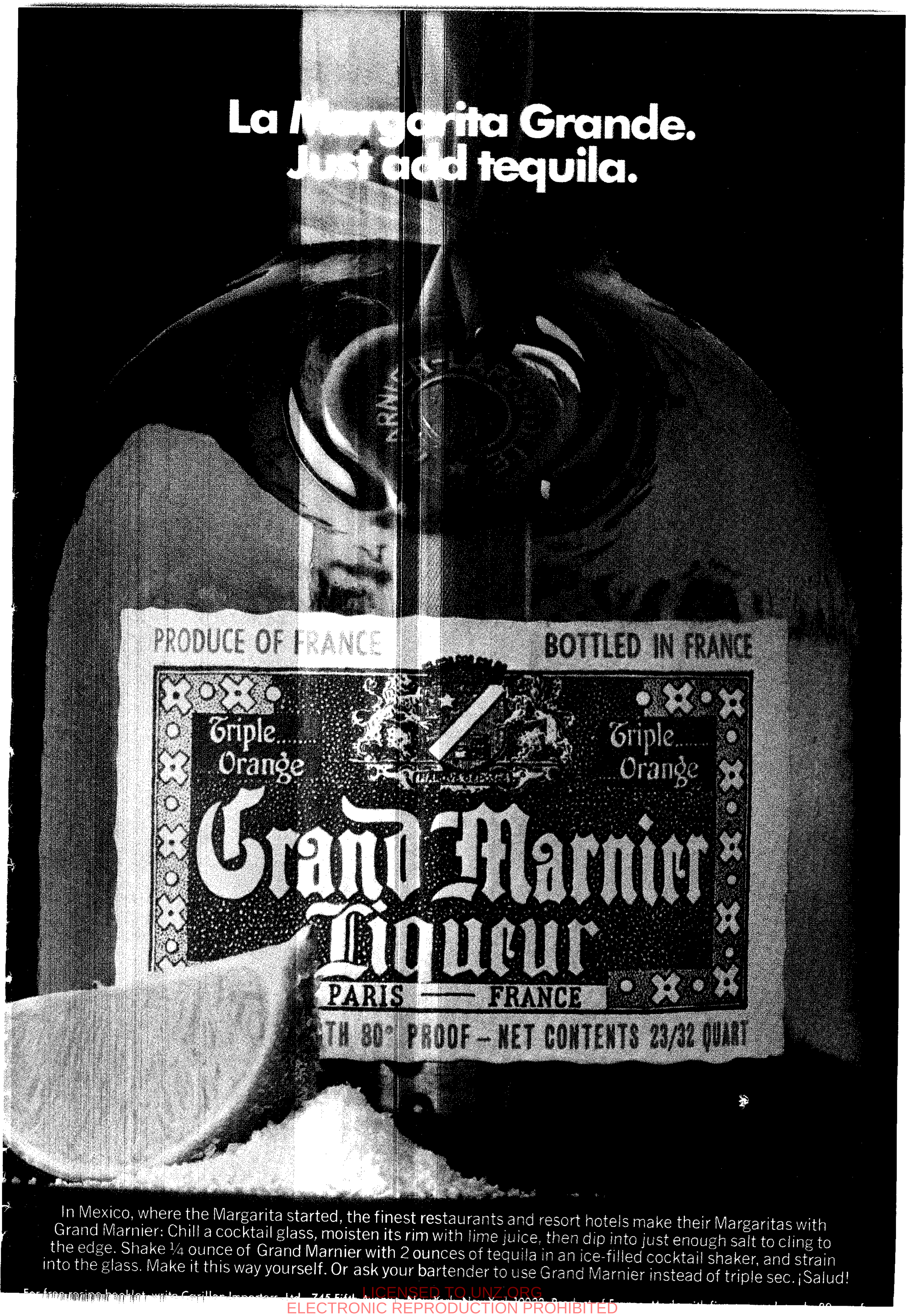
Barbara Knight / Beatrice Riese—Wall pieces made from wood, commercial packages, paint, ribbons, and found objects. / Paintings based on a grid. Through June 4. (55 Mercer Street.)

Glen Leet—Realist still-life paintings; first one-man show in New York. Through Thursday, May 29. (Razor, 464 West Broadway.)

Barry Le Va—An installation of unpainted wood in various shapes and sizes. Through Thursday, May 29. (Bykert, 484 Broome St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

John Mandel—Paintings and drawings based on the human form. Through Thursday, May 29. (Hutchinson, 127 Greene St.)

Beverly Pepper—Three big, angular steel sculptures, plus models and photographs of other works by this artist. Through June 27. (Emmerich, 420 West Broadway.). . . ¶ Three large pieces. Through Sept. 15. (Hammar-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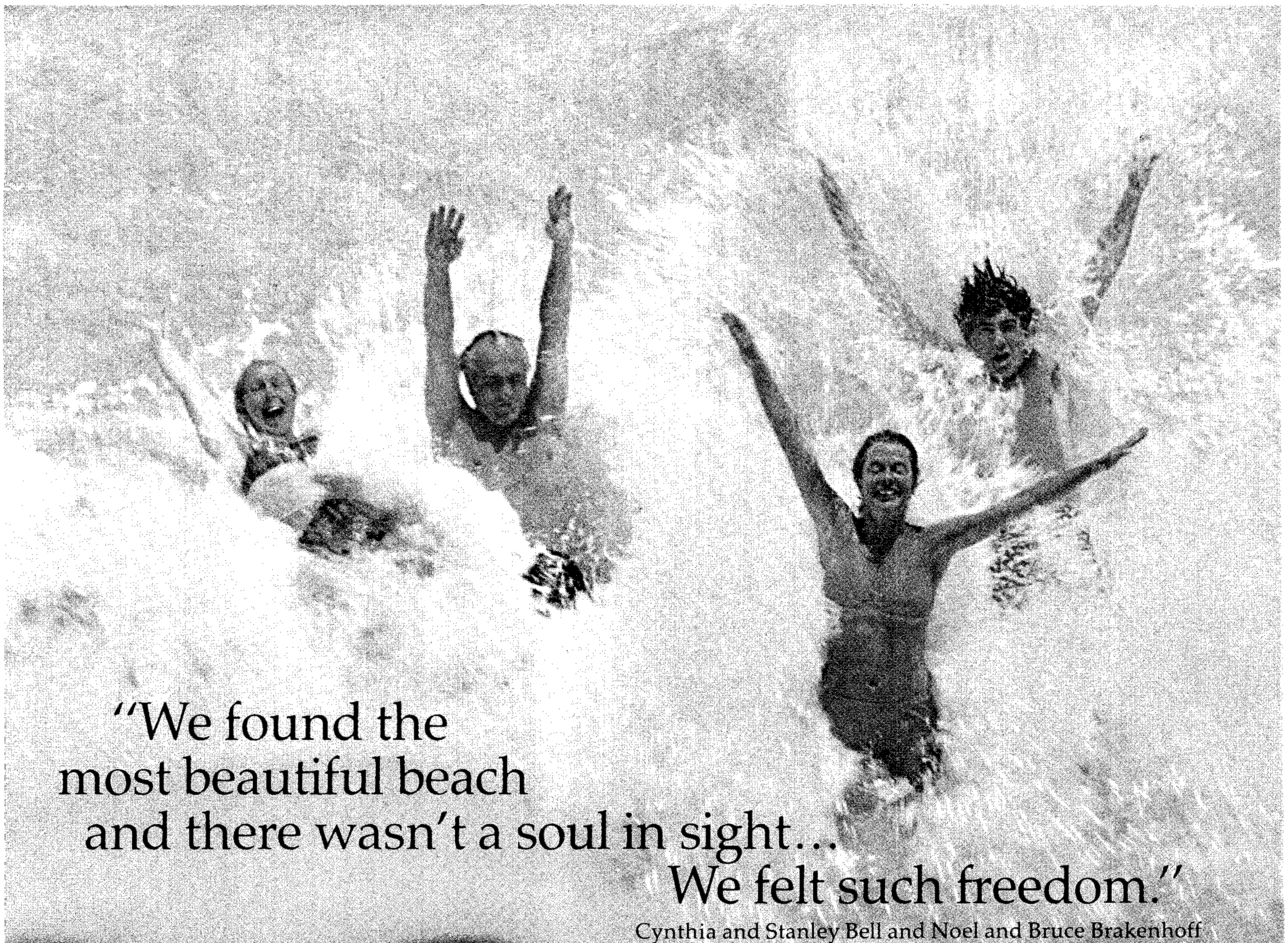

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on their third visit to Bermuda together.

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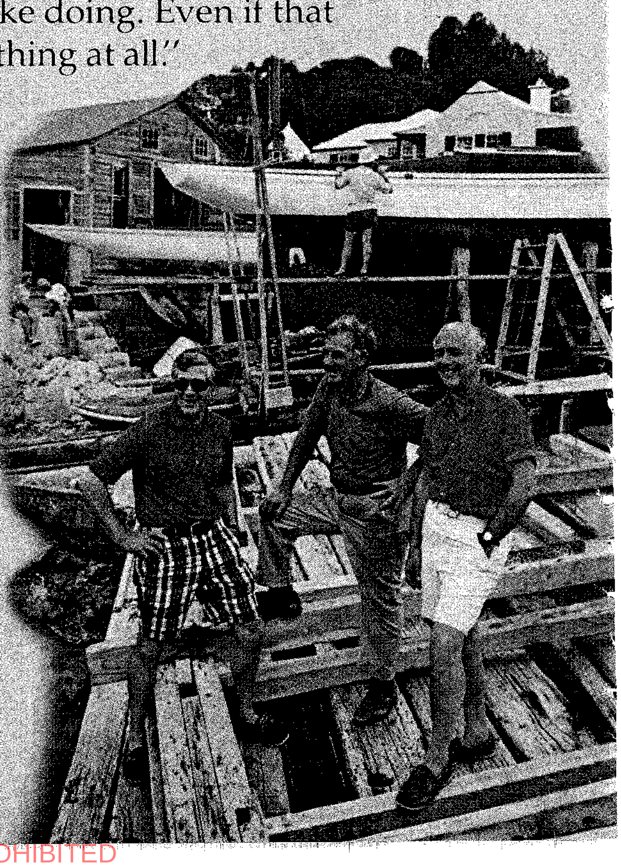
"Everytime we're in Bermuda we try to go by the boatyard and see Bert Darrell. He's such a fine craftsman and we've known him 20 years so now he's really an old friend."



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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25	26	27	28	29	30	31

skjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St.)

Stephen Rosenthal / Hans Haacke—India-ink washes on unstretched canvas. / Fourteen panels relating to Seurat's "Les Poseuses" (one panel is a copy of that work and the others trace the original through the various hands that have owned it). Through Wednesday, May 28. (Weber, 420 West Broadway.)

William Schenck—Paintings of rodeos. Through Saturday, May 24. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

Alphons Schilling / Ken Jacobs—Three projectors through which can be seen three groups of paintings, plus some drawings. / Two paintings that are united visually when looked at through an accompanying mirror. Through Saturday, May 24. (Ariadne, 410 West Broadway.)

Frank Stella / Laura Grisi—Painted-metal reliefs. / Long, narrow cloth scrolls on which horizontal stripes are painted. Through Saturday, May 24. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Helen Wilson—Unsparing portraits, still-lifes, and landscapes in oil. Through Wednesday, May 28. (First Street Gallery, 118 Prince St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Kes Zapkus—Large abstract paintings. Through Wednesday, May 28. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Group Shows—At the **A.I.R.**, 97 Wooster St.: Paintings, sculptures, and drawings by seven artists. Through Wednesday, May 28. . . . **CALDWELL**, 383 West Broadway: Paintings and drawings by gallery artists. Through June 28. . . . **LANDMARK**, 469 Broome St.: Drawings by Charles DuBack, Helen Soreff, Esteban Vicente, and others. Through June 5. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30.). . . **SOHO 20**, 99 Spring St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by all eighteen members of this feminist coöperative. Through June 5. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.) . . . **WESTBROADWAY**, 431 West Broadway: Paintings and other works by such artists as Lynda Benglis, Larry Rivers, and Keith Sonnier. Through June 5. . . . **YU**, 393 West Broadway: Eleven sculptors have created drawings for the gallery space. Through Thursday, May 29.

OTHER GALLERIES

Hannah Achtenberg—Landscapes. Through June 1. (Grenvil, 118 Christopher St. Wednesdays through Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Joe Moss—Parabolic sound reflectors arranged so as to produce unexpected noises as people walk past. Through Thursday, May 29. (City University Graduate Center, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 9 to 6; Saturdays, 11 to 3.)

Jean Sariano—A new crop of elfin creatures and posterlike depictions of oddments by this graphic artist. Through Sunday, May 25. (Roten, 20 University Pl., at 8th St. Mondays through Thursdays, 11 to 7; Fridays and Saturdays, 11 to 11; Sundays, 1 to 7:45.)

Group Shows—At the **PRATT GRAPHICS CENTER**, 831 Broadway, at 13th St.: Drawings by fifty artists (among them Willem de Kooning, Judy Lerner Brice, Robert Gordy, Michael Mazur, and William T. Wiley) representing all sections of the United States. Through Saturday, May 31. (Open Saturdays at 1; closed Sundays.). . . **UNION CARBIDE BUILDING**, 270 Park Ave., at 48th St.: The fourth international exhibit of works by young artists from about sixty countries. Through Wednesday, May 28. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 9:30 to 4:30.). . . **WALKER STREET GALLERY**, 46 Walker St., two blocks south of Canal St., at Broadway: Paintings and other works by four artists. Through June 7. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

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August Sander (1876-1964)—A small selection of portraits of German artists, plus landscapes of the Rhineland, by a great master of photography who deserves a bigger and better show than this one. (The prints were made from the original glass plates by Sander's son, Gunther, and are being distributed in limited-edition portfolio form by the Parasol Press.) Sander's "People of the Twentieth Century" project led him to seek out representatives of every trade, art, profession, and social class in Germany between 1910 and 1938, with the intention of arriving at a collection of six hundred archetypes of mankind. The project, though never finished, yielded a body of portraits that achieve a universality rare in painting and hardly ever found in photography. A well-printed book of these portraits, called "Men Without Masks," was published in 1973 by the New York Graphic Society. Through June 1. (SoHo Photo, 30 W. 13th St. Fridays through Sundays, 1 to 6; Tuesdays, 7 P.M. to 9:30 P.M.)

●

James Abbe (1883-1973)—An exhibition of portraits made in the twenties and thirties by one of the most sought-after of photographers of stage and film personalities. Through June 6. (Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Michael Bishop / Les Krims—Large toned prints of an abstract character. / Manipulated color Polaroids of bizarre activities. Through Saturday, May 24. (Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Manuel Alvarez Bravo—Photographs taken during the last fifty years by a Mexican artist. Through June 21. (Witkin, 243 E. 60th St. Open Thursday evenings until 8.)

Rudy Burckhardt—An exhibition of photographs taken in the thirties and forties (plus a few from 1971) by a Swiss-born photographer, filmmaker, and painter. Through Saturday, May 24. (Alexander, 26 E. 78th St.)

Charles Gatewood / Arthur Tress—Photographs of people taken by the artist on his travels around the country. / Each photograph by this artist incorporates his shadow. Through June 1. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Thursdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Arnold Genthe (1868-1942)—A rare contemporary print of a cluster of people on a San Francisco hillside watching the city burn after the earthquake, together with a number of scenes of Japan and New Orleans, portraits of Isadora Duncan, Toscanini, Ezra Pound, and Mrs. Patrick Campbell (with her dog, Pinky-Panky-Poo), among others, and studies of nude or draped dancers. Through Saturday, May 31. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Irving Penn—New platinum prints, the subjects of which are cigar and cigarette butts. Through July 31. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Larry Siegel / David Vestal—Pictures of Mexican landscapes and villagers. / Recent photographs. Through Tuesday, May 27. (Midtown Y Gallery, 344 E. 14th St. Sundays through Thursdays, except Monday, May 26, noon to 8; Fridays, noon to 4.)

W. Eugene Smith and Aileen M. Smith—An exhibition chronicling the long struggle of the victims of "Minamata disease"—mercury poisoning from industrial wastes dumped into the sea—to get reparation from the plastics company responsible. Through June 29. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Open Sundays.)

Sherry Suris—Photographs of Russian Jews taken shortly after their arrival in Israel, along with color photographs of Easter and Christmas services in Jerusalem and Bethlehem. Through Friday, May 30. (Nikon House, 437 Madison Ave., at 50th St. Closed Saturdays.)

Group Shows—At the **CAMERA CLUB**, 37 E. 60th St.: Portraits, still-lifes, and other works in black-and-white and color by a group that includes Norman Rothschild, Ann Meuer, and Christopher Little. Through June 10. (Mondays through Fridays, 2 to 6.). . . **ELLIOTT**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: French photography dating from the eighteen-fifties to the early nineteen hundreds and including daguerreotypes, calotypes, and collodion-process prints by Baldus, Le Gray, Atget, and others. Through June 30. . . . **METROPOLITAN MUSEUM**, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.: A survey of landscape photography—on loan from many institutions—of the American West, 1860-85, with examples by Carlton E. Watkins, Timothy H. O'Sullivan, Eadweard Muybridge, A. J. Russell, William Henry Jackson, and William Bell. Also on view are such items as a glass-plate camera from the period and stereo cards mounted in hand-operated viewers. Starts Thursday, May 22. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.). . . **PRINTS ON PRINCE STREET** (which, however, is located at 410 West Broadway, at Spring): A large exhibition of prints, many rare, by such luminaries of photography as Frederick H. Evans, Timothy H. O'Sullivan, Mathew Brady, Paul Nader, James Van DerZee, Eugène Atget, Lewis Carroll, Julia Margaret Cameron, Man Ray, Paul Outerbridge, Alfred Stieglitz, Paul Strand, Edward Weston, Walker Evans, Lisette Model, and Diane Arbus. Through Saturday, May 31.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Museums like MOMA and the Metropolitan, with enormous permanent collections that can't all be on view, are obliged to find excuses for bringing things out of the cellar. In an exhibition of prints called "Points of View," five somewhat incongruous themes—death, work, water, theatre, and windows—have been selected as the pegs on which to hang works by Munch, Maillol, Ensor, Degas, Sloan, Grosz, Beckmann, Hockney, and other artists who worked between the eighteen-forties and the nineteen-forties. The show (through June 8) doesn't come off as a whole, but it's well worth seeing—as is its neighboring exhibition (through June 15) of drawings done between 1920 and 1929—for the pleasures of its parts. . . . ¶ A retrospective of the sculptures of the British abstractionist Anthony Caro, including about thirty large-scale pieces (many of them painted steel) and a few table pieces. Through July 6. . . . ¶ Furniture by Michael Thonet, Hector Guimard, Gerrit Rietveld, and Frank Lloyd Wright. Through Sunday, May 25. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—"Three Centuries of the American Nude" is an enormous show that begins with a few small and inept imitations of Renaissance works on classical themes by West, Peale, and Copley; sweeps through the comic allegories of the nineteenth century (with a few fine works by Eakins, Cassatt, and Sargent); and ends in the Pop and superrealist present of Ramos, Rivers, Wesselmann, de Andrea, and Pearlstein. Any claims for the American contribution to this genre are not supported by the show; it would also appear that American artists have a rather equivocal, if not downright nervous, attitude toward the undraped body. Something else always seems to be going on in these "nudes" to distract the viewer from the body or bodies shown, whether it be the rainbow coursing through the sky in Henry Mosler's "Above the Rainbow" (circa 1885), on which a little nude reclines and all but whispers "I'm Daphne—fly me," or the extra genitalia festooned all over Alice Neel's portrait of the naked Joe Gould (1933), or one scary lifelikeness of de Andrea's plastic statue of 1973. The show has almost no examples of nineteenth-century American neoclassical sculpture—a serious lapse, since the form seemed to permit the eroticism that painting forbade and evidently continues to discourage. Through July 13. . . . ¶ Contemporary Spanish painters. Through June 29. . . . ¶ A selection of porcelain, stoneware, and faïence, from the Royal Copenhagen Manufactory, typifying the company's designs from 1775 to the present. Starts Thursday, May 22. (Wednesdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibition—part of a cultural exchange with Russia—of artifacts recovered from tombs of pre-Christian nomadic cultures. Included are ornate Scythian gold carvings (almost all for personal adornment) as well as objects of bronze, wood, felt, horn, and iron. Through July 13. . . . ¶ Recent paintings, including eight large triptychs, by the contemporary British artist Francis Bacon. Through June 29. . . . ¶ Twenty-four bronze representations of Buddhist and Hindu deities, from India, Pakistan, and Southeast Asia, dating from the fourth century to the thirteenth. Through Aug. 31. . . . ¶ "Roman-

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tic and Glamorous Hollywood Design," a show of costumes worn by such film stars as Mary Pickford, Katharine Hepburn, and Barbra Streisand. Through Aug. 31. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Ceramic tiles, some mounted singly, others mounted in groups, by the noted painter Helen Frankenthaler. Through June 1. . . . ¶ Forty-six recently acquired paintings, sculptures, and works on paper. Through June 1. . . . ¶ Works by Americans in various mediums, all from the museum's collection, by Dan Flavin, Agnes Martin, Jack Tworkov, and others. Through Sept. 7. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Tuesday evenings, 6 to 9, with no admission charge; Sundays and Monday, May 26, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A retrospective of the work of the realist painter Isabel Bishop. Through June 1. A complementary show (ending Saturday) is at the Midtown Galleries, 11 E. 57th St. . . . ¶ Twentieth-century drawings (including gouaches and watercolors) from the museum's collection, by George Ault, Georgia O'Keeffe, Alexander Calder, and others. Through July 13. . . . ¶ A survey of American art between 1900 and 1932 that documents the early history of the museum, from its origin in the Whitney Studio Club. Included are paintings and sculptures by such artists as George Bellows, Guy Pène du Bois, and Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney, as well as letters, photographs, and other related memorabilia. Starts Friday, May 23. . . . ¶ Abstract paintings and watercolors of the Scottish coast by the American painter Jon Schueler. Through Sunday, May 25. . . . ¶ Oils by Jo Baer. Through July 13. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Tuesday evenings, 6 to 10, with no admission charge; Sundays and Monday, May 26, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY DOWNTOWN MUSEUM, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—A show of New York painting originating during the years 1941-47, including early examples of Abstract Expressionism by Willem de Kooning, Lee Krasner, Robert Motherwell, and others. Through Wednesday, May 28. (Mondays, except May 26, through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Nineteenth- and twentieth-century American paintings by, among others, Thomas Cole, Arthur B. Davies, and Albert Pinkham Ryder. Through June 29. . . . ¶ More than a hundred prints, all of them acquisitions of retiring curator Jo Miller, including examples by Bonnard, Hockney, Henry Moore, and others. Through Aug. 31. . . . ¶ Fourteenth- to sixteenth-century Southeast Asian ceramics. Through Aug. 31. . . . ¶ A loan show of more than a hundred ancient (from the fourth millennium) Middle Eastern stamp and cylinder seals. . . . ¶ A loan show of about fifty-five Japanese screen and scroll paintings from the fourteenth century through the nineteenth. Through Aug. 10. (Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5; Monday, May 26, from 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A loan show of works (paintings, sculptures, pottery, textiles, for example) by contemporary artists from nine African countries. Through Aug. 17. . . . ¶ A loan exhibit of thirty handwoven Egyptian tapestries. Through July 20. (Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays and Monday, May 26, from 11 to 5.)

AMERICAN ACADEMY AND NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND LETTERS, Broadway at 155th St.—Works by newly elected members and recipients of this year's awards, among them Paul Cadmus, George L. K. Morris, and Claes Oldenburg. Starts Thursday, May 22. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—Khmer stone sculptures, Tibetan and Nepalese paintings, and bronzes from the Shang and Chou dynasties are part of an exhibit on loan from the Musée Guimet, in Paris. Through June 15. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays and Monday, May 26, from 1 to 5.)

CHINA HOUSE, 125 E. 65th St.—A loan show of jades, dating from 2000 B.C. through the Han Dynasty (220 A.D.). Through June 15. (Mondays, except May 26, through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

THE CLOISTERS, Fort Tryon Park—"The Secular Spirit" is the title of a loan exhibit of about three hundred objects made for everyday use between 1300 and 1550, ranging from household utensils to works of art. Through June 3. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 1 to 5:45.)

FINCH COLLEGE MUSEUM OF ART, 62 E. 78th St.—A retrospective of paintings and drawings by the Abstract Expressionist James Brooks. Through June 8. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.) A complementary show is at the Martha Jackson Gallery, 32 E. 69th St.

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—More than a hundred and twenty-five drawings, most of them being shown for the first time, by a pivotal figure in American painting, Benjamin West (1738-1820). Included are the preliminary sketches for many of his historical and religious paintings as well as drawings by his son Raphael Lamar West. . . . ¶ Thirty recent acquisitions to the Mary Flagler Cary Music Collection, including the manuscripts for Brahms' "Hungarian Dances," and John Cage's "Three Dances." Both exhibitions through July 31. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART, 49 W. 53rd St.—New York wood sculptures (decoys, cigar-store figures, and trade signs, for example) from the seventeenth century to the present. Through June 1. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—"How Grim Was My City" is an exhibition of photographs, documents, and objects intended to show that late-nineteenth-century New York was not the charming place that art and nostalgia have created but was a city of "grinding poverty, decimating disease, intolerable housing, filth, congestion, and crime." . . ¶ An exhibit, including paintings, drawings, and costumes, celebrating great women of the New York stage. Both exhibitions through Sept. 1. (Tuesdays, except May 27, through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Monday, May 26, from 1 to 5.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—An exhibit (from the library's Berg Collection) centered on Elizabeth Barrett Browning and Robert Browning and containing first editions, autograph manuscripts and letters, and related memorabilia. Through Nov. 1. (Weekdays, except Monday, May 26, from 9 to 5.)

STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Portraits by Kwasi Seitu Asantey. Through Thursday, May 29. (Mondays, except May 26, and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Avery Fisher Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911.)

ORCHESTRAS

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC PROMENADES—At Avery Fisher Hall, Andre Kostelanetz conducting the opening concerts of a four-week season that will run through Saturday, June 14—"Soirée Parisienne" on Wednesday and Thursday, May 21-22, at 8:30 (with Ruth Welting, soprano); "Music for Dance and Drama" on Friday and Saturday, May 23-24, and Tuesday and Wednesday, May 27-28, all at 8:30 (with dancers Johnna Kirkland and John Clifford); and "Imperial Russian Promenade" Thursday through Saturday, May 29-31, at 8:30 (with Jorge Bolet, piano).

UTAH SYMPHONY—Maurice Abravanel conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, May 23, at 8.)

MANNES ORCHESTRA—Brigitte Levy and Myung-Whun Chung conducting, with Mr. Chung also acting as piano soloist. (Mannes College of Music, 157 E. 74th St. Thursday, May 22, at 5:30. No tickets necessary.)

SYMPHONY OF THE NEW WORLD—Everett Lee conducting the final concert of the season, with Natalie Hinderas, piano, and the Symphony of the New World Chorus. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, May 22, at 8.)

RECITALS

GUARNERI QUARTET—The final concert of the season, with Lee Luvisi, piano, and Walter

Trampler, viola. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, May 21, at 8.)

Boehm Quintette—With Wally Kane, saxophone, and Richard Fitz, percussion. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, May 22, at 8:30.)

New York Renaissance Band—Music by composers of the seventeenth century. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, May 24, at 8:30.)

Jan Peerce—Tenor, in a benefit concert. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, May 25, at 7.)

Carla Hübner—Piano, in the second of two programs of twentieth-century music. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, May 27, at 8.)

Vita Brevis—Paul Dunkel, flute; Frederic Hand, lute/guitar/vihuela; Ursula Oppens, piano/harpsichord; and Merja Sargon, soprano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, May 28, at 8.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At Shea Stadium—**mets:** Vs. Los Angeles, Monday, May 26, at 4:05, and Tuesday and Wednesday, May 27-28, at 8:05.... ¶ San Diego, Friday and Saturday, May 30-31, at 8:05.... **yankees:** Vs. Kansas City, Wednesday, May 21, at 8.... ¶ Texas, Friday and Saturday, May 23-24, at 8, and Sunday, May 25, at 2.

Crew—Intercollegiate Rowing Association Regatta. (Onondaga Lake, Syracuse. Tuesday through Thursday, May 27-29.)

Racing—At **aqueduct:** Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, May 31. The Withers, Saturday, May 24; the Metropolitan Handicap, Monday, May 26; and the Mother Goose, Saturday, May 31.... **garden state park,** Cherry Hill, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Tuesday, May 27. The Vineland, Saturday, May 24, and the Jersey Derby, Monday, May 26.... **monmouth park,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2, from Thursday, May 29, through Saturday, Oct. 4.

Soccer—New York Cosmos vs. Vancouver. (Downing Stadium, Randall's Island. Wednesday, May 28, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 541-7290.)

Pro Tennis—World Team Tennis—New York Sets vs. Los Angeles, Wednesday, May 21. ... ¶ New York Sets vs. Boston, Wednesday, May 28.... ¶ New York Sets vs. San Diego, Friday, May 30. (Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. Matches begin at 8. For information about tickets, call 581-6622.)

Track Meet—World Pro Track Indoor Championships. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday, May 28, at 7:30.)

Trotting—At **yonkers raceway:** Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, July 19.... **saratoga raceway,** Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15, except Monday, May 26, when post time will be 2:15; through Saturday, Nov. 15.

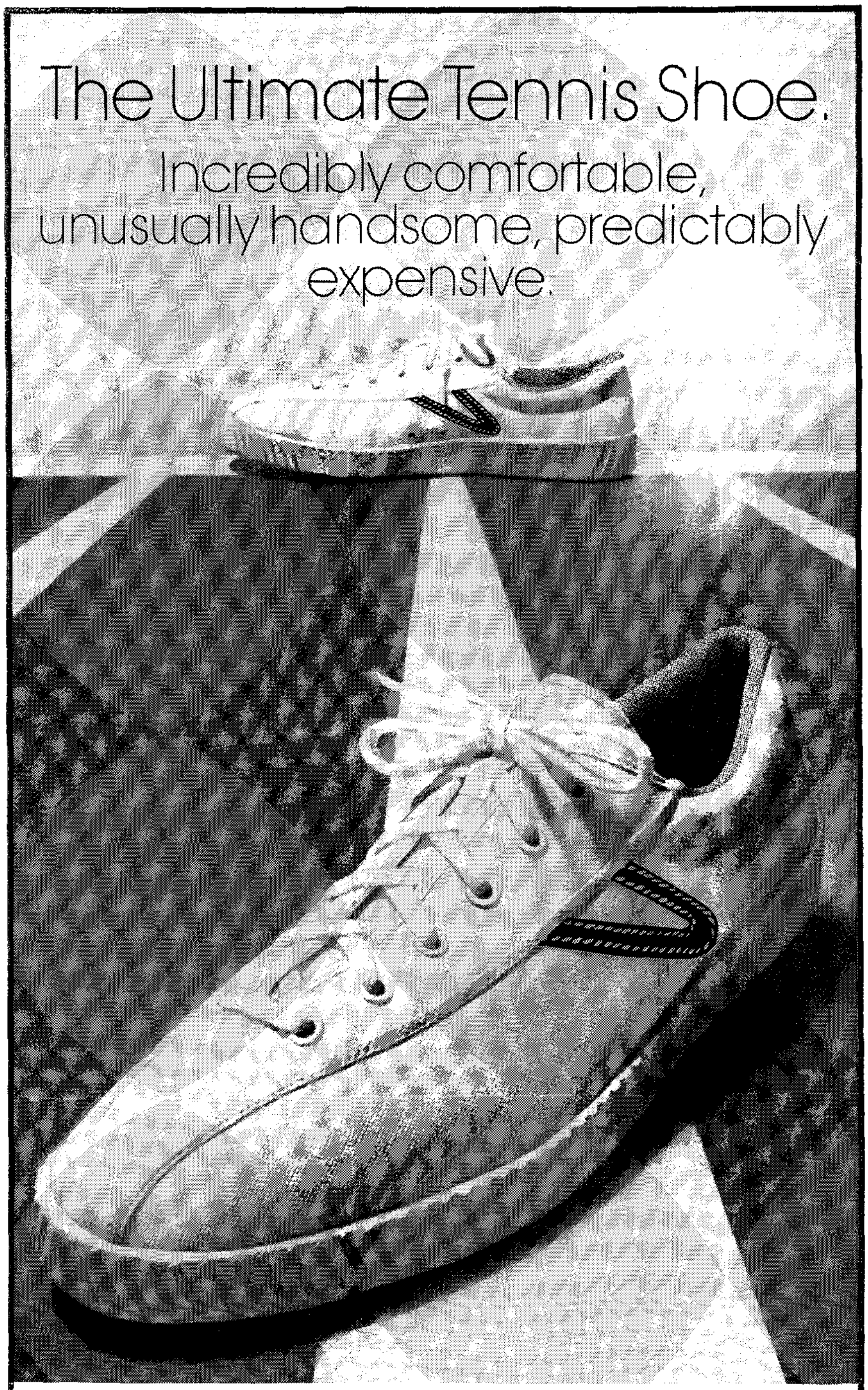
Yachting—New York Yacht Club Regatta. (Long Island Sound. Saturday and Sunday, May 31-June 1.)

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

The Great Outdoors—Starting Friday, May 23, and continuing through Sunday, June 8, the semiannual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit will be on view daily, from noon until sundown.... ¶ On Monday, May 26, at 7:30, the Naumburg Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Judith Somogi and with William Warfield, baritone, will give a concert on the Central Park Mall.... ¶ The New York Flea Market (Sixth Ave. at 25th St.) is open every Sunday, weather permitting, from noon to 7.

Auctions—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, except May 24, from 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, May 21, at 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century drawings and watercolors, from many sources.... ¶ Wednesday, May 21, at 8: Impressionist and twentieth-century paintings and sculptures, from various owners. Admission by card only; for information, call 472-3400.... ¶ Thursday, May 22, at 10:15 and 2: Twentieth-century paintings and sculptures, from a number of owners.... ¶ Friday, May 30, at 2: European works of art, including tapestries, bronzes, and furniture; from many sources. Exhibition starts Friday, May 23.



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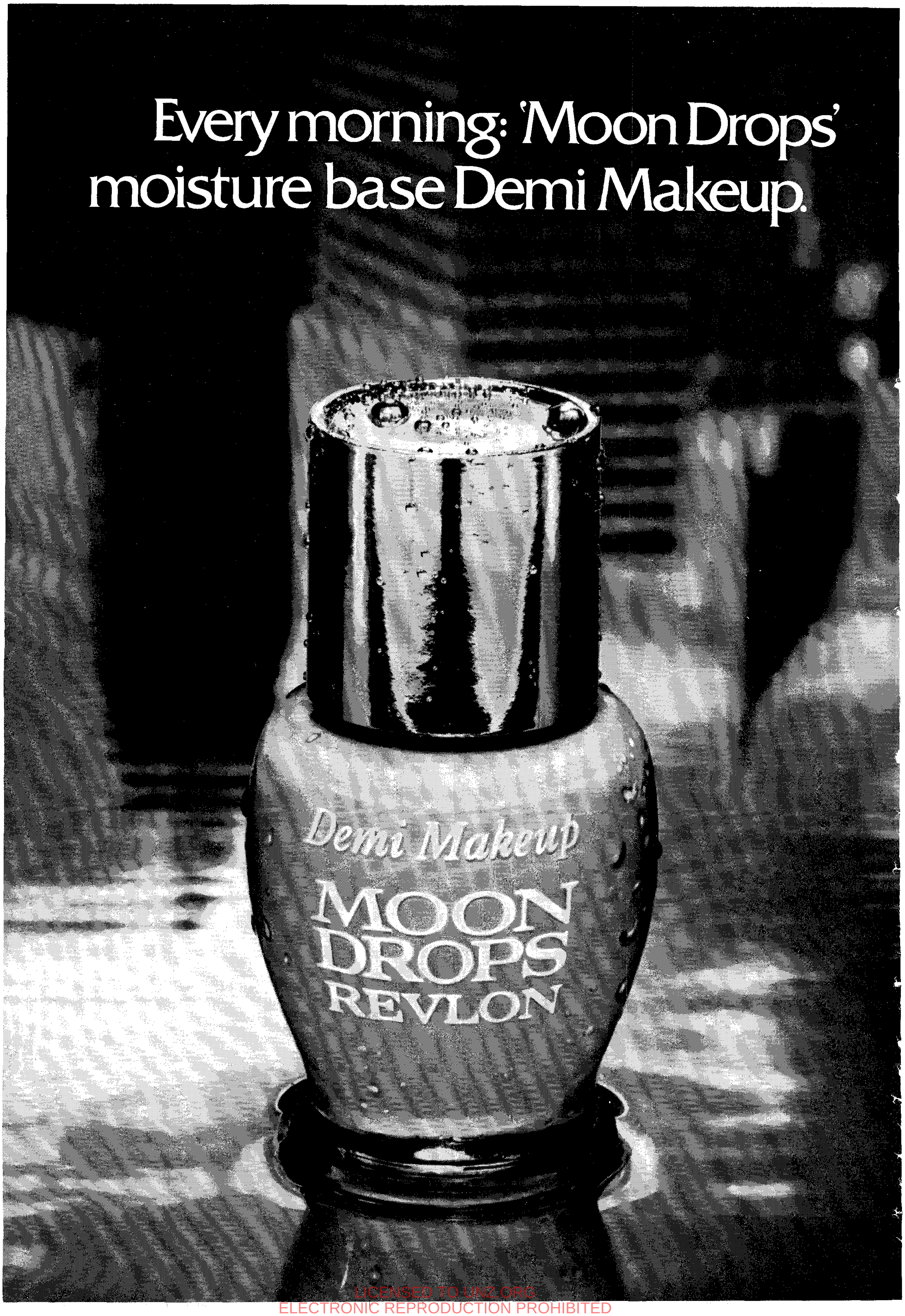
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Moisture base Demi Makeup moisturizes. All day long. Doesn't just protect your skin against dryness–it adds fresh moisture. Yet it's completely light and non-greasy.

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Most everything you do dries your skin.
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

MAJESTIC THEATRE
NEW MIDNIGHT SHOW
Marisabina

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29		

THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore."

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through May 24: "The Star" and "All About Eve."
May 25: "Madame Butterfly" and "Hot Saturday."
May 26: "Morocco" and "The Scarlet Empress."
May 27: "The Virginian" and "The Plainsman."
From May 28: "History Is Made at Night" and "Easy Living."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (777-1955)
Through May 27: "Murder on the Orient Express" and "Bedazzled."
From May 28: "Lenny" and "The Boys in the Band."

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"The Godfather, Part II."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through May 27: "Murder on the Orient Express."
From May 28: "Lenny."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"French Connection II."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The Eiger Sanction."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"The Return of the Pink Panther."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Prisoner of Second Avenue."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"French Connection II."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
Through May 27: "And Now My Love."
From May 28: "Children of Rage."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"The Happy Hooker."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Sheila Levine Is Dead and Living in New York."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Fortune."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin I, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"The Reincarnation of Peter Proud."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Cornbread, Earl and Me."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through May 28: "Lulù the Tool."
May 29: "Blow-Up" and "Zabriskie Point."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"The Day of the Locust."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Monty Python and the Holy Grail."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Shampoo."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
To be announced.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"The Eiger Sanction."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The Middle of the World."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Funny Lady."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through May 27: "Young Frankenstein."
From May 28: "Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore."

Juliet I, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through May 27: "A Woman Under the Influence."
From May 28: To be announced.

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through May 27: "Young Frankenstein."
From May 28: To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"A Brief Vacation."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"The Passenger."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Breakout."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
Through May 22: "Capone."
From May 23: "Lepke."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"The Return of the Pink Panther."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin I, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"Mandingo."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"Cornbread, Earl and Me."

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (Separate admissions; call 674-2560 for particulars.)
May 21: "Weekend"/"The Edge of the World"/"Black Thursday."
May 22: "Lucia"/"Au Hasard, Balthazar"/"Black Thursday."
May 23-24: "Greaser's Palace"/"Macunaima"/"Black Thursday."
May 25: "Painters Painting"/"Day for Night"/"Greaser's Palace," and one other.
May 26: "Day for Night"/Films by Victor Faccinto, and one other program.
May 27: "Badlands"/"La Ronde," and one other.
May 28: "Day for Night"/A program of short films, and one other program.
May 29: "Badlands"/"Two Daughters," and one other.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Shampoo."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
"A Brief Vacation."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"The Passenger."

Quad Cinemas I, 2, 3, and 4, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through May 27 at one or another of the theatres: "Young Frankenstein" and "Harold and Maude"/"The Happy Hooker" and "Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice."... ¶ Through May 22: "Amarcord" and "Nights of Cabiria."... ¶ From May 23: "The Great Waldo Pepper."... ¶ Through May 24: "Murder" and "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari."... ¶ May 25-27: "Things to Come" and "Transatlantic Tunnel."
From May 28: To be announced.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
May 21: "The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz" and "Nobody Waved Goodbye."
May 22: "Tom Jones" and "The Knack."
May 23-26: "King of Hearts."
May 25: One performance, at noon, of "Romeo and Juliet."
May 27: "Happy New Year" and "The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe."
May 28: "The Third Man" and "Touch of Evil."
May 29: "The Go-Between" and "Accident."

Bijou, 209 W. 45th. (869-1537)
"Crime and Punishment."

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
"Earthquake."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
May 21: "Doctor Zhivago."
From May 22: "The Wind and the Lion."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Tommy."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"A Brief Vacation."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through May 27: "Murder on the Orient Express" and "Play It Again, Sam."
From May 28: "Chinatown" and "The Conversation."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"The Passenger."

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
May 21: "Socrates" and "The Rise of Louis XIV."
May 22: "Tokyo Story" and "The Flavor of Green Tea Over Rice."
May 23: "Juliet of the Spirits" and "Nights of Cabiria."
May 24: "The Conformist" and "The Spider's Stratagem."
May 25: "Shanghai Express" and "The Devil Is a Woman."
May 26: "All Quiet on the Western Front" and "Paths of Glory."
May 27: A program of short films.
May 28: "Deep End" and "Walkover."
May 29: "The Last Laugh" and "Variety."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Le Secret."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Godfather, Part II."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"A Brief Vacation."

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"The Invitation."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through May 27: "Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore" and "Play It Again, Sam."
From May 28: "L'Chaim—To Life" and "Topele."

Loews 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
"Shampoo."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
"Breakout."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
"Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore" and "Mean Streets."

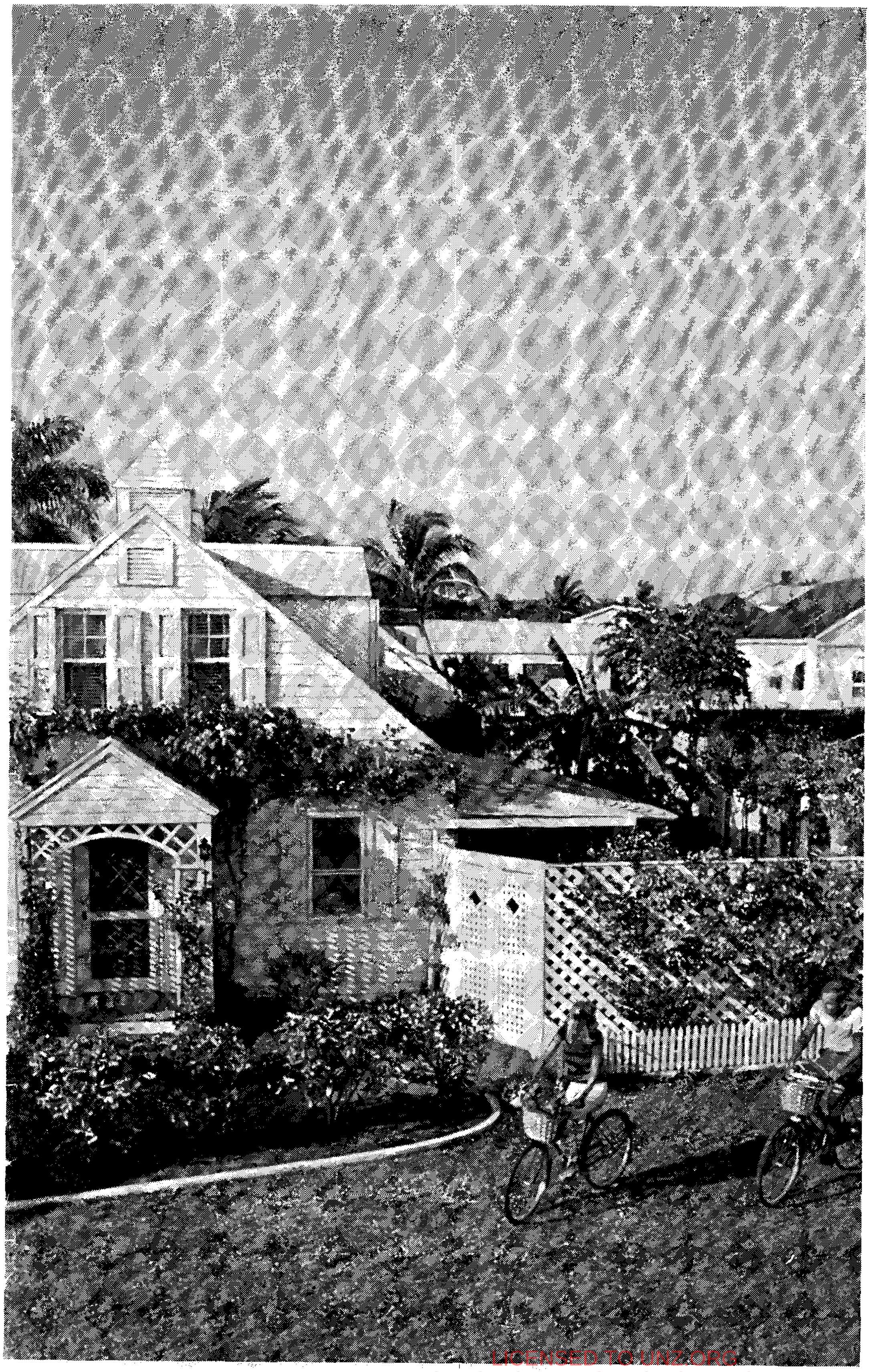
Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
"The Passenger."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through May 27: "Murder on the Orient Express" and "Bang the Drum Slowly."
From May 28: "Amarcord" and "The King of Marvin Gardens."

FILM LIBRARIES

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Nine programs in a series of films directed by D. W. Griffith: May 22 at 6:30 and May 23 at 2: "Intolerance" (1916), with Mae Marsh and Robert Harron.... May 24 at 3: "A Romance of Happy Valley" (1919), with Robert Harron and Lillian Gish.... May 24 at 5:30: "Fall of Babylon" (1919), with Constance Talmadge and Elmer Clifton; and "Judith of Bethulia" (1913), with Blanche Sweet and Henry B. Walthall.... May 25 at 5:30: "Hearts of the World" (1918), with Adolphe Lestina and Lillian Gish.... May 26 at 2: "A Romance of Happy Valley."... May 26 at 5:30: "Hearts of the World."... May 29 at 5:30: "True Heart Susie" (1919), with Lillian Gish and Robert Harron.... May 29 at 8: "The Girl Who Stayed at Home" (1919), with Carol Dempster and Richard Barthelmess. In conjunction with this series, the museum is showing (through June 29) stills, posters, production records, music scores, scripts, and correspondence relating to Griffith's films, career, and working methods. ... ¶ Other, non-Griffith, films scheduled during this period are: May 21 at 5:30: "Welcome to Britain" (1943), directed by Anthony Asquith and Burgess Meredith, a documentary. ... May 23 at 5:30 and May 24 at noon: "King Kong" (1933), directed by Merian C. Cooper and Ernest Schoedsack, with Fay Wray and Bruce Cabot.... May 25 at 12:30 and 3: "Pardon Us" (1931), directed by James Parrott, with Laurel and Hardy.... May 27 at 2: "When Willie Comes Marching Home" (1950), directed by John Ford, with Dan Dailey and Corinne Calvet.... May 27 at 5:30: A program of films by Robert Breer. ... May 28 at 5:30: "When Willie Comes Marching Home." (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying

THE BAHAMA OUT ISLANDS: UNCOMPLICATED WITHOUT BEING UNCIVILIZED.



The people who vacation here are people you'll like. Self-reliant. Active. Interesting. And easy to know. In this calm, simple ambience, children can wander off on their own to a far greater extent than in a big bustling resort town. And you can wind everything way, way down.

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For more information about the Bahama Out Islands, see your travel agent or call this toll-free number: (800) 327-0787. In Florida (except Dade County): (800) 432-5594. In Dade County: 443-3821.

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Bahamas Tourist Office, 200 Southeast First Street,
Miami, Florida 33131

for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Tickets for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 7:30.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—May 22: "Take a Letter, Darling" (1942), directed by Mitchell Leisen, with Rosalind Russell and Fred MacMurray. . . . ¶ May 23: "Unfinished Business" (1941), directed by Gregory LaCava, with Irene Dunne and Robert Montgomery. . . . ¶ May 24: "Monte Carlo" (1930), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Jeanette MacDonald and Jack Buchanan. . . . ¶ May 25: "Hollywood Hotel" (1937), directed by Busby Berkeley, with Dick Powell and Hugh Herbert. . . . ¶ May 29: "The Emperor Waltz" (1948), directed by Billy Wilder, with Bing Crosby and Joan Fontaine. (Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 3:30 and 5:30. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the center after 1 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through May 27: Three short films by Robert Polidori. Showings at noon, 2, and 4 (plus 6 and 8 on Tuesday evening). Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Brakhage, Belson, Breer, Baillie, Broughton, Bresson, Taubin, and others. Showings May 21-22 at 5, 7, and 9:30; May 23 at 6, 8, and 9:30; May 24 at 2:30, 6, and 9; May 25 at 8; May 27 at 6; May 28 at 5, 7, and 9:30; and May 29 at 5, 7:30, and 10.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
THE DATE OF REVIEW IN THESE PAGES IS GIVEN FOR FILMS LESS THAN TWO YEARS OLD.

Accident (1967)—Joseph Losey and his scenarist, Harold Pinter, use sexual desperation amid the beauty of Oxford in summertime to make our flesh crawl. A clever comedy of depravity—uneven, unsatisfying, but with virtuoso passages of calculated meanness. As a weakling philosophy don, Dirk Bogarde goes through his middle-aged-frustration specialty brilliantly. Stanley Baker is properly swinish, and the ladies include Vivien Merchant, and Delphine Seyrig as a dumb blonde. (Elgin; May 29.)

Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore—Ellen Burstyn stars in this Martin Scorsese comedy, from an original script by Robert Getchell, about a thirty-five-year-old widow who sets out with her young son to make a new life. Full of funny malice and breakneck vitality, it's absorbing and intelligent even when the issues it raises get all fouled up. With Harvey Keitel, Kris Kristofferson, Valerie Curtin, Lelia Goldoni, Lane Bradbury, Diane Ladd, and, as the son, wire-drawn little Alfred Lutter, who has crack comedy timing. (Reviewed in our issue of 1/13/75.) (Art, Guild, and Symphony. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; through May 27. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; starting May 28.)

All About Eve (1950)—Joseph L. Mankiewicz's most celebrated picture, from his own sophisticated and technically splendid script. There is an old show-biz myth that films and plays about show biz don't interest anyone outside the trade, but this movie fractures the legend. Bette Davis plays Margo Channing, a high-temperament Broadway star. Anne Baxter, as her secretary, is after her guts and her dressing room, with the guileless blessings of a playwright (Hugh Marlowe) and of Celeste Holm, as his wife. The only person who is on to the craft afoot is Thelma Ritter—who else? (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through May 24.)

All Quiet on the Western Front (1930)—Lewis Milestone's famous film, from Remarque's novel. A bunch of German volunteers in the First World War go from school to the trenches in increasing cynicism and squalor. Eisenstein called the film a good Ph.D. thesis, but in spite of some truth in that, and in spite of the woodenness of Maxwell Anderson's script, the pacifist feeling is piercing enough for the film often to have been banned in politically vulnerable countries. Fred Zinnemann has a doubled bit part. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 26.)

Amarcord—Directed by Fellini, a reversion to the great days of his "8½," but even more beautiful and detailed. The film is set in small-town Italy at the beginning of Fascism, as seen through the eyes of a boy (Bruno Zanin), and it catches the sense of Italianate fun, the small-town self-importance that Fellini understands and loves. In Italian. (9/23/74) (Quad Cinema; through May 22. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting May 28.)

And Now My Love—A winsome love story that believes firmly in the predetermination of love and in the gifts of Lelouch. The film includes one of those cinéastes' *hommages*—an unusual one, to a movie by Lelouch himself ("A Man and a Woman"). The man in the current movie (André Dussollier) is a poor but honest jailbird who turns to porno filmmaking, then to commercial filmmaking, then to a future of Lelouch-like, snow-white feature filmmaking about life, love, and death; this takes him to America, travelling first-class. The girl (Marthe Keller), rich but also honest, and very, very bored, inherits a fortune from her father (Charles Denner). She becomes a Socialist, gives away her fortune, throws on a simple mackintosh, goes to the airport (in a chauffeur-driven car), and travels to America. She, too, goes first-class, in spite of her Socialism, because she and André Dussollier have been fated to meet all through the film: in a Lelouch movie, love and the director's sense of convenience conquer all. Story and screenplay by Lelouch and Peter Uytterhoeven. In French. (4/7/75) (Fine Arts; through May 27.)

The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz—A longish, novelistic movie by Ted Kotcheff. Nineteen-year-old Duddy Kravitz (Richard Dreyfuss) lives in the biggest Jewish community in Canada, in the Montreal of 1948. His father (Jack Warden) pimps to add to his income as a taxi-driver; his uncle (Joseph Wiseman) is putting Duddy's elder brother through medical school; Duddy works as a summer waiter at a Jewish resort hotel. The word "apprenticeship" makes the film sound ironic, but apprenticeship to what? Life? Or the hinted-at fake existence of money-making? The screenplay was adapted from Mordecai Richler's novel by Lionel Chetwynd. Denholm Elliott, as a posh English film director oratorically devoted to Art while filming bar mitzvahs and weddings, is the best thing in the film. (7/22/74) (Elgin; May 21.)

Au Hasard, Balthazar (1966)—Robert Bresson's oblique account of the life and suffering of a donkey, and the life and suffering of the people who mistreat him. Considered a masterpiece by some, but others may find it painstakingly tedious and offensively holy. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 22.)

Badlands (1973)—Set at the end of the fifties, Terrence Malick's début picture is about an emotionless young killer (Martin Sheen) and his fifteen-year-old girl friend (Sissy Spacek), who start a murderous spree in South Dakota. The young lovers are psychologically aberrant, and their moral vacuum spreads over the flat, dead landscape. Malick appears to be saying that mass-culture banality is killing our souls and making everybody affectless. An intellectualized movie—shrewd and artful, carefully styled to sustain its low-key view of dissociation—but so preconceived that there's nothing left to respond to. (3/18/74) (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 27 and 29.)

Bang the Drum Slowly (1973)—A fictional story, with very good, offhand dialogue by Mark Harris (based on his own novel), about an ace pitcher locked in alliance to a dumb catcher dying of Hodgkin's disease, whom he once hated for slow-wittedness. Directed by John Hancock, with Michael Moriarty as the pitcher and Robert De Niro as the doomed catcher. (9/10/73) (Olympia; through May 27.)

Bedazzled (1967)—A funny demonstration of the folly of striking bargains with the Devil. Directed by Stanley Donen, and starring Dudley Moore, Peter Cook, and Eleanor Bron. (St. Marks Cinema; through May 27.)

Black Thursday—With Christian Rist and Christine Pascal, directed by Michel Mitrani. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; through May 24.)

Blow-Up (1966)—An oversensitized and wildly misaccented account of the mod, mad world of London, 1966, as seen by Michelangelo Antonioni. With Vanessa Redgrave and David Hemmings. (D. W. Griffith; May 29.)

Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice (1969)—A very commercial but also very funny American comedy on modern sexual mores. Dyan Cannon and Elliott Gould give a classic portrait of a dreadful modern marriage; Robert Culp and Natalie Wood are the other couple. Written by Paul Mazursky and Larry Tucker. Mazursky directed. (Quad Cinema; through May 27.)

The Boys in the Band (1970)—A gathering of homosexuals like the gathering of bitchy ladies in "The Women," but with a forties-movie bomber-crew cast: a Catholic, a Jew, a Negro, a hustler, one who is butch, and one who is nellie, and so on. They crack jokes while their hearts are breaking. William Friedkin directed Mart Crowley's adaptation of his own play. (St. Marks Cinema; starting May 28.)

Breakout—A jailbreak by helicopter. With Charles Bronson and Robert Duvall, directed by Tom Gries. (Loews Orpheum, and New Yorker.)

A Brief Vacation—Vittorio De Sica's final collaboration with the scriptwriter Cesare Zavattini was on this story of Clara (Florinda Bolkan), a Calabrian peasant who is a factory worker in Milan; resentful, beaten down to a morose stupor, she's also oppressed by her husband (Renato Salvatori), who uses her sexually as if she were a farm beast he owned. When she collapses and is sent to a sanatorium in northern Italy to be cured of tuberculosis, the schizoid picture leaves this working-class grimness behind; it's swoony romanticism from then on. Clara discovers art and spirituality, and she finds a frail, dewy-eyed lover (Daniel Quenaud) who drips nobility as only a narcissistic bad actor can. In Italian. (3/3/75) (Trans-Lux 85th St., 8th St. Playhouse, Festival, and Cinema Studio.)

The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari (1919)—The sets are used expressionistically to convey the angular, warped world as a madman sees it. This famous (silent) nightmare film stars Werner Krauss as the mountebank doctor, and tall, thin, young Conrad Veidt as the somnambulist in his cabinet. Directed by Robert Wiene. (Quad Cinema; through May 24.)

Capone—With Ben Gazzara and Susan Blakely, directed by Steve Carver. (Loews Ciné; through May 22.)

L'Chaim—To Life—A documentary film, directed by Harold Mayer. (Embassy 72nd St.; starting May 28.)

Children of Rage—With Helmut Griem, directed by Arthur Allan Seidelman. (Fine Arts; starting May 28.)

Chinatown—A thriller for grownups—more about greed than about blood-spilling—directed by Roman Polanski. John Huston plays a Biblical figure called Noah Cross; Faye Dunaway is a mysteriously widowed beauty called Mrs. Mulwray, who hires a private eye (Jack Nicholson) to solve the puzzle of her husband's death. Jack Nicholson's performances get better and more lissome every time. The film, set in the thirties, from a script by Robert Towne, is wickedly skillful and funny, and socially alert. (7/1/74) (Playboy; starting May 28.)

The Conformist (1970)—Bernardo Bertolucci's extraordinarily rich adaptation of the Moravia novel, with Jean-Louis Trintignant as the aristocratic Fascist, Stefania Sandrelli as his deliciously corrupt, empty-headed wife, and Dominique Sanda as the tiger woman he would like to run away with. Bertolucci has a poet's gift for using objects, landscapes, and people expressively. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 24.)

The Conversation (1974)—Written and directed by Francis Ford Coppola. The freezing case history of a wiretapping-and-bugging expert, wonderfully played by Gene Hackman as a man riddled with Catholic guilt and depleted by continual secrecy and self-deception. A terrifying depiction of a ransacked spirit. (4/15/74) (Playboy; starting May 28.)

Cornbread, Earl and Me—With Moses Gunn and Rosalind Cash, directed by Joe Manduke. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2.)

Crime and Punishment—Directed by Lev Kulijanov. In Russian. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Bijou.)

Day for Night (1973)—François Truffaut made this tribute to the conventional movies that once gave him pleasure, and apparently still do. He himself plays a director who is shooting an American-financed film called "Meet Pamela," with Jean-Pierre Léaud, Jean-Pierre Aumont, Jacqueline Bisset, and Valentina Cortese. "Day for Night," unfortunately ordinary in its approach to character, is very childlike—filled with a deeply innocent love of the magic of moviemaking. There's not much to it, though it's graceful. In French. (10/15/73) (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 25, 26, and 28.)

The Day of the Locust—John Schlesinger's overblown, heavy, and obvious version of Nathanael West's novel is a mosaic that never comes together. Waldo Salt attempted the next-to-impossible job of adapting the novel—an aesthete's view of society, set in Los Angeles, in the thirties, in which the culturally debased people bring on the apocalypse. There wouldn't be much to remember from the movie if it weren't for a few of the performers—Burgess Meredith as an old vaudevillian, Billy Barty as a macho dwarf, and William Atherton in the thankless role of the artist Tod. (5/12/75) (Cinema I.)

Deep End (1971)—Drama in a public bath. Jerzy Skolimowski, a gifted Pole in exile who has the Polish black trick of pretending to be less serious than he is, has made a halfway-meant film about a desperate young voyeur (John Moulder-Brown) and an enragingly prissy redhead (Jane Asher). (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 28.)

The Devil Is a Woman (1935)—Marlene Dietrich as the universal siren in a Spanish shawl. Josef von Sternberg directs her in a clever, perversely dehumanized picture said to have been one of his favorites. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 25.)

Doctor Zhivago (1965)—The poet-doctor (Omar Sharif) isn't a strong enough protagonist to bind together the events of the Russian Revolution, and so one seems to be on the sidelines watching an enormous, romantic, historical pageant. David Lean assembled it all (or tried to) from Robert Bolt's adaptation of the Pasternak novel. With Julie Christie, Alec Guinness, Tom Courtenay, and Rod Steiger milling about. (Music Hall; May 21.)

Earthquake—L.A. gets it. The picture is swill, but it isn't a cheat, like "Airport 1975," which is cut-rate swill. This one is an entertaining marathon of Grade-A destruction effects, with B-picture stock characters spinning through it. Among them are Ava Gardner, the grimly resolute Charlton Heston, and Geneviève Bujold, whose witty style gives the picture its only touch of class. Mark Robson directed. (12/2/74) (New Embassy.)

Easy Living (1937)—Manic congestion, written by Preston Sturges from a Vera Caspary story, directed by Mitchell Leisen. Secretaries, millionaires, jokes, sight gags, furies, attacks of cool sense; there are always three things going on at once. Ray Milland is funny as a rich boy working in an Automat, and Jean Arthur plays a gutsy, pretty girl who earns a few bucks a week at an improving magazine called the *Boy's Constant Companion*. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting May 28.)

The Edge of the World (1938)—A British film about Foula, one of the Shetland Islands. With Niall MacGinnis, directed by Michael Powell. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 21.)

The Eiger Sanction—A suspense film, directed by, and with, Clint Eastwood. (34th St. East, and Beekman.)

The Flavor of Green Tea Over Rice (1952)—For some people, Ozu is a master; for others, his quiet studies of middle-class life are intolerably thin and banal. By now, you can probably sort out which group you fit in, and can decide if you want to see this film, made the year before "Tokyo Story." A lesser work, this one is about a middle-aged couple whose marriage is in trouble. In Japanese. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 22.)

The Fortune—An adventure comedy set in the twenties. With Warren Beatty and Jack Nicholson, directed by Mike Nichols. (Coronet.)

French Connection II—Gene Hackman again as the New York detective Popeye Doyle. Directed by John Frankenheimer. (Murray Hill, and Trans-Lux East.)

Funny Lady—The moviemakers weren't just going to make a sequel to "Funny Girl"—they were going to kill us. (And they wanted to outdo "Cabaret," besides.) As Fanny Brice, Barbra Streisand is no longer human; she's like a bitchy female impersonator imitating Barbra Streisand. She's in beautiful voice, but her singing is too terrific—strident overdramatization that turns a song into a big number. The picture is overproduced and badly edited, with a forties-movie-heartbreak plot. A great deal of talent has been badly used, though James Caan has some good scenes as scrubby, anxious Billy Rose, and Streisand is charming in the wittily staged "I Found a Million Dollar Baby in a Five and Ten Cent Store." Ray Stark produced; Herbert Ross directed. The new songs are by Kander and Ebb. (3/17/75) (Loews Tower East.)

The Go-Between (1971)—Harold Pinter wrote the stinging screenplay of this 1900 period piece (from an L. P. Hartley novel) about a twelve-year-old schoolboy at a posh Norfolk house party who is press-ganged into being the postman between Julie Christie, the heiress of the hall, and Alan Bates, a mere tenant farmer. Accurate about the English class system, pretty to look at, rather coldhearted. With Margaret Leighton. Directed by Joseph Losey. (Elgin; May 29.)

The Godfather, Part II—The daring of Part II is that it enlarges the scope and deepens the meaning of the first film. Visually, Part II is far more complexly beautiful than the first, just as it's thematically richer, more shadowed, fuller. The completed work, contrasting the early manhood of Vito (Robert De Niro) with the life of Michael, his inheritor (Al Pacino), is an epic vision of the corruption of America; this is a bicentennial picture that doesn't insult the intelligence. Directed by Francis Ford Coppola; the script is by Coppola and Mario Puzo. (12/23/74) (Cinema Village, and Paramount.)

Greaser's Palace (1972)—Robert Downey wrote and directed this comic extravaganza, which is very, very slow and more humorous than exactly funny, with none of Downey's earlier cock-a-hoop, lazily satiric style. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 23-25.)

The Great Waldo Pepper—One-hundred-per-cent-pure-plastic adolescent male fantasy. It's set in the twenties, with Robert Redford as a First World War aviator who spends some time barnstorming in the Midwest and then goes to Hollywood, where he lives out his dream of fighting the No. 1 Imperial German ace. William Goldman's chilly, clever script and the fresh-painted storytelling of the director, George Roy Hill, almost amount to a style: total inauthenticity. (3/24/75) (Quad Cinema; starting May 23.)

The Happy Hooker—With Lynn Redgrave as Xaviera Hollander. Directed by Nick Sgarro. R-rated. (Plaza. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through May 27.)

Happy New Year (1973)—With Lino Ventura and Françoise Fabian, directed by Claude Lelouch. In French. (Elgin; May 27.)

Harold and Maude (1971)—The love story of Harold (Bud Cort), almost twenty, and Maude (Ruth Gordon), almost eighty. Directed by Hal Ashby. (Quad Cinema; through May 27.)

History Is Made at Night (1937)—The plot is so preposterously arbitrary it's as if several scripts were chopped up and stuck together, yet the director, Frank Borzage, plunges ahead until an ocean liner crashes into an iceberg and brings the madness to a halt. Trying to escape from her rich, powerful, mad husband (Colin Clive), Jean Arthur meets a gallant gentleman (Charles Boyer), who turns out to be a headwaiter. The husband tries to frame the headwaiter for a crime he himself committed. Leo Carrillo and Ivan Lebedeff are also mixed up in this silly melodrama, which is so souped up with demonic passions and tender glances and elegant photography (by Gregg Toland) that it's rather fun. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting May 28.)

Hot Saturday (1932)—Vivacious, pumpkin-faced Nancy Carroll as a small-town girl who quarrels with her steady (and self-righteous) boyfriend Randolph Scott and has a fling with millionaire libertine Cary Grant. A vintage trifle, with considerable flavor and an unusual open end, since the heroine and her steady do not reunite. With Edward Woods, Grady Sutton, and Jane Darwell. William A. Seiter directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 25.)

The Invitation—A summery haze hangs over this wonderfully simple and tender film by Claude Goretta, a Swiss who has joined Alain Tanner ("La Salamandre," "Le Retour d'Afrique," "Charles Dead or Alive," "The Middle of the World") and Michel Soutter ("The Surveyors") in making Switzerland an unexpected source of very fine cinema. This tale, which won a Special Jury Prize at Cannes in 1973, is about a middle-aged, shy office worker, delicately played by Michel Robin. He lives with his mother until she dies. After taking two months off from his job, he invites every member of the staff of his small office to a day-long party. They had expected to find their host living as humbly as before; they find him on an estate, attended by an exquisitely played hireling butler (François Simon). In French. (5/5/75) (Regency.)

Juliet of the Spirits (1965)—Federico Fellini looks at a mousy wife's fantasy life; her unconscious seems to be stuffed with leftover décor from M-G-M musicals. A peculiarly ungallant film. With Giulietta Masina. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 23.)

King of Hearts (1967)—Philippe de Broca makes a lulling and rather winsome period comedy about a 1918 soldier in an evacuated village now inhabited only by zoo animals and lunatics in fancy dress. With Alan Bates. In French and English. (Elgin; May 23-26.)

The King of Marvin Gardens (1972)—Indecipherable dark nonsense about brothers and spurious goals and the American Dream. An unqualified disaster, though Ellen Burstyn tries valiantly, and so does Bruce Dern. Jack Nicholson is dim and ploddingly serious. Directed by Bob Rafelson, from a script by Jacob Brackman. (Olympia; starting May 28.)

The Knack (1965)—In Richard Lester's version of the Ann Jellicoe play (as adapted by Charles Wood), the jokes whiz by so fast

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that the ingenuity becomes exhausting. It's all just too bleached out and clever, though Donal Donnelly is wonderful. With Rita Tushingham, Michael Crawford, and Ray Brooks. (Elgin; May 22.)

The Last Laugh (1924)—Emil Jannings as the man whose self-esteem and position in society depend on his uniform, in F. W. Murnau's masterpiece of design and cinematography. A breathtaking achievement in silent-film technique. With added musical track. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 29.)

Lenny—The earnest Bob Fosse film starring Dustin Hoffman is for audiences who want to believe that Lenny Bruce was a saintly gadfly who was martyred for having lived before their time. Hoffman makes a serious, honorable try, but he's the wrong kind of actor to play Bruce. Hoffman is a nice boy; Bruce was uncompromisingly not nice. Valerie Perrine is touching as Honey, and Gary Morton has a fine bit as the type of comic who knew how to keep his public happy. (11/18/74) (St. Marks Cinema, and Gramercy; starting May 28.)

Lepke—Tony Curtis as Louis (Lepke) Buchalter. Directed by Menahem Golan. (Loews Ciné; starting May 23.)

Lucia (1974)—A long trilogy by Humberto Solas, a young man who has been called Cuba's Eisenstein. The first episode is melodramatic; the second, about the disorganized hatred of the dictatorial President Machado, is intellectually fine and visually lyric; the third is an ironically anti-women's-lib argument about a Castro-period husband who literally walls up his beautiful new wife and nearly goes crazy with jealousy when a handsome teacher arrives to take her through the revolutionists' literacy program. In Spanish. (4/8/74) (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 22.)

Lulù the Tool—Elio Petri's film about a factory worker (Gian Maria Volonte, of Petri's own "Investigation of a Citizen Above Suspicion") who has been so numbed by doing piecework that his inane drive to beat everyone else's production record has begun to invade his private world. Domesticity and work start to be interchangeably mechanical for him, like his sexual life, in which he talks about himself as if he were a car doing well on a road test. The film is rather too schematic but the pattern grows eloquently disarrayed near the end, with a rebellious dream that the hero has after talking to an aged fellow-worker: the old man has lived out his days in a mental institution because he had the unforgivable nerve to demand of a factory overseer what end product he was working on. Like him, the over-ordered movie is best when it bursts its own bounds. In Italian. (5/19/75) (D. W. Griffith; through May 28.)

Macunaima (1972)—A satirical fairy-tale extravaganza from Brazil, directed by Joaquim Pedro de Andrade. In Portuguese. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 23-24.)

Madame Butterfly (1932)—There must be someone out there who has always wanted to know what the opera was about, without being distracted from the plot by the music. Sylvia Sidney, got up in fancy kimonos, mournfully smiles through her tears, and a not yet suave Cary Grant is the rotten-hearted Occidental who deserts her. Worse than you might expect. Marion Gering directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 25.)

Mandingo—The antebellum South. With James Mason, Susan George, and Perry King, directed by Richard Fleischer. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

Mean Streets (1973)—A true original, and a triumph of personal filmmaking. What Martin Scorsese has done with the experience of growing up in New York's Little Italy has a thicker-textured rot than we have ever had in an American movie, and a riper sense of evil. With Harvey Keitel as Charlie, Robert De Niro as Johnny Boy, and Amy Robinson as Teresa. (10/8/73) (Symphony.)

The Middle of the World—One of the best, most innovative films about the nature of passionate love to come out of Europe since "Scenes from a Marriage" and the pictures of Eric Rohmer. This is a film of tremendous simplicity with a complex intellectual underlay, directed by Alain Tanner and written by him with the English art critic and novelist John Berger. (They did "La Salamandre" together, and Tanner made "Charles Dead or Alive" and "Le Retour d'Afrique.") The hero (Philippe Léotard) is a married engineer who is being manipulated into becoming a local politician; the heroine (Olimpia Carlisi) is an Italian barmaid. Opposites meet, and the film is a record of the two characters' ability to change. Lucid and thoughtful, shot in long takes without cuts. And also very funny at times, and truly erotic. A trailbreaker. In French. (3/31/75) (68th St. Playhouse.)

Monty Python and the Holy Grail—A cheerfully loused-up reworking of the story of King Arthur, written and acted by the Python team, who were first famous on English TV and now keep growing numbers of Americans in on Sunday night to watch Channel 13 at half past ten. Here, King Arthur's doughty knights are cowardly and ill-starred; the King himself possesses only an imaginary horse, simulated by a hooflike knocking together of coconuts by a muddy-looking subject, and the representative of the enemy French has a sublimely singular line of Anglophobic insults. Recklessly funny, with moments of genius, especially in the pursuit of red herrings that have nothing to do with plot. (5/5/75) (Cinema II.)

Morocco (1930)—Marlene Dietrich in her dinner jacket at the peak of her naughty perfection. She sings "What Am I Bid?," and Foreign Legionnaire Gary Cooper knows just what to offer. This adorably silly, consummately entertaining romance was directed by Josef von Sternberg. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 26.)

Murder (1930)—A rarely seen, handsomely designed early Hitchcock whodunit set among theatre people; not in the class of his mid-thirties work, but with inventive tricks. Herbert Marshall (in his first talking picture) is a fancy big-time actor serving on a jury; convinced of the innocence of the young actress (Norah Baring) who is on trial for murder, he tries to solve the case in order to save her life. There are some snobbish bits that appear to ridicule "the lower orders"—apparently, these are the unfortunate results of attempts at improvisation. Hitchcock experimented with a stream-of-consciousness monologue, and there's a tricky sequence in which Marshall listens to "Tristan" on the radio while he shaves. The actual murderer turns out to be a transvestite—daring at the time, but all too familiar a scapegoat now. (Quad Cinema; through May 24.)

Murder on the Orient Express—This all-star version of an Agatha Christie antiquity is utterly inoffensive, and audiences appear to be so hungry for this sort of entertainment that maybe it hardly matters that it isn't very good. Vanessa Redgrave, Rachel Roberts, and Ingrid Bergman are standouts in a cast that includes John Gielgud, Lauren Bacall, Wendy Hiller, Sean Connery, and Albert Finney as Hercule Poirot. Sidney Lumet directed. (12/9/74) (St. Marks Cinema, Gramercy, Playboy, and Olympia; through May 27.)

Nights of Cabiria (1957)—A series of episodes in the life of a shabby, gullible little Roman streetwalker (Giulietta Masina). Arguably Fellini's finest picture. (It was the basis for the American musical "Sweet Charity.") In Italian. (Quad Cinema; through May 22. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 23.)

Nobody Waved Goodbye (1965)—Peter Kastner is fairly disarming as an impulsive, irritating, and highly intelligent eighteen-year-old, in Don Owen's briskly made film about the nullity of Canadian middle-class life and thought, which turns a boy with cocky bad manners into a frightened juvenile delinquent. (Elgin; May 21.)

Painters Painting (1973)—Painters talking, mostly, often combining the knowledgeable with the dopey. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 25.)

The Passenger—Antonioni's film about an estranged London TV-news reporter trying to flee the coop of himself. Everything has staled for him—work and personal life both—and Antonioni makes, for the first time in his career, a clear causal connection between a character's situation and his environment. The reporter is on the track of a story in a remote part of Africa. He seizes the chance to exchange his identity for a dead man's, and takes on the dead man's slowly revealed undercover missions, which endow him with political purpose. The film is psychologically complex, dwelling on parallel themes about disjuncture and ambiguity, but also declarative in a way that is unique in Antonioni's work; as well as that, it is a picture of astonishing aesthetic beauty and technical innovation. Jack Nicholson, as the reporter, gives a performance that is a marvel of insight about a man whose chances are running out. Maria Schneider exquisitely plays a soft-voiced, attentive stranger whom he meets in his new identity. (4/14/75) (U. A. East, Greenwich, Little Carnegie, and Thalia.)

Paths of Glory (1957)—Stanley Kubrick's film about the First World War, when the issues were simpler, it's true, but nothing that Kubrick does is ever unsophisticated or without an echoing shrewdness. Not to be missed on any account. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 26.)

The Plainsman (1936)—Gary Cooper, Jean Arthur, Anthony Quinn in a Cecil B. De Mille Western. It has no distinction and a lot of proud looking down of unrelenting noses. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 27.)

Play It Again, Sam (1972)—Woody Allen incarnating the spirit of Neurotic Love in a funny picture made from his own Broadway hit. Allen plays a Bogart nut, and most of the film is about hapless girl-chasing. Herbert Ross directs in a style of suitably loose-limbed laconicism. (Playboy, and Embassy 72nd St.; through May 27.)

The Prisoner of Second Avenue—Jack Lemmon, as a New York advertising executive, gets fired, feels worthless, and has a nervous breakdown; Anne Bancroft is his devoted wife. Vaguely about urban despair, full of bad jokes. Melvin Frank has directed the movie version of Neil Simon's sitcom in his usual sagging, fifties style, but probably there isn't a filmmaker in the world who could substantially improve this picture except by throwing out the play altogether. (3/10/75) (Sutton.)

The Reincarnation of Peter Proud—With Michael Sarrazin and Jennifer O'Neill, directed by J. Lee Thompson. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1.)

The Return of the Pink Panther—Peter Sellers as Inspector Clouseau and Herbert Lom as Chief Inspector Dreyfus. Directed by Blake Edwards. (Eastside Cinema, and 86th St. East.)

The Rise of Louis XIV (1966)—Rossellini's beady-eyed and graceful chronicle about the growing up of a young monarch from a boy written off as nothing much more than an unambitious young debauchee into one of the most skillful absolutists in European history. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 21.)

Romeo and Juliet (1966)—Performed by the Royal Ballet, with Margot Fonteyn and Rudolf Nureyev. (Elgin; May 25, one performance, at noon.)

La Ronde (1950)—Love makes the world go 'round in Max Ophuls' romantic, intricate, and rather tired version of the Schnitzler play, and the actors who move from one affair to the next include Gérard Philipe, Danielle Darrieux, Simone Signoret, Jean-Louis Barrault, Daniel Gélin, and Simone Simon. This 1950 film had censorship trouble and was cut in the heyday of its art-house fame; this version includes the cut footage. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 27.)

The Scarlet Empress (1934)—Josef von Sternberg turned the story of Catherine the Great into what he himself called a "relentless excursion into style;" the décor and the visual motifs became the stars, and Marlene Dietrich was used as a camera subject instead of as a person. She's photographed behind veils and fishnets, while dwarfs slither about and bells ring and everybody tries to look degenerate. Von Sternberg had a peculiar notion that all this showy pomposity proved that film was an art medium. The picture is egocentric and empty of drama, yet it has the fascination (and the tediousness) that bizarre, obsessional movies often have. Sam Jaffe, in a fright wig and smiling like a death's-head, plays mad, crippled Peter; Dietrich's daughter, Maria Sieber, appears in the opening scenes as the young Catherine; John Lodge, with dashing long hair and a mustache, swaggers about in furs. With Louise Dresser, strangely folksy as the old Empress, and Jane Darwell, Gavin Gordon, and C. Aubrey Smith. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 26.)

Le Secret—With Jean-Louis Trintignant, Marlène Jobert, and Philippe Noiret, directed by Robert Enrico. In French. (Paris.)

Shampoo—Warren Beatty, as a Beverly Hills hairdresser, in a sex roundelay set in the Beatles sixties of miniskirts and strobe lights. Exploited for gags, this yummy idea for a movie might have turned into no more than a saucy romp, but the way it has been done,

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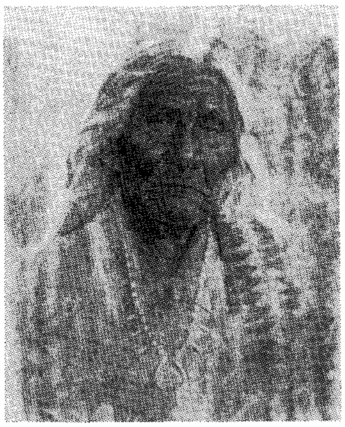
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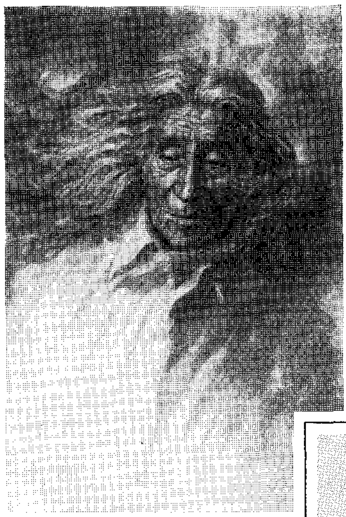
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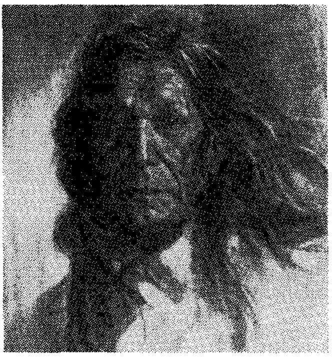
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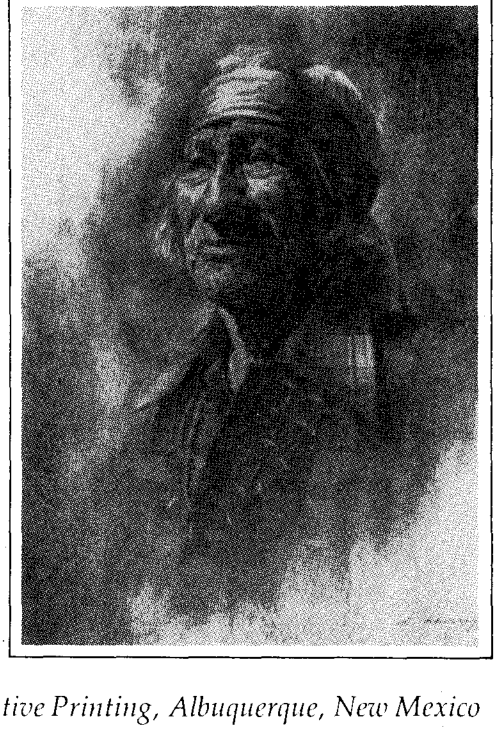
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the joke expands the more you think about it. The film opens on Election Eve, November 4, 1968, and ends the day after Nixon's and Agnew's victory; the people whirling in and out of bed include Julie Christie, Goldie Hawn, Jack Warden, Lee Grant, Tony Bill, and Carrie Fisher. This sophisticated farce, directed by Hal Ashby from a script by Robert Towne and Beatty (who is also the producer), may be put down as frivolous just because it really isn't. It's a very uncompromising film. (2/17/75) (Columbia I, Waverly, and Loews 83rd St.)

SHANGHAI EXPRESS (1932)—Irresistibly enjoyable. In this glossy mixture of sex and intrigue, Shanghai Lily (Marlene Dietrich) and her exquisitely stoic beloved (Clive Brook) fall into the hands of sinister Chinese revolutionaries led by Warner Oland. Josef von Sternberg directed. With Anna May Wong and Gustav von Seyffertitz. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 25.)

SHEILA LEVINE IS DEAD AND LIVING IN NEW YORK—Gail Parent's novel is in the form of a fat girl's jokey suicide note, full of one-liners. Parent and her TV writing partner, Kenny Solms, rewrote it for the movies. Now it's the Romance of Liberation. No longer fat but clumsy and easily flustered, Sheila (Jeannie Berlin) comes to New York and meets a handsome doctor (Roy Scheider); it isn't until she becomes a successful career woman and also shows her openness by humiliating herself out of love for him that he extricates himself from an involvement with her roommate (Rebecca Dianna Smith) and proposes. The film says that her finding herself entitles her to a first-class fella. It's a shoddy conversion of women's liberation: now the libbers get the princes. Jeannie Berlin, understandably, has nothing to express but bewilderment, and frequently she looks open-mouthed comatose. Sidney J. Furie directed. (2/3/75) (Baronet.)

SOCRATES (1970)—Directed by Roberto Rossellini. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 21.)

THE SPIDER'S STRATAGEM (1970)—Before he made "The Conformist," Bernardo Bertolucci made this adaptation of Jorge Luis Borges's enigmatic "Theme of the Traitor and Hero" for Italian television. Shot in Sabbioneta, a miniature city between Mantua and Parma, with colonnades that suggest de Chirico, the film is mysteriously beautiful; it has heightened colors and evocative imagery. But Giulio Brogi, playing both the son and the hero-father whose death the son is investigating, is given no character as either, and he lacks energy. The film itself is enervated, and the themes are frustratingly elusive; it's all atmosphere and no strength. With Alida Valli, still splendidly handsome, and with that same secret look she had in "The Third Man." In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 24.)

THE STAR (1953)—Very bad. Bette Davis as a star who once won an Academy Award but is now down on her luck; she lands in jail for drunken driving, and is saved by Sterling Hayden, a boatmaker who once acted with her. Others who wander about in this lachrymose, exploitative treatment of the lives of aging stars (it was originally written for Joan Crawford) are Natalie Wood, Minor Watson, and Warner Anderson. Stuart Heisler directed, feebly. Davis throws her weight around but comes through in only a few scenes. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through May 24.)

THE TALL BLOND MAN WITH ONE BLACK SHOE (1973)—French burlesque, inky-shadowed and funny, about an unlistenable-to musician (Pierre Richard) with hectic hair suggesting Colette's. The hero is in the middle of a farce about a mini-rivalry between an intelligence chief and his deputy. Written by Yves Robert and Francis Veber, directed by M. Robert. Recommended for true quixotry. In French. (9/3/73) (Elgin; May 27.)

THINGS TO COME (1936)—The most elaborate science-fiction movie ever made in England until "2001." H. G. Wells wrote the tendentious screenplay, the celebrated designer William Cameron Menzies directed, Georges Périnal was the cinematographer, and Arthur Bliss wrote the score. It's a handsome movie, with great costumes and some wonderful howlers (by Raymond Massey and Ralph Richardson) in the dialogue and acting. (Quad Cinema; May 25-27.)

THE THIRD MAN (1950)—Orson Welles, the Vienna sewers, and the famous, maddening zither tune. Directed by Carol Reed from Graham Greene's script and novel. Trevor Howard is a stylish Englishman who instructs Joseph Cotten in life's darker truths. A thriller of highest class. (Elgin; May 28.)

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TOKYO STORY (1953)—One of the most honored of all Japanese films, directed by Yasujiro Ozu, who has made a gentle-natured masterpiece of wonderful complexity out of a simple story about elderly parents who go to visit their grown-up children in Tokyo and find that the children have no interest in them. In Japanese. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 22.)

TOM JONES (1963)—Tony Richardson whizzes through the Fielding novel, but he pauses long enough for a great lewd eating scene. With Albert Finney, Hugh Griffith, Edith Evans, the late, great George Devine, and many others. Shapely and eloquent script by John Osborne. (Elgin; May 22.)

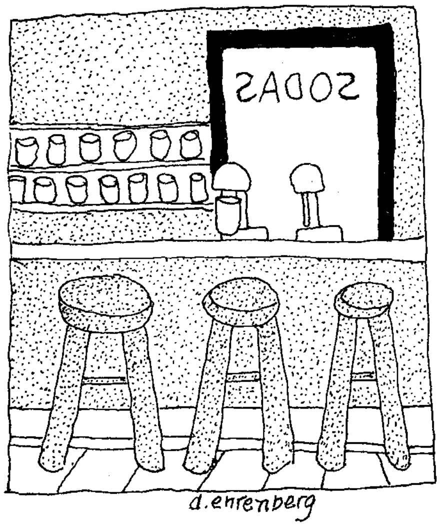
TOMMY—The famous rock opera composed and sung by The Who, turned into a clamorous film by Ken Russell. Like many other mindless satires, it fallaciously respects and exploits what it seeks to criticize. For instance, it pretends to be severe about the false idols of our era, but it is exceedingly religious about show biz and success. Lots of psychedelic shocks and comic-strip effects. Ann-Margret is appealing when she doesn't have to fling herself about. Roger Daltrey plays Tommy. (4/7/75) (Ziegfeld.)

TOPELE (1971)—An Israeli film. (Embassy 72nd St.; starting May 28.)

TOUCH OF EVIL (1958)—Orson Welles' marvellous, garish thriller, which has something to do with drugs and police corruption in a border town. The credits appear over a brilliant opening sequence (which, incidentally, contains the key to the mystery). Welles, padded and false-nosed, plays a bloodhound detective. The cast, assembled as perversely as in a nightmare, includes Marlene Dietrich as the madam of a Mexican bordello, Charlton Heston, Joseph Calleia, Akim Tamiroff, Joseph Cotten, Janet Leigh, Zsa Zsa Gabor, and Mercedes McCambridge. (Elgin; May 28.)

TRANSATLANTIC TUNNEL (1935)—Though actually a remake of a much better German sci-fi adventure film, this melodramatic English production, directed by Maurice Elvey, has some memorable and gripping sequences once it gets under way—which takes a while. The title tells the story: it's about trying to drive a tunnel under the Atlantic, with all the floods and eruptions imaginable. Strong-jawed Richard Dix, one of the most likable early screen stars, is the lead, with Madge Evans opposite him. (Quad Cinema; May 25-27.)

TWO DAUGHTERS (1961)—Satyajit Ray at his most splendid in two short-story films based on works by Rabindranath Tagore. The first, "The Postmaster," is a small masterpiece; the second, "The Conclusion," has some defects of rhythm, so it is merely wonderful. In Bengali. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 29.)



VARIETY (1925)—A German classic of sado-masochism in a circus setting, with the master masochist actor Emil Jannings as an acrobat who leaves his wife for a foreign girl (plumply erotic, saucer-eyed Lya de Putti); he forms a trapeze act with the girl and a younger acrobat (Warwick Ward)—who inevitably seduces her. The movie, directed by E. A. Dupont and photographed by the great, imaginative Karl Freund, is not, however, to be equated with its far from original story; the restless, subjective camera and the fast editing make the film an almost voluptuous experience. It has been extremely influential; von Sternberg's "The Blue Angel" and Ingmar Bergman's "The Naked Night" are both indebted to it. (A remake in 1935, with Hans Albers and Annabella, was negligible.) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 29.)

THE VIRGINIAN (1929)—Gary Cooper's first all-talking picture, and the one in which, with the help of the director, Victor Fleming, he found the laconic, straight-arrow character that he was to represent through much of his later career. He plays a Wyoming rancher-lawman in the eighteen-seventies who hangs his charmingly weak best friend (Richard Arlen, in a very engaging performance) for cattle rustling. Walter Huston glories in his opportunities as the film's mustachioed bad guy. He and Cooper have a celebrated encounter in a saloon: Huston mutters something not quite audible but beginning "son of a," and the super-calm Cooper, fondling his gun, says, "If you want to call me that, smile." With Chester Conklin and Eugene Pallette. Mary Brian is the pretty schoolteacher from Vermont who wins Cooper, but it's the relationship of Cooper and Arlen, which, like the later friendship of Newman and Redford, gives the film its emotional resonance. The movie has an enduring charm; it was the third version of the Owen Wister novel, which became a TV series in the sixties. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 27.)

WALKOVER (1965)—A Jerzy Skolimowski film. In Polish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 28.)

WEEKEND (1968)—Jean-Luc Godard's extraordinary poetic satire on modern life—a powerfully charged but deeply flawed film. With Mireille Darc as the bourgeois cannibal. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 21.)

THE WIND AND THE LION—Theodore Roosevelt (played by Brian Keith) sends the Marines into Morocco to rescue an American (played by Candice Bergen) kidnapped by the last of the Barbary pirates (led here by Sean Connery). Directed and written by John Milius. (Music Hall; starting May 22.)

A WOMAN UNDER THE INFLUENCE—The writer-director John Cassavetes is under the influence of R. D. Laing, and he presents an illustration of Laing's scapegoat theory of schizophrenia, with Gena Rowlands as the helpless victim of a bullying husband (Peter Falk) and a repressive society. Cassavetes swathes the Laingian romanticism in wet blankets; the scenes are often unshaped, and so rudderless that the meanings don't emerge. Rowlands externalizes schizophrenic dissolution: she fragments before our eyes. But her prodigious performance is enough for half a dozen tours de force—it's exhausting. Nothing she does is memorable, because she does so much. (12/9/74) (Juliet 1; through May 27.)

YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN—A farce-parody of Hollywood's mad-scientist movies. To go to when your rhythm is slowed down and you're too tired to think; you have to let this Mel Brooks comedy do everything for you, because that's the only way it works. If you accept the silly, zizzy obviousness, it can make you laugh helplessly. Gene Wilder is the old Baron's scientist-grandson, Peter Boyle is the new Monster, and Madeline Kahn is the scientist's fiancée, who becomes the Monster's bride. The picture is in black-and-white, which holds it visually close to the films it takes off from. It's Brooks's most sustained piece of moviemaking—the laughs never let up. (12/30/74) (72nd Street East, Juliet 2, and Quad Cinema; through May 27.)

ZABRISKIE POINT (1970)—Antonioni's enervated view of American youth. A lifeless movie with a zombie romance, but with a very pretty apocalyptic finish. (D. W. Griffith; May 29.)

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It's typical of how you can eat like a gourmet for pennies all over France. And savor the local specialties. The oysters in *Brittany*, *Gascony's cassoulet*. The *bouillabaisse* of the *Riviera*. The *boeuf* of Burgundy.

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P.S. Your Fly/Drive package can be charged on your American Express credit card.

AIR FRANCE

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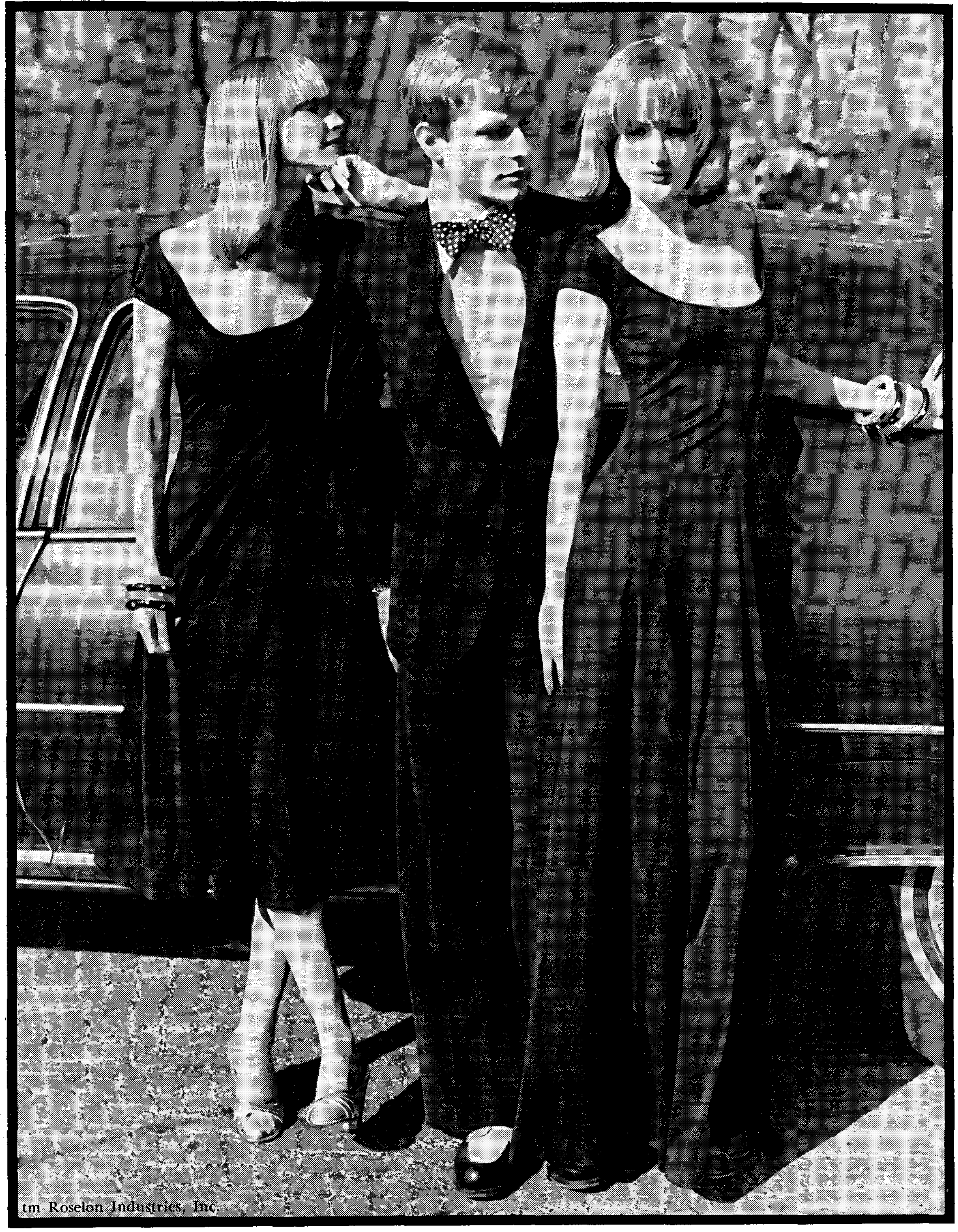

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

PRESIDENT PARK CHUNG HEE, the dictator of South Korea, last week issued an edict banning almost all dissent in his country and forbidding unauthorized travel. One provision of the edict makes it a crime punishable by up to fifteen years in prison to criticize the edict. We first read the news on the front page of the Washington *Post* (the *Times* ran the story on page 17), and the *Post's* reporter Don Oberdorfer, who was writing from Tokyo, took the occasion to observe that in Park's announcement "there was no recognition . . . of the possible adverse impact in the U.S. Congress or executive branch of the new moves to suppress internal opposition." It could be that no recognition was given to any possible adverse impact because Park sensed that there would not be any adverse impact—and, indeed, there has been very little. In the Congress, concern for the freedom of peoples whose governments we support has been scarce these last ten or fifteen years, and in the White House it has been nonexistent. Rather, a much more noticeable phenomenon—in the White House, at least—has been the *favorable* impact of our allies' turnings to authoritarianism. And often there has been something more than mere reaction; there has been initiation, as the recently revealed record of America's covert policy in Chile shows. Greece, the Philippines, Portugal, Spain, and Cambodia are among the other nations that come to mind; but the saddest chapter of all in this discreditable story was, perhaps, the United States' open support for the regime of Yahya Khan, in West Pakistan, when his soldiers and hired terrorists were murdering hundreds of thousands of people in what was then East Pakistan and is now Bangladesh. The plain fact is that for some years now the American government has regarded ruthless, dictatorial regimes as safe havens for American interests. Just last year, the American public, by forcing Richard Nixon from office, seemed to affirm that in its own country, at least, it was willing to brave the risks to national defense which a free system of government may pose. With respect to their own affairs, Americans specifically rejected the argument made last week by President Park to the Koreans: that they had to "consolidate national unity, coalesce national opinion, and enable all people to prepare themselves thoroughly for an impregnable posture of national security." South Korea, of course, is one nation that our government considers to be on the forward line of America's defenses in the Pacific. The Philippines, where President Ferdinand Marcos rules in a dictatorial fashion, is another. At home, we have chosen freedom, but in the rest of the world, on an ever-widening scale, we have chosen to rely for the defense of that freedom on totalitarianism.

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Stanton in Washington

THE other day, we met Dr. Frank Stanton for breakfast at the Madison Hotel in Washington. Dr. Stanton, the retired president of CBS, who is now, among other things, chairman of the American National Red Cross, was about to testify before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee on the recommendation of a panel, which he had headed, that the United States Information Agency be abolished. The panel was established last year with private funds (from four foundations), at the suggestion of advisory commissions to the U.S.I.A. and the State Department. The Senate Foreign Relations Committee itself had recommended in 1973 that serious consideration be given to turning the activities of the U.S.I.A. over to other government agencies. The Stanton panel, after working on the problem for over ten months and taking testimony from over a hundred witnesses, recommended that the cultural activities of the U.S.I.A. (maintaining libraries, sending exhibits, programs, and films about the United States overseas, and publishing foreign-language magazines) be combined with the cultural activities of the State Department (mainly the exchange of people) and that both be given to a new agency, whose head would report to the Secretary of State; that the U.S.I.A.'s foreign-policy functions be carried out by a new State Department Office of Policy Information; and that direction of the Voice of America, which now carries out the U.S.I.A.'s broadcasting activities, be given to another new federal agency. The idea was, first, to separate our government's "cultural" programs from both its news and its foreign-policy programs, and, second, to try to protect the news broadcasts from government interference.

"It has always troubled me that the Secretary of State has had to depend on an agency down the street to articulate his foreign policy," Dr. Stanton explained as we sat at a small table in the rear of the Madison's coffee shop. "The present arrangements make no sense. Where our panel came out is so simple you wonder why it took us ten months. The Voice has three functions: the broadcast of news, the portrayal of American culture, and the articulation of our foreign policy. Under our proposal, the first two would be done by Voice employees, and the third would be done by State employees—either speaking themselves or preparing texts for broadcast—and they would use time provided by the Voice." The panel decided that the Voice of America should be neither under the new State Department office nor under the new cultural agency but should be run by a five-man board made up of the heads of the two new bureaus and three members from the private sector, to be appointed by the President.

Stanton was wearing a navy-blue suit and vest, a blue shirt with French cuffs, and a dark tie; his cuffs were held together by small links bearing the seal of the Red Cross. His hair, thin and pale blond, reached just below his jacket collar. For breakfast, he ordered orange juice, a boiled egg (five minutes), toast, and Sanka. "I don't know who will be turning up at the committee meeting to hear this report," Dr. Stanton told us. "With everything going on these days on the Hill, we'll be doing well if one or two senators appear. These are busy times, and our report doesn't have so very much visibility. I understand that. That's why I went around to see all the members of the Foreign Relations Committee."

We asked him if the panel had questioned whether the Voice of America should be continued at all.

"We took it as a given that in the world today there should be a broadcast-information arm," he replied. "If there weren't, we couldn't get into some countries by any means of communication—not by mail or magazines or television. The continuation of the Voice was never seriously challenged. There is no problem in having a Voice with one of its functions the articulation of foreign policy—not as long as it's disclosed that these views are being presented by the government. It can even be helpful to us. Such an arrangement lets people know where you stand. It's when you try to weave it into the other material that they have doubts about you."

We asked him how much hope he had for the independence of a new Voice, constructed along the lines of his panel's recommendations.

"It depends upon the character of the appointees," he replied. "I think it has more of a chance of independence. The disclosure of the foreign-policy articulation—I hate the word, but I can't think of a better one—would be helpful, and the news functions would be improved."

We asked Dr. Stanton if there had been attempts to use the Voice's information broadcasts for "propaganda" purposes.

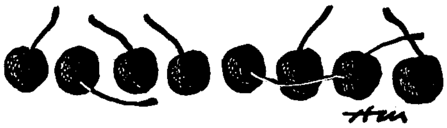
"Some unpleasant rumors have been leaking out about what the Administration has been doing about censoring the Voice on Vietnam," he answered.

We accompanied Dr. Stanton to the New Senate Office Building (now formally known as the Everett McKinley Dirksen Senate Office Building), on Capitol Hill. Several of the other members of Stanton's panel were already gathered in Room 4221, the Senate Foreign Relations Committee's hearing room, where the hearing was to begin at ten o'clock: among them Walter Roberts, of the Center for Strategic and International Studies at Georgetown University; James Michener, the writer; Rita Hauser, a New York lawyer; Peter Krogh, dean of the School of Foreign Service at Georgetown; and Andrew Berding, a former official of the State Department and the U.S.I.A. On the wall behind the semicircular dais where the senators sat there were four panels bearing a map of the world.

Senator John Sparkman, Democrat of Alabama, who is the committee's new chairman, called the committee to order at ten-fifteen. At that point, four of its seventeen members were on hand; besides the chairman, there were Senators Howard Baker, Republican of Tennessee; Richard Clark, Democrat of Iowa; and Charles Percy, Republican of Illinois. Also present was James Keogh, former executive editor of *Time* and former Nixon speechwriter, who is now the director of the U.S.I.A., and who opposes the panel's recommendations. (Keogh was to testify after Stanton.) A few reporters turned up. A Percy aide handed out copies of a statement that Percy planned to make about Voice censorship by the Administration.

Then Stanton, seated at the witness table, read his prepared statement. "There should be a separation between the conduct of *political*-information operations and *cultural*-information operations," he said, and "The long-range strategic objectives should be pursued without the pressure of tactical policy requirements." In the course of his statement, he sliced up a critique by Keogh of the panel's report. ("Some of the points which he makes are based on misunderstandings of our proposals; others I believe are not realistic. . . . Those without an axe to grind almost invariably approve of our report.")

While Stanton was testifying, several other senators arrived: Claiborne Pell, Democrat of Rhode Island; Stuart Symington, Democrat of Missouri; Clifford Case, Republican of New Jersey; and Hugh Scott, Republican of Pennsylvania. Some of the senators had questions, which they put to Stanton deferentially.



Senator Pell wanted to know whether those in charge of the new Voice would reflect "the views of the times," and whether, if the times were "hawkish," "hawks" would be in charge.

"I have great difficulty with that concept," Stanton replied. He spoke slowly, rubbing an ear, as he outlined the three functions of the Voice and explained that only into the third—"foreign-policy articulation"—would the State Department "have inputs." He said, "What we've got on this board is protection against censorship." He told the committee that the question of what to do with the Voice "was very troublesome to us"—that there had been some panel members who wanted it in the State Department and some who wanted it to be independent of State.

Senator Clark, a stocky, youngish man with thick, wavy hair, expressed his support for Stanton's proposals and then asked him whether the whole purpose of the Voice, including its delivery of the news, wasn't "the propagation of the President's foreign policy." Stanton said that without subpoena power his panel had no way to find out.

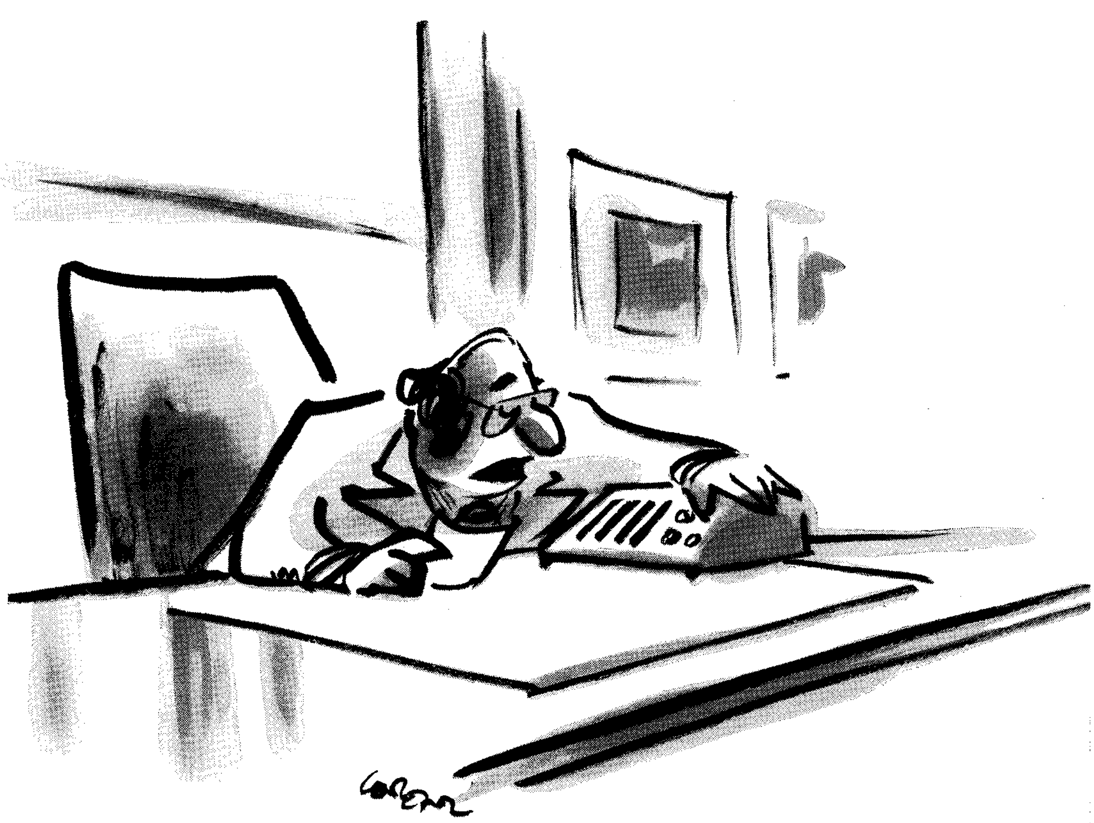
Stanton then read a letter from John Chancellor, who had once headed the Voice of America. Chancellor called the Stanton panel's proposals for the Voice "the most refreshing, logical, and hopeful ideas that I have ever seen." In addition, Chancellor wrote, "The basic problem is that V.O.A. has been placed at the intersection of journalism and diplomacy: the practice of one of these disciplines negates the practice of the other."

Senator Baker wanted to know what the situation would be if the board should decide that its policy was at variance with that of the Administration.

Dr. Stanton replied that one of the things he would recommend was that when it came to "the articulation of foreign policy" the Secretary of State or one of his assistants should have "unqualified access" to the new Voice, but that "only on the foreign-policy articulation would there be an opportunity" for the State Department to determine policy.

Senator Baker responded, "I think that's a reassuring answer," but then said that he was "not certain that that's how it would work," explaining, "I'm not sure we can ever be quite that pure."

Shortly before noon, as Dr. Stanton was winding up his testimony, the visibility of Stanton's report seemed high. After a shower of senatorial thank-yous and smiles and friendly nods, Dr. Stanton was excused from the witness chair.



"Attention all hands. Today's buzz words are as follows . . ."

The Nonpareil

BETWEEN the Harlem River and the Harlem River Drive, just below Dyckman Street, there is a thin strip of land that gets narrower and narrower until, a few hundred yards to the south, it yields to the river entirely. An old-fashioned fence of widely spaced, rusting spikes runs along the highway side, and behind this are lots of trees, through which can be seen glimpses of the river; University Heights, on the opposite shore; the Major Deegan Expressway; the shiny metal globe of the old New York University Aerospace Center; and, on the near bank—this caught our eye—what appears to be a tall, stylish Victorian gazebo rising from the roof of a grayish building. One recent noon, we executed a flanking movement around the rusty fence, advanced into the general area through a parking lot on the north, and presently were trespassing at a leisurely pace down an old, uncitylike dirt road—parallel to the highway, and only a few yards from it—under the graceful, arching branches of tall trees. The road soon turned toward the river, and came to an end between two large gray buildings on the shore. The farther one had a sign that said "Fordham Racing Association;" the nearer building—the one with the gazebo tower—had a sign saying "Nonpareil Rowing Club 1874." This old structure—two stories high, with its open-air tower adding twenty feet more, and a tall flagpole on top of that—appeared to be authentic eighteen-seventies, all right; except for a few additions here and there, some new shingles and siding, and a certain amount of fairly contemporary paint, it looked as if it had been left pretty much alone since it was built. There was a sunken garden at the back—or so it seemed—overgrown with tall grass and goldenrod; then we noticed two posts on either side near the middle, and we realized this had once been a tennis court. Nobody was around. The upstairs windows were curtained. It was very still. We walked along the side of the building, past a well-worn horseshoe pitch, an outdoor grill, and some upturned benches, to the front. Here, beneath the tower, a grand second-story veranda overlooked a wide, uneven, aging dock or launching platform that extended thirty yards or so outward and downward into the olive-brown waters of the Harlem River. A large black sign attached to the balcony declared "Nonpareil R.C." in red letters to passing ships and the opposite shore. Two garage-sized sliding doors flanked a narrow staircase with fancy balusters that led to the veranda overhead. We couldn't go up: a trapdoor of sorts sealed the opening above. We settled for a ground-level view of the river, and went out—very carefully—on the dock. To the south, Fordham's launching facilities appeared to be in slightly superior repair; its clubhouse, however, lacked the stately elegance of the Nonpareil. Beyond, a couple of ramshackle houseboats rested on wooden piles or cinder blocks in marsh grass. The last visible structure was a one-story building with a new-looking dock. "Atalanta," said a sign on the front. "America's Oldest Boat Club." We couldn't read the date. We looked to the north: a few small marinas on the edge of the parking lot, and, in the distance, looming over all, the huge Con Edison power plant, with its tall twin smokestacks. We turned back to the Nonpareil, and realized that we were under surveillance by a slit-eyed, severely disapproving gray-and-white cat. Nevertheless, we walked over and peered through a crack of one of the big sliding doors, and saw, dimly, portions of dark oars, stacked horizontally. We moved around to the north side of the building (there was another handsome balcony here), put our nose to a window, and came eyeball-to-eyeball with another cat, this one a savage orange-yellow job. We went to the next window, and through dirty panes we saw a ghostly scene: dusty varnished racing shells and sculls around a room in racks, the long, thin hulls gleaming in soft amber sunlight. There was a workbench on the far side, and an aluminum canoe; several metal beer kegs glittered on the floor; and old-fashioned wood-slat lawn chairs sat here and there. It was mysterious and ancient and dim.

We walked toward the back of the building, and came to a large, windowless wing that looked like an old icehouse; it had a single door, which was ajar. We peered in. It was a handball court: silent, empty, white. By now, a third cat—this one black—was watching us, so we walked away into the parking lot, glancing back from time to time at the old structure. An elderly man was getting out of a car near one of the marinas, and we hailed him and asked if he could tell us something about the Nonpareil.

"Oh, that's a rowing club," he said. "So's the one beyond it—the Fordham boathouse. Fordham bought the building from the blind people; it used to be a rowing club for the blind. The Fordham crew rows every afternoon. Nowadays, they've got a girl for a coxswain, too." He smiled in wonder.

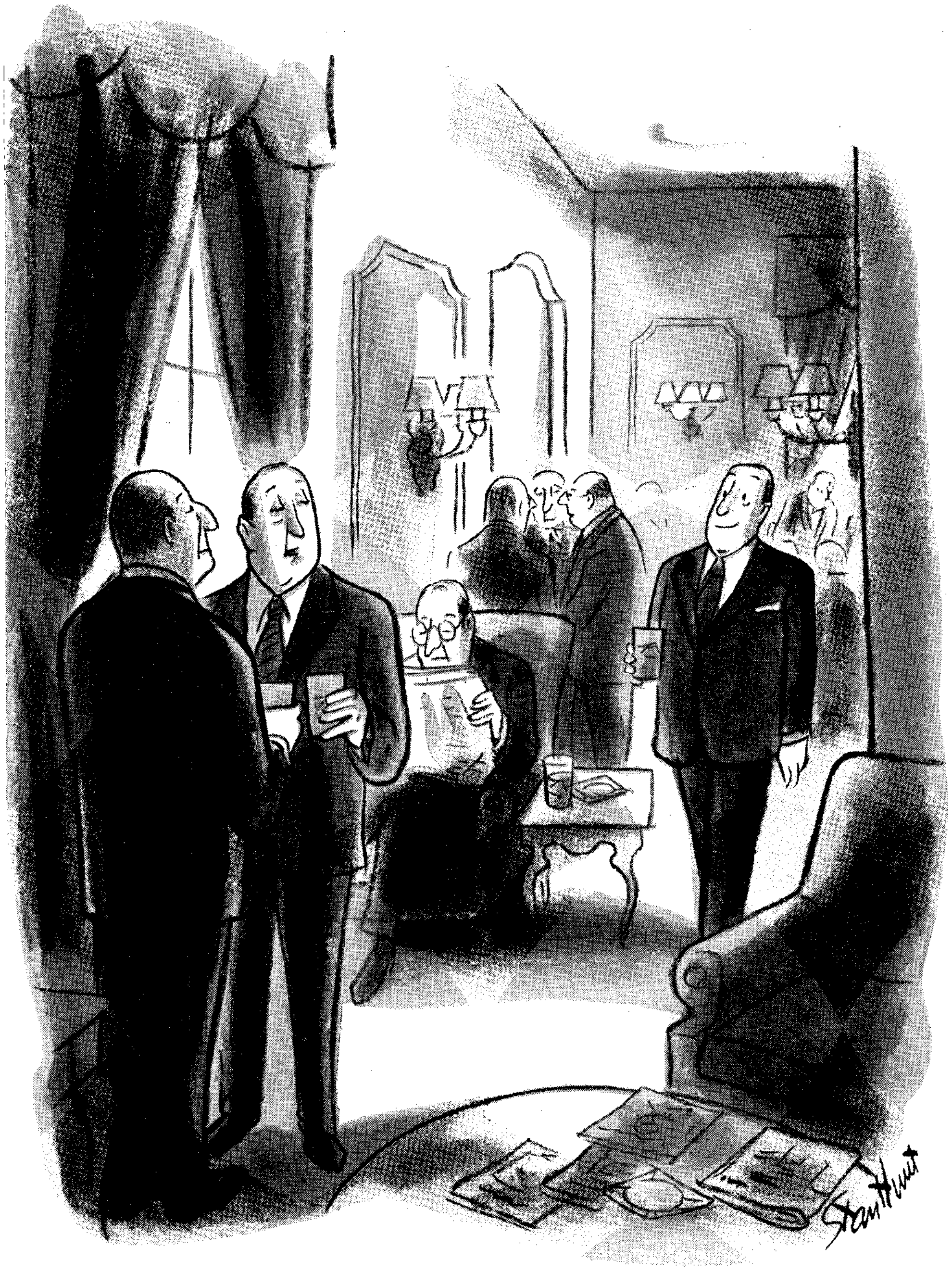
"What about the Nonpareil?" we asked. "Do they race the Fordham crew?"

"*Race?*" said the old man. "They don't even row."

"Why not?" we asked.

"They're all seventy, eighty years old," he replied. "Judges and politicians." He said goodbye, and walked away to the marina.

At a gas station nearby, we found a phone booth, and looked up the number of the Nonpareil Rowing Club. Later in the day, thinking to ask some questions about the club, we started to dial the number; then, abruptly, we hung up. We really didn't want to know any more. We preferred to imagine what it was like inside the Nonpareil: white-haired, pink-cheeked, portly gentlemen with rheumy eyes, recollecting Fiorello LaGuardia and old Boss Flynn, croaking their ancient anecdotes to half-deaf cronies over cold, foamy beer, and one of them, drifting off, dreaming of an afternoon long ago when, with some of these same good friends (all young and strong then, smart as paint and full of beans), they hoisted one of the golden, gleaming shells to their shoulders, marched it out to the end of the dock, and lowered it into the sun-sparkling river.

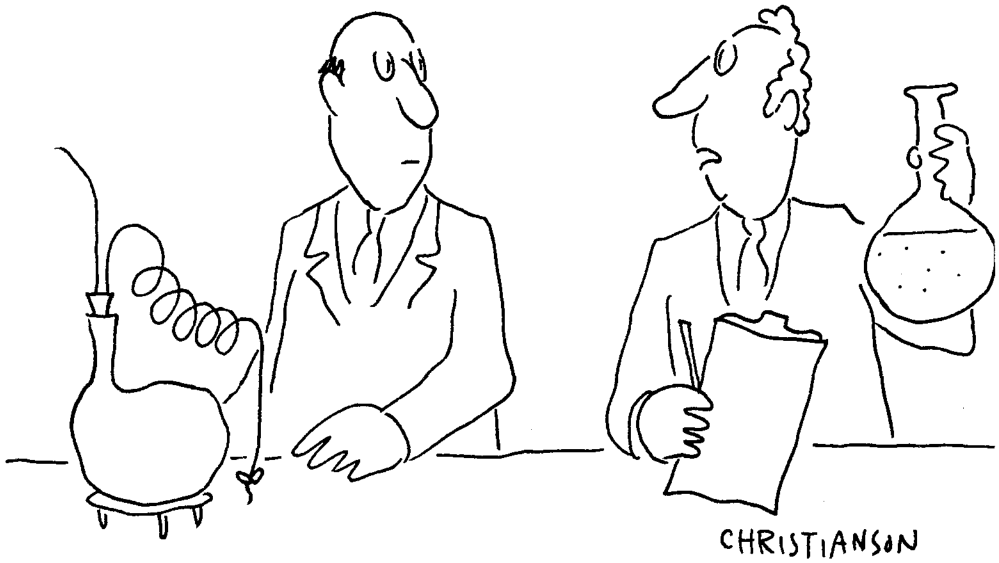


"Vance, you know, came up from the ranks."

Working Within Our Time

THE Bolshoi Ballet, now visiting New York en masse for the first time in nine years, is a younger and considerably more experimental version of the company that played the old Met back in 1966. We went up to Lincoln Center one morning last week to have a talk with Yuri Grigorovich, the man responsible for the Bolshoi's new look, and found him hard at work in a basement rehearsal room of the new Met, supervising a run-through of his own production of "The Sleeping Beauty." Grigorovich, who has been artistic director and chief choreographer of the Bolshoi for the past eleven years, is by all accounts a curious mixture of a classicist and a revolutionary. Although some Western critics dismiss his work as old-fashioned and unimaginative, the Russians seem to regard him as an unpredictable and dangerously original talent. Several years ago, the politicians stepped in and forced him to change the tragic ending of a new version of "Swan Lake" to a conventionally happy one. More recently, his stunning new ballet "Ivan the Terrible," with its treacherous boyars, paranoid Czar, and terrifying secret police, set quite a few people thinking about the excesses of the Stalinist era. As a choreographer, Grigorovich has overhauled most of the Bolshoi's standard repertory, refashioning large chunks of "Swan Lake," "The Sleeping Beauty," and "The Nutcracker," among other classics. As a ballet master, he has shaped an entire generation of bouncy young dancers into a company that combines the traditional Bolshoi flamboyance with style and discipline.

As we slid into the rehearsal through a side door, Mr. Grigorovich was sitting on a bench at the front of the room watching fifty-odd perspiring dancers, in leotards and leg warmers, moving through the complicated patterns of a lilting Tchaikovsky waltz. Mr. Grigorovich is a slight, small-boned man of forty-eight who has a melancholy Slavic face, prominent cheekbones, deep-set gray eyes, and a high forehead, topped by a bristling crewcut. He was dressed in a loose blue work shirt, a navy-and-white striped pullover, and gray bell-bottomed trousers. An assistant told us that the rehearsal was primarily for



"It's all new, but it doesn't do anything."

stage-placement purposes, since the company had been dancing the production since 1973. "What's new is the American children who will do the Garland Waltz in Act I," she said. "They've been practicing for six weeks, and Mr. Grigorovich is going to see them for the first time today. Ulanova is here, too." She pointed to a small, dignified blonde wearing diamond earrings and a crisp navy pants suit, and said that the Bolshoi's former prima ballerina assoluta, Galina Ulanova, was now one of its most valued teachers. Shortly after the beginning of the Garland Waltz, the Bolshoi chorus divided into two groups as a double line of boys and girls dressed in yellow-white-and-green seventeenth-century costumes waltzed gracefully down the center of the room. When they got to the footlights, the children separated into two groups and circled back to form a ragged line in the center of the stage. Mr. Grigorovich watched them for a moment and asked them to repeat the entrance, moving faster on the turn and forming a straighter line. When they were all in place the second time, he crossed the room with the quick, controlled movements of a trained dancer and took his place between the two smallest ballerinas. Holding each by a hand, he led the group in a waltz step, stamping his feet to emphasize the beats. The children, wide-eyed and apprehensive, repeated his movements faultlessly. Then they moved gracefully through the adult dancers, performing a series of rather sophisticated jumps, pirouettes, and arabesques. Mr. Grigorovich, who was watching a tiny blond ballerina rise on point with the single-minded intensity of an adult star, put a hand across his face to conceal a smile. At the end of the waltz, he arranged the children into a tableau for Princess Aurora's entrance, and then stepped back to lead the company in a round of applause. The children, looking pleased, scrambled for the door, and the rehearsal continued.

Afterward, we asked Mr. Grigorovich how he approached the problem of restaging a dance classic. "These old ballets are like paintings," he told us, through an interpreter. "We must preserve them, because they are our foundation, our national heritage. At the same time, we can't permit them to become too old-fashioned; if you do a museum production, the audience will lose interest. In 'The Sleeping Beauty,' it would be impossible to improve on the Petipa choreography, so I left most of it as it was in 1890 and added some dance sequences to replace the pantomime. I also gave the Prince more to do, because Pavel Gerdt, the man who created the role, was middle-aged at the time and couldn't perform certain lifts or jumps, so Petipa just didn't put them in. 'Swan Lake' is a more complicated problem, because it has choreography by three masters—Petipa, Ivanov, and Gorsky—and a Tchaikovsky score that has been tampered with over the years. I began by taking out all the music Tchaikovsky didn't write. Then I rearranged the score largely in its original order, except for one pas de deux, which I transferred from Act I to Act III. Finally, I added quite a bit of new choreography to clarify the plot and give the male dancer an equal role with the ballerina."

"And your modern ballets?" we asked.

"Ah," said Mr. Grigorovich. "There I can do whatever I want in the way of movement. In 'Ivan,' for example, I combined classical ballet with folk dances to give you an image of sixteenth-century Russia and some episodes in the life of the Czar. I took my cues from the music Prokofieff wrote for the Eisenstein film. Ivan's character is all there in his musical images—the strong ruler, the suspicious politician, the cruel and destructive human being. The ballet is not, of course, a biography. It is an attempt to re-create the claustrophobic atmosphere of the court and show Ivan's states of mind."

We asked Mr. Grigorovich for a brief biography, and he told us that he was a native of Leningrad. "I trained at the Kirov School and danced with the Kirov ballet for the first eighteen years of my professional career," he said. "My favorite role was one of the warriors in 'The Fountain of Bakhchisarai,' although the first time I danced it I put too much resin on my feet and skidded halfway across the stage on my back. I began choreographing ballets for students and children when I was very young, but my first important work was a new version of Prokofieff's 'The Stone Flower,' for the Kirov, in 1957. This led to several important commissions in Moscow, and in 1964 I was appointed artistic director of the Bolshoi. Although I live in Moscow, I still commute once a week to Leningrad, where I am a professor of choreography at the Conservatory there. When I was growing up, there were no schools of choreography; now we have two. But I have to admit that you can't really teach it as a subject. You can only suggest, criticize, and sympathize. When my students ask 'How did you learn to be a choreographer?' I tell them it's like asking 'How do you fall in love?' All one can say is that the experience is difficult, spontaneous, and also very nice. Choreography appeals to me because it is an immediate and public art that requires both a company of dancers and an audience. If you are a musician or a poet, you can write a work of genius and people may not like it now, but perhaps they will understand it in a hundred years. In ballet, you must create something that pleases people *today*. As artists, we are working within our time, but we must constantly look outside of time for our inspiration."

"What do you tell your students when they produce work that is too academic?" we asked.

"I tell them," said Mr. Grigorovich, " 'What is a sparrow? It's a nightingale that graduated from the Conservatory.' "

A LITTLE MESSAGE ABOUT THE MEDIUM

Pierre Goldfarb
Suite 1929
Charles Ponzi Bldg.
Burbank, Calif.

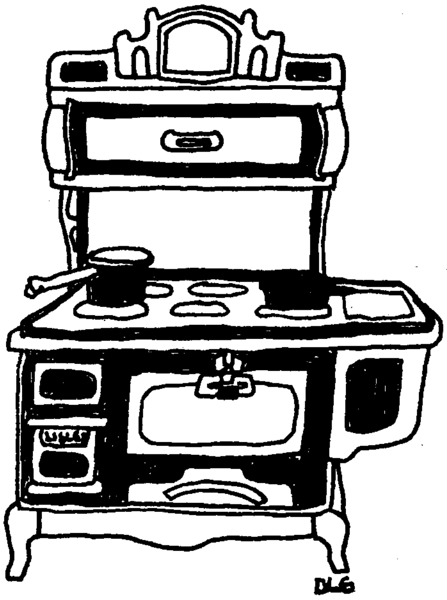
DEAR FRENCHIE:

YOU sure are getting a lot of ink in the papers and trades these days for a mere Hollywood flesh peddler—or brain peddler in my case, 'cause my flesh isn't worth much per pound these days. Seems like every other week I see you mentioned in Haber, at one of her Super-A parties. But did you know Joyce has got a *Super*-Super-A Group now? The real heavies, and they all entertain each other and stuff. You make *that* group and all you have left to hope for is being invited into the booth on Monday Night Football by Howie and Frank, and then getting your own golf tournament, the Pierre Goldfarb Open. It must be lonely at the top. As for me, marooned in this little town just north of Mendocino, the best I can make is what we call our Triple-B Group. Our parties are not just BYOB but also BYOW (Weed) and BYOBR (Brown Rice). We don't have Astaire and Kelly doing impromptus at our parties, but we do have a pretty fair dobro player, two Hohner blues mouth organists, a veterinarian who strums a mean Jew's harp, and seventeen guitarists, acoustic and/or electric. When they all play together, it sounds exactly like seventeen guitars all trying to play together.

Down to business, as you like to say. (Since your kids probably read your mail, remember that the following letter, dealing with mature subject matter, is PG-rated.) May I refer you to yours of the 16th inst., which was in reply to mine of the 23rd ult., which was in reply to yours of the 12th Thermidor. Let me rehash the whole miserable scenario. Crimanentlies, when I decided to sell out to the Nets I didn't realize it would be so rough. Not just the selling out but getting somebody to *let me* sell out. I mean, I gave you five dynamite ideas for TV series, and all you've given me for feedback is a farrago of objections from yourself, network brass, your wife's hairdresser, and the relief bartender at the Continental Hyatt on Sunset (hereinafter collectively referred to in this document as "They" and "Them").

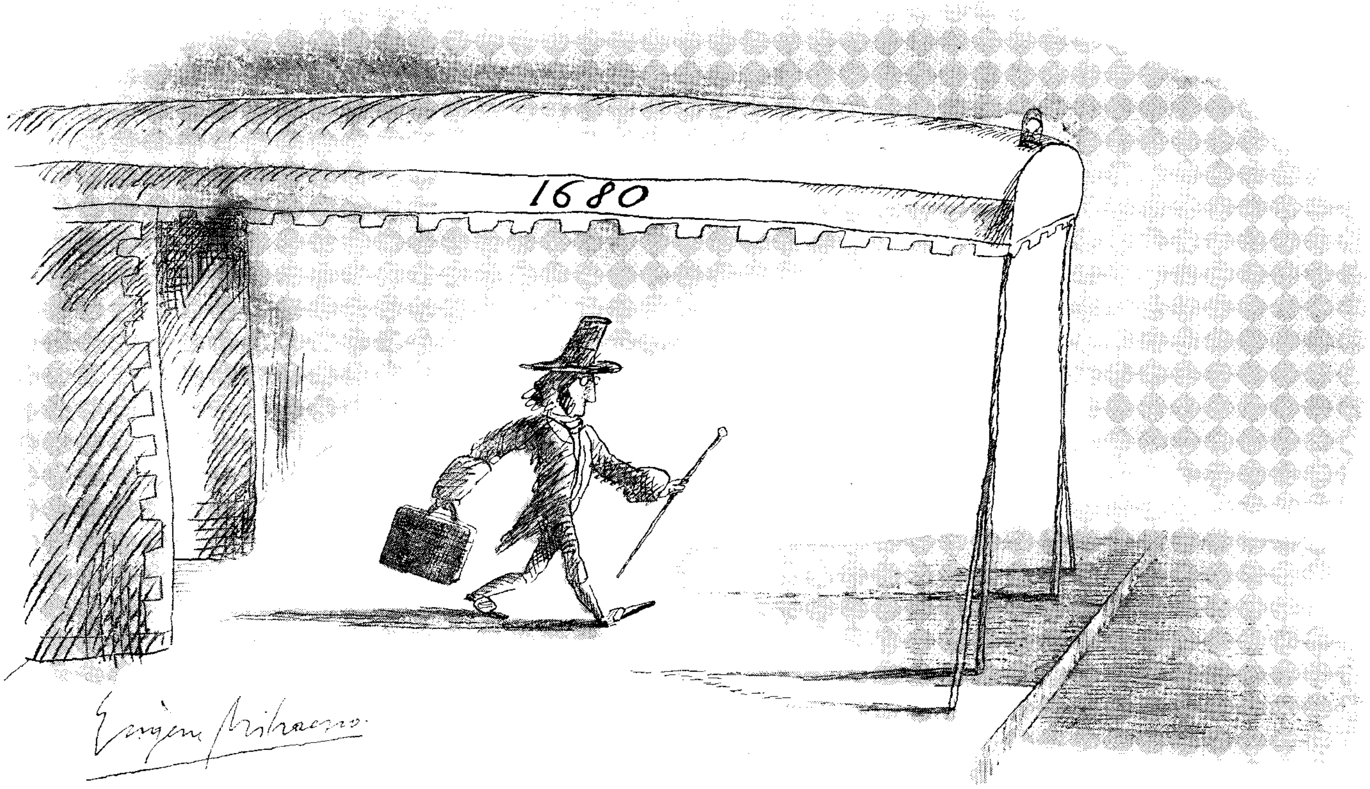
Take my dramatic series on dying, "Passing On." Sort of a "Little House on the Prairie" with a new cast every week. As I explained, death is by far the most controversial and hottest subject in America, ranking twenty-five shock points above transsexuality, school busing, S & M, and interracial cloning. America is just discovering death, man. So I went along with the network brains who demanded that I maintain "good taste" in the show, even though I kind of suspect that kicking off is a bit in bad taste itself. I agreed not to say "death," "dying," "deceased," "kick the bucket," "shuffle off this mortal coil," "go home feet first," "pop off the hooks," "get offed," "turn up your toes," "croak," "push up daisies," or "bite the dust," or even to indicate that anything peculiar happens to the body when it is placed a few feet under the sod. We had five scripts approved and had started casting when They suddenly realized we'd have to get a new lead every week, and so They'd never develop a big star like Telly Savalas, Freddie Prinze, or Valerie Harper. As I saw it, the show didn't call for a star, because the hero was Grimley R. Thanatos, who was doing his bit each week to keep things down to Zero Population Growth.

Then take my series about the Orthodox Jewish kid from Far Rockaway who quits his job at H & R Block, goes to India to do the Katmandu-Goa enlightenment circuit, becomes a Yogi, and then settles down out West in Marin County (which is mostly a bunch of people pretending they're in the Seventh Chakra but who actually commute to San Fran every day in '75 Honda Civics, with stereo decks and air). No suspense, you say. No *suspense*? The guy's permanently suspended nine feet off the ground from doing Transcendental Meditation from dawn to dusk. I'll admit you're right in saying it's going to be tough to find an actor who can do a good full-lotus headstand without looking as if he's just swallowed pulverized Budweiser bottles. I also agree that using a real Yogi is out. They have no sense of time and place. When you're on location, a real Yogi wouldn't be late for 8 A.M. calls—he just wouldn't be there. I mean, even if he *was* there . . . But I think we can get around the full lotus by having a stunt man do it, and using medium and long shots in a half-lit room. Problem solved. Then They brought up the possibility of the show becoming a hit and the Yogi life style catching on with all those young upwardly mobile consumers, and what this would do to our GNP. I mean, Yogis don't have any use for Camaros, Anacin, Right Guard, Trac II, or Peanut Butter-and-Jelly Koo Koos. I doubt if they even use Wheat Germ Helper. The answer here is we'll just have to get a different kind of sponsor, like the American Communist Party, the Universal Life Science Church, Deaf Smith peanut butter, or the Rosicrucians. Maybe even Technocracy. (Are they still around? When I was a kid, the Technocrats used to drive these gray cars with the yang/yin symbol on the door.)



To continue, I did like the idea your letter carrier tossed you about having the Yogi do a sort of Meher Baba number, where he doesn't talk. But on second thought, this would mean he'd have to write his dialogue responses on a chalkboard. For a half-hour show we'd only be able to get in about twelve lines of dialogue (not counting the eight commercials, of course). Then, too, there's the problem of the audience reading the chalkboard. The show would be aimed at college kids, and the latest surveys show they can't read much.

O.K., now we get to my dramatic series on ecology. El Dullo, your wife's brother said. So I suggested turning it around and having this couple who race across the country in a GMC pickup littering the landscape as a sort of social protest—"Bonnie and Buford." (We could even suggest, tastefully, that Buford does this trashing because he's impotent.) This dynamic duo would undoubtedly be more exciting, but then your smart-ass garage mechanic had to point out that our couple might become cult heroes with the kids, and we'd be wading through



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disposable waste up to our eyeballs. So then practically overnight I came up with "Ecoman," who clandestinely strikes against companies that pollute and rape the earth and the air, and flora and fauna. In real life he is a mild-mannered right wing on a hockey team (the Canarsie Cripplers), but when he changes into his costume—by slipping into a granary bin in a natural-food store and saying the magic words "Rose Hips!"—he becomes . . . Ecoman! Faster than a spreading oil slick! More powerful than the smell of the Cuyahoga! Capable of saving entire species with a single leap! Only a harpoon dipped in mercury-tainted tuna can kill him. Dynamite! But then you tell me that the potential sponsors are all polluters themselves, and also we can't get a big name for the lead because nobody wants to be associated with a controversial subject like clean air and water, except maybe Brando and Baez, and they're even more controversial than clean air and water.

AND *then* I wrote . . . the series on the Arica-Esalen-type institute and the problems and interaction between the inmates. Now, look, we just can't cut out the nude scenes as They want us to because, you see, these liberated-awareness franchises do a lot of their mojo in the form of nude encounters. They believe people play less games and assume less hokey roles when not disguised in clothing. Your cousin Cal's idea to "simulate" the nude scenes is no go. Have you ever tried to fake the nude human body? You can fake the destruction of Tokyo—you can even do it on a dining-room table—but you can't fake the forked radish. The body has a certain look that's impossible to simulate. As for running the show real late, like three in the morning, so kiddies can't see it, there are two objections: (a) it's adults who are offended by the human body, not children, and (b) these adults don't want *anyone* to see the human body—children are just an excuse. So my answer to Them, in case your six-year-old is reading this, is Ixnay.

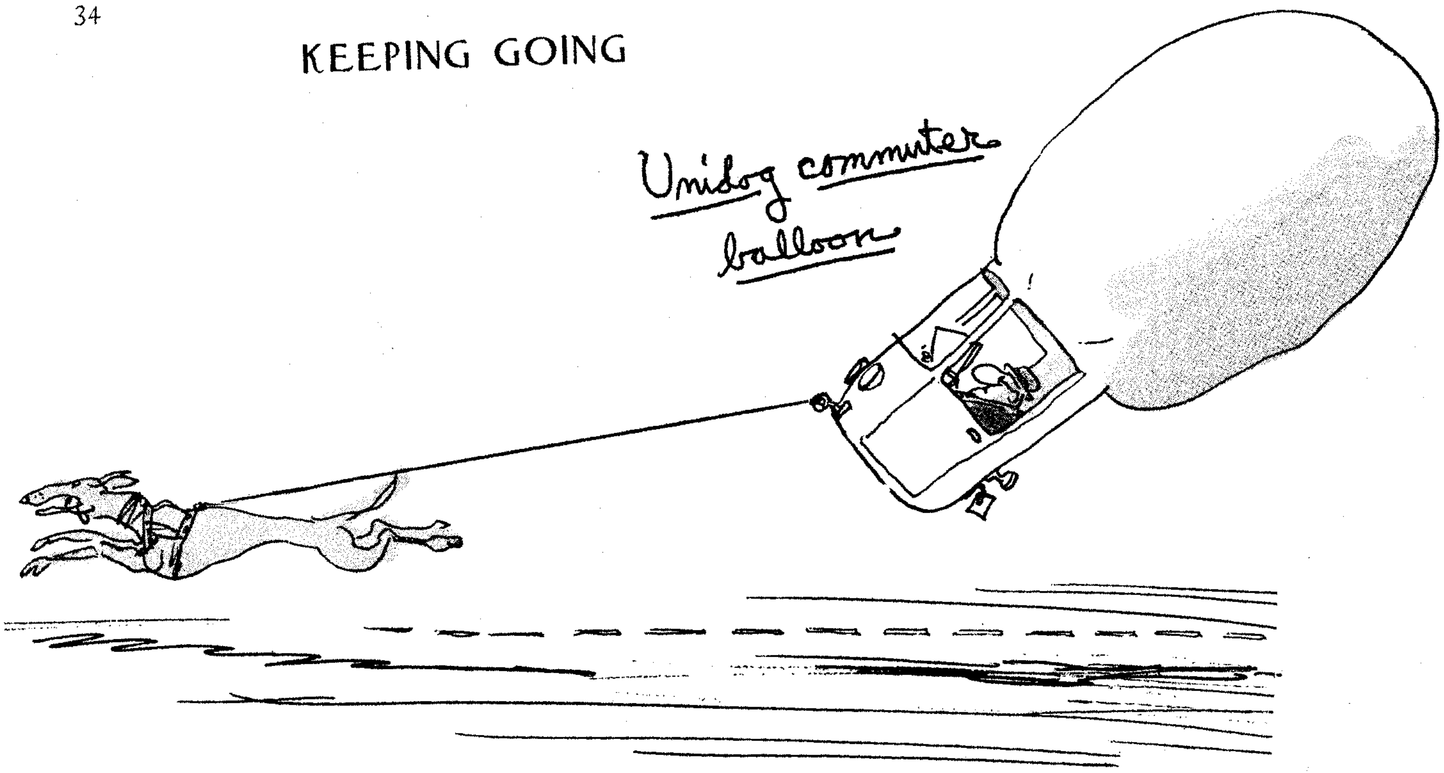
Then there was my idea "Sancho and the Kid." I was proud of that little doozy—really off-the-wall. Having this old Portuguese sexagenarian working for this young Wasp kid who runs a snowmobile repair service. The kid is cranky, bigoted, dyspeptic, has low-back pains, drinks all day long, is sexually hung up and a bit of a rip-off. The old Portagee is cheerful, healthy as a pippin apple, highly idealistic, macrobiotic, smokes a little boo, has a whole string of foxy chicks who keep him up most of the night, and he's into TM and T'ai Chi. The only music the kid likes is the old big bands like Alvino Rey, Ted Weems, Garwood Vann, Kay Kyser, Evelyn & her Magic Violin, and Shep Fields and His Rippling Rhythm, while the old boy picks up on Led Zeppelin, Jethro Tull, Blue Öyster Cult, Pink Floyd, and Country Porn. So what happened? The network zipperheads wanted to play it as turnabout farce, there obviously being nobody in "real life" like this. Oh, yeah? Says who? I knew two guys exactly like these flake-os, and one of them is me. To do it as a joke would mean I could never look myself in the shaving mirror—if I shaved.

Nevertheless, I will. Sell out. I can't afford principles anymore. When meat prices went up, I laughed. When gasoline soared, I lost not a wink. But when they tripled the price of peanut butter, rice, and beans, they hit me where it hurts. So let's do it the way They want to. It'll bomb, but They won't find out until the fifth or sixth show, when They'll cancel it and run in "Hollywood Squares" or "Hogan's Heroes" (R). But that should be enough time to buy me enough money to buy me a lifetime supply of Skippy (crunchy style), Ramona pinto beans, and Good Earth brown rice.

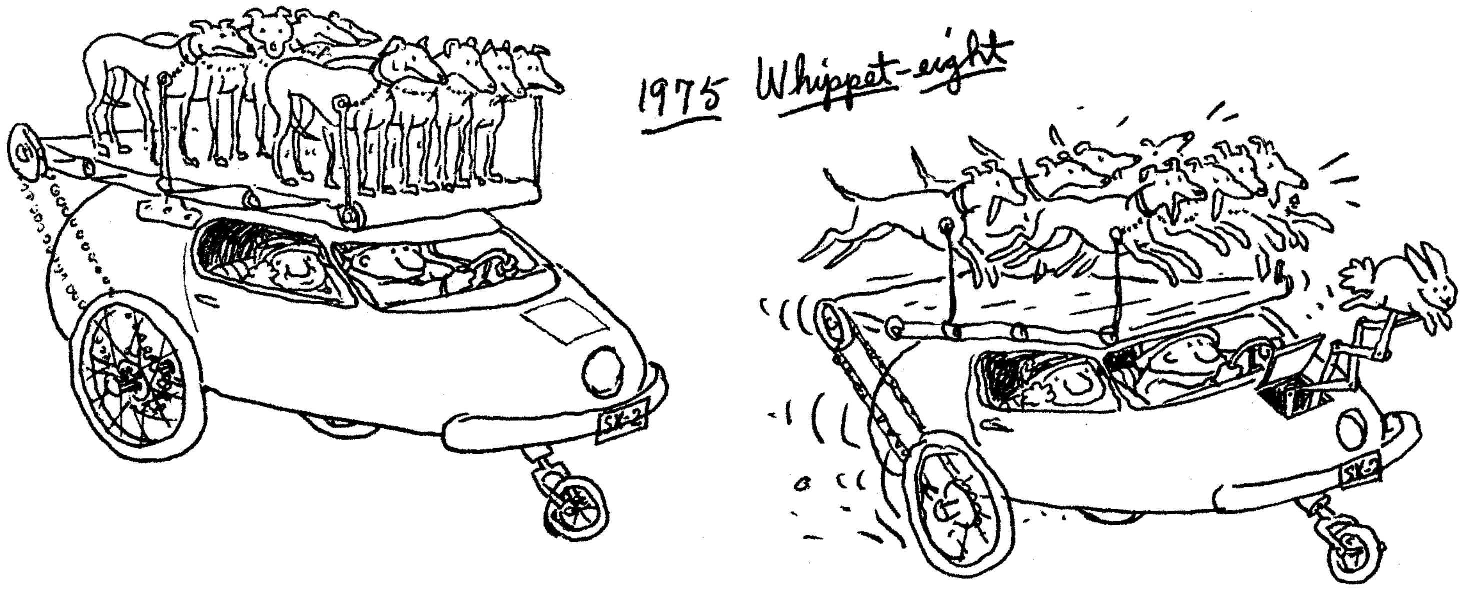
Then I can go back to doing what every really dedicated writer wants to do. Nothing.

Selah,
PHIL
—F. P. TULLIUS

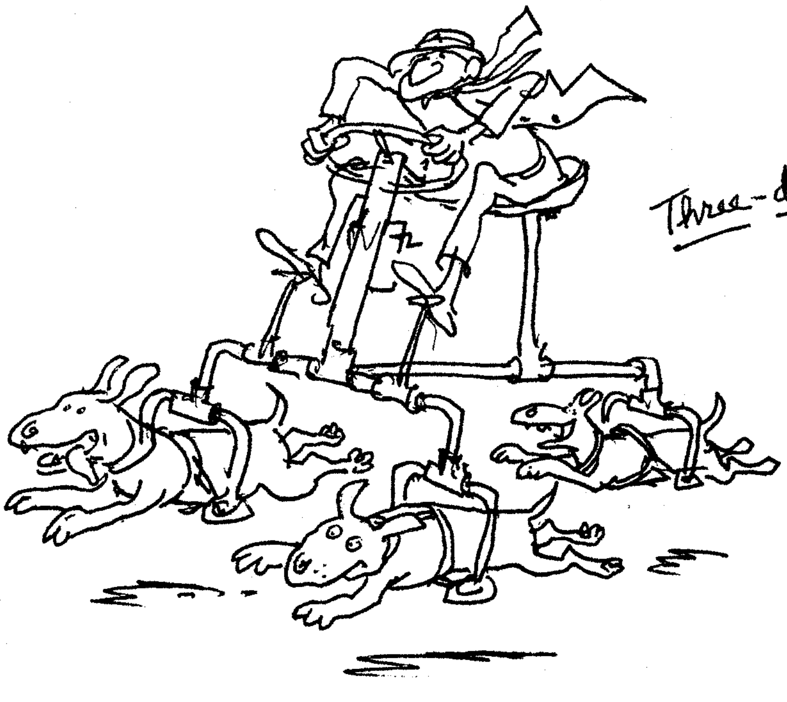
KEEPING GOING



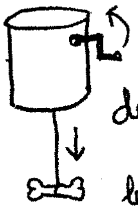
Unidog commuter balloon



1975 Whippet-eight

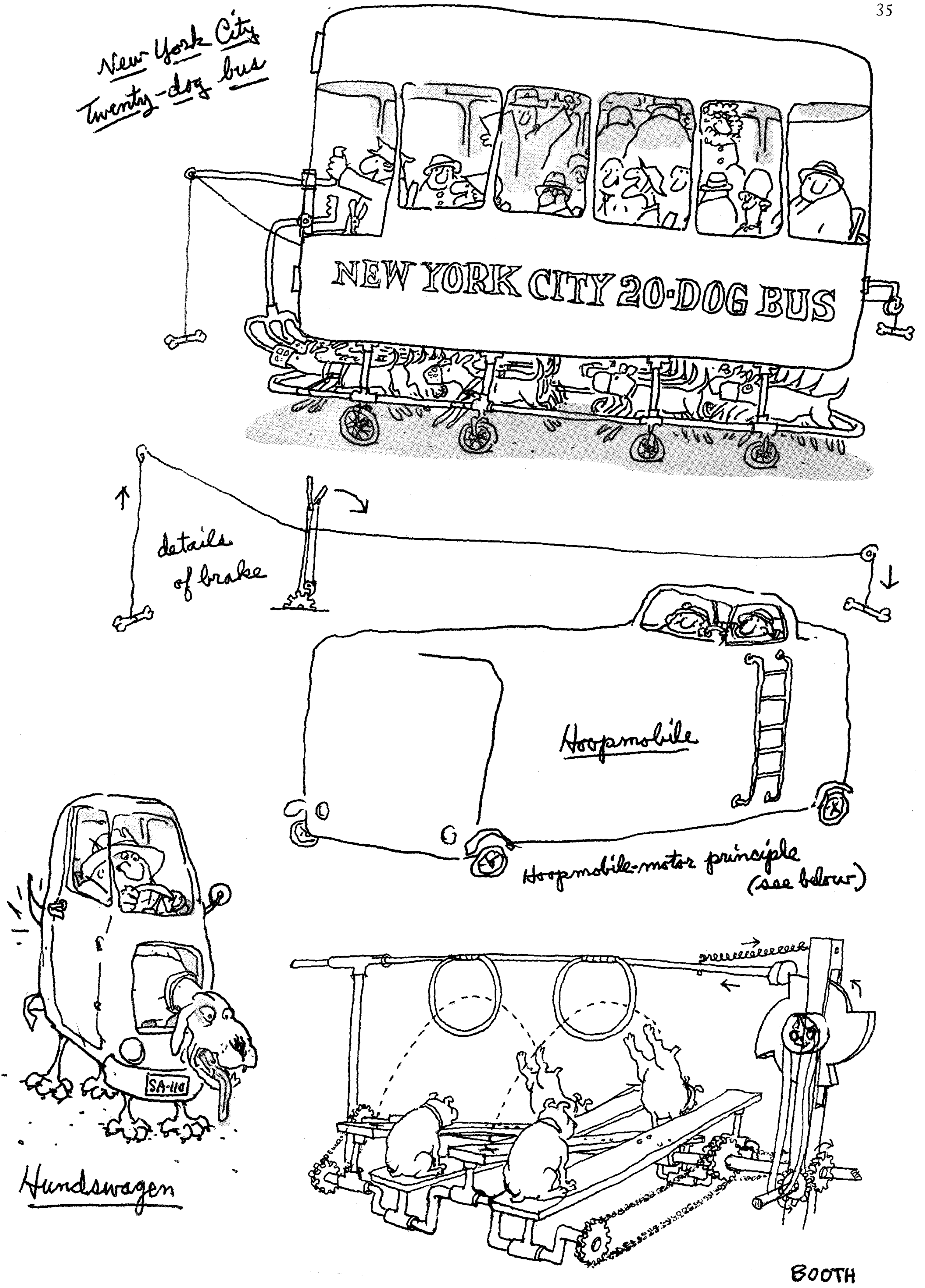


Three-dog runabout



details of brake

Dogs answering to "Gee!" and "Haw"! are preferable to steering harness


New York City Twenty-dog bus
NEW YORK CITY 20-DOG BUS
details of brake
Hoopmobile
Hoopmobile-motor principle (see below)
SA-110
Hundswagen
BOOTH

CURRICULUM VITAE

THE university authorities asked me to supply them with a curriculum vitae. "Curriculum," according to my dictionary, derives from the Latin for a racecourse. In English, it means a course of study offered by a school or one of its divisions. In either case, I can't see what it has to do with "vitae;" but then, I have no Latin, having given it up at the age of thirteen, together with algebra, as a language entirely beyond my comprehension. The racecourse of life? No academic would sink so low. A course of study offered (but not necessarily accepted) by some school during the course of my life? But, even excluding Latin and algebra, there have been so many: Goethe's theory of color, botany (a corm is the swollen underground stem of an erect shoot), the Use of Colloquialism in Wordsworth, the scale of D minor, the Book of Common Prayer (with particular attention to the Churching of Women), the structure and function of the intestinal tract, the death of queens and the birth of kings . . . I couldn't begin to write down the courses of study I have been offered, and, with varying degrees of success, have rejected. The school of *life*, then? But that is preposterous.

I lie in the semidark of midnight, in bed, alert as a dog listening to the singing of ghosts. My curriculum vitae: my life. It could all be put down in a couple of lines; three paragraphs; surely no more than five pages? I turn on the light, bound (yes, I bound) out of bed, pick up spectacles and cigarettes on my way to the typewriter. It is not a long way; I live in one room. But what shall I write? Begin where? With birth?

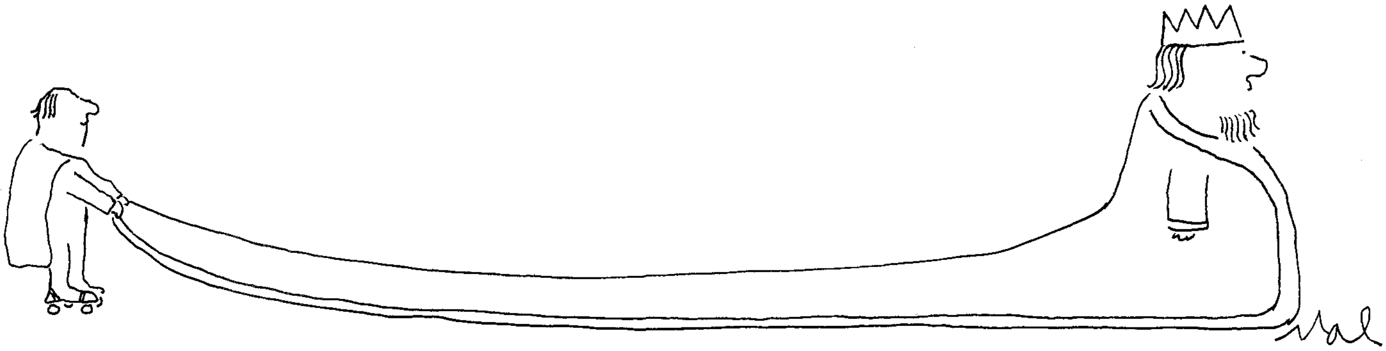
I believe, as for the first time I face my life in this unusual manner, that whole decades can be slipped between parentheses, that the facts of my life could be written, if not on a postage stamp, then at most on a postcard—a test, I was once taught, to be applied to all great novels, including Proust. Dates, apart from children's birthdays and one or two irrelevant anniversaries, are meaningless to me. I envy those people who, with such confidence, can identify '58, '65, '72 as the vintage years of love or death of one sort or another. I have no idea in which years my grandmothers or even my father died. I know that it was all a long time ago, and that on the day of my father's cremation my son was crawling, or possibly walking. I have no idea when I first went to Bournemouth or Paris or Henley-on-Thames or Rome or New York. I know I flew to Vienna in March, 1938, because history supports me, and that between then and the outbreak of the Second World War I travelled in many directions, back and forth, west to east, east to west; and that toward the end of 1945 I went to Brussels and ate the first steak of my life, because the war was over. But if there had been no Anschluss, no Munich, no war and no peace, I should merely be able to recognize that time as "when I was young."

It is not reassuring. Perhaps I have forgotten being alive at all. One should be part of one's time. My time has carried me along, no doubt. I have breathed its air, worn its clothes, made use of its machinery, spoken its vernacular, submitted, in some ways, to its mores. And yet the years of my younger children's births still seem to me very recent; and yesterday is so long ago that it must be part of my childhood, perhaps of my infancy. I am not synchronized with my time; have lost its rhythm. I am listening for it now.

I know (being no fool) that "curriculum vitae" is intended to mean a list of academic attendance and qualification. I could begin, therefore, a few years after my birth, with my education. This only takes a moderate amount of space, though too much to fit on a printed form. From the age of six to eight I attended a school run by my mother, where I learned hymns, cruelty, and how to sew blanket stitch. Around the age of eight, I was sent for a few weeks to Croydon High School; my sole recollection is of standing to attention behind a desk, wearing a gym tunic and holding my breath against the smell of disinfectant. From there I was moved to the Anthroposophists (The New School, Streatham), where I believe I was very happy for some time, wearing red because of my choleric temperament (their diagnosis was wrong, or was I not yet qualified for melancholic blue?), blandly disregarding the manic glare of Dr. Rudolf Steiner from the classroom wall while I recited my daily and personal maxim: "Venture valiantly toward the goal you have set before you." In summer Streatham, I fell in love with my anthroposophical music master and therefore learned to play the recorder; I also beat up a ten-year-old American called Eric on the tennis court.

Until one day, with absolutely no explanation, I was put on a train and

"Sorry, but I hope you'll try us again sometime when you don't need it quite so badly."



sent to Crewe, which delighted me, since there was in those days an advertisement (though for what, other than foresight, I have no idea) depicting a desperate lady in a cloche, surrounded by suitcases, bewailing, "Oh, Mr. Porter, what shall I do? I was reading *Everybody's* and got carried on to Crewe!" Crewe, like Valhalla, Delphi, or Troy, was therefore part of a myth. I was met there by someone who told me to call her Aunt Flo, though I had never seen her before in my life and instinctively knew she was no blood relative; and was carried on to Rhyl, in North Wales, where for a year or so I stayed contentedly enough at a school called Blencathra. Again we learned hymns, and how to sew on buttons, and how to behave properly at table in case Princess Elizabeth asked us to tea. The extreme improbability of this fantasy—or threat—didn't disturb me, nor did the fact that the school happened to be in the house where I was born. I was not even curious enough to ask to see the exact room in which my mother (I believed her, but without guilt) had suffered such agonies. I saved up ten shillings of my pocket money—it took six months or so—and sent it to her as a contribution toward her train fare, asking her to come and stay. She came, and spent all her time closeted with the headmistress (Aunt Flo), knitting. This was perhaps the second betrayal of my life (the first has no place here). Nevertheless, I could sew on buttons and decided that I could, with a certain amount of ingenuity, look like Greta Garbo. I had acute cross-eyes, wore heavy spectacles, and was about eleven years old.

Blencathra, again with no satisfactory explanation, closed down. I arrived at The Garden School, in Oxfordshire. The Garden School was run according to the principles of A. S. Neill and was the first of innumerable group situations with which I have found it impossible to cope. As I wasn't required to go to lessons, I wandered round among the mangy rabbits and cats for a few weeks, the mud (it was a wet summer, and fashionable to go barefoot) squelching between my toes. After that, for shelter, I crept into whatever class I could find, whether it was seventeen-year-olds studying Comparative Religion or five-year-olds pounding clay. Rabindranath Tagore visited and, since I was passing, blessed me. I was deeply miserable. I wrote passionate letters to my parents insisting that I wanted to *work*, to be *useful* in life. This may have been the only time in my career when I aspired to the heights of becoming a hospital nurse. I had for many years been writing rather sickly poetry, full of elves and twilight, and this, together with my naïve ambition to work for my living, alarmed my parents sufficiently to remove me from The Garden School. I was accepted (God presumably knew why, since I could barely write down a single fact) by St. Elphin's School for the Daughters of the Clergy, of which I was one, near Matlock, in Derbyshire. This was my sixth school. I was, I imagine, about twelve years old.

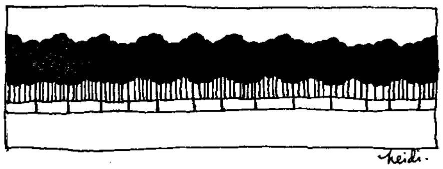
The long story of St. Elphin's has no place in a curriculum vitae. At first, like a stateless criminal accepted into an efficient and secure prison, I was deliriously happy. Let that, as it did, pass. I stayed there for about four years and left with a reputable School Certificate (Honors in Scripture and English Literature, in that order), straight eyes, no spectacles, a passion for Gary Cooper, and an intense disgust for the Anglo-Catholic Church, from which, as far as the school's chapel was concerned, I had been excommunicated. I had run away; been caught smoking Gold Flake won at a church bazaar; fallen in and out of love; and written, at a rough estimate, a hundred thousand words of consistently increasing gloom. The only person with whom I made any kind of contact was the English teacher, a flushed young woman called Sheila Mary Taylor. Wherever Miss Taylor may be—in graceful and contented retirement, I hope—I bless her. She must have just come down from Oxford, for on boat-race afternoons she would become very pale, savagely whispering "In! Out!," and making wild rowing motions across her desk. It is typical that I don't remember how often Cambridge won; but since she always burst into tears at the finish, I presume always. I know now that S.M.T.—as she signed our papers—must have suffered a good deal.

I left St. Elphin's without ceremony. Since I had been expelled and recalled at least twice and had proved myself to be constant trouble, this was hardly surprising. My parents, however, must have been faced with a grave problem; as with all their problems, except my father's general despair about life (which he always referred to as "Life"), they did not face me with it. All their money had been spent on educating my older brother to be Prime Minister, or at least Managing Director of the United Dairies (which was, though in the most remote way, the family business). I stubbornly asserted that I wanted "to be a writer," since my ambition to be useful had been educated out of me and all hopes of becoming a second Ginger Rogers had dissipated with my father's capital. What do you do with a girl who wants to be a writer? They sent me from Derbyshire to London, to enroll in an institution called the Central Educational Bureau for Women. I was to become a secretary.

THE Central Educational Bureau for Women was in Russell Square. I lived in a hostel on the Cromwell Road, supervised by a Miss Wodge or Warple. I was given a pound a week to live on. I was sixteen and, perhaps, one week. They attempted to teach me commercial French and shorthand. Shorthand affected me as, some years before, Latin and algebra had done. I stared at it; I tried to make sense of it; I wept and raged; I gave up, though to this day, when doodling, find myself writing the symbol for "The Blessed Virgin Mary" over and over in various unsuitable margins. I discovered I had some rare disease that needed treatment on Wednesdays. On Wednesdays I would sit in the park, or on my bed, and write even gloomier poetry. This only left Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays. I contemplated becoming a hooker, but hadn't the heart for it. I caught flu frequently. Mythical grandmothers were buried. Finally, driven to rebellion by having to type "The quick brown fox jumps over the lazy dog" a hundred times on a gleaming Remington, I wrote another passionate letter to my parents: I was a *writer;* I must go to a university, any university; I must *learn* something.

At that time, the Rector or Dean—or whatever ecclesiastical disguise he affected—of University College, London, was Mr. Solomon. He seldom opened his eyes. My Anglo-Catholic headmistress wrote that, in spite of my undoubted flair for Scripture and English, he should have nothing to do with me: I was "a bad influence," I was "difficult." With peacefully closed eyelids, Mr. Solomon asked me about this. I think I said that everyone was entitled to their opinion, but I did want to be a writer. He nodded, rocking on his chair, and gave me two assignments. One had something to do with film; I don't remember the other. I wrote them both with terrible care, and was accepted into the Journalism Course. I suppose it was pretty generous of Mr. Solomon to accept me on the strength of a detailed knowledge of St. Matthew's Gospel and "The Prelude," given my reputation for subversion.

I attended two lectures on "Practical Journalism." At the first, I was told that if you were reporting that a fire had broken out, you did not begin your piece, "A fire has broken out;" you began it, "Little Tommy Whatnot was homeless last night after fire swept the tenement building . . . ," and so on. I did not wish to write about little Tommy Whatnot's experiences with fire, but understood the principle. At the second class, I was taken up by a football team, who invited me for milkshakes or Knickerbocker Glories or whatever it was that made social intercourse tolerable in those days. It was another group situation that I found completely beyond me. By now I was modelling my appearance—if a slapdash approximation to an image can be called modelling—on Hedy Lamarr rather than Garbo. It fooled the football team until I tried to talk to them. I used the words I knew and the thoughts I had accumulated. Their faces drooped as the milkshakes drained. It was—and still is—one of the most embarrassing hours of my life. They had imagined me, perhaps, wearing an immense scarf, cheering them on from the sidelines, even waving a rattle. I had imagined them as eleven young Audens, at whose sturdy feet I could sit, probably yearning. In spite of an affair with a Rhodes Scholar who had read aloud to me all of Plato's Dialogues in the hope of starting, rather than furthering, my education, I was entirely innocent. It is only possible to educate the ignorant. The innocent are beyond help.



So I decided to give up Practical Journalism; and Economics; and Political Philosophy, whatever that may have been. But I attended with rigorous discipline the lectures on Modern English Literature, which were quite useless for the type of journalist my instructors intended me to be. And I lived, on my pound a week, in the way I wanted to live. The poems became ever more obscure, more loaded with doom. I thought Dos Passos was the greatest writer alive, and that the

ON A FIELD TRIP AT FREDERICKSBURG

The big steel tourist shield says maybe
fifteen thousand got it here. No word
of either Whitman or one uncle
I barely remember in the smoke
that filled his tiny mountain house.

If each finger were a thousand of them
I could clap my hands and be dead
up to my wrists. It was quick
though not so fast as we can do it
now, one bomb, atomic or worse,
one silly pod slung on wing tip,
high up, an egg cradled
by some rapacious mockingbird.

Hiroshima canned nine times their number
in a flash. Few had the time
to moan or feel the feeling
ooze back in the groin.

In a ditch I stand
above Marye's Heights, the book-
boned faces of Brady's fifteen-year-old
drummers, before battle, rigid
as August's dandelions
all the way to the Potomac
rolling in my skull.

If Audubon came here, the names
of birds would gush, the marvel
single feathers make
evoke a cloud, a nation,
a gray blur preserved
on a blue horizon, but

there is only a wandering child,
one dark stalk snapped off
in her hand, held out to me.
Taking it, I try to help her
hold its obscure syllables
one instant in her mouth,
like a drift of wind
at the forehead, the front door,
the black, numb fingernails.

—DAVE SMITH

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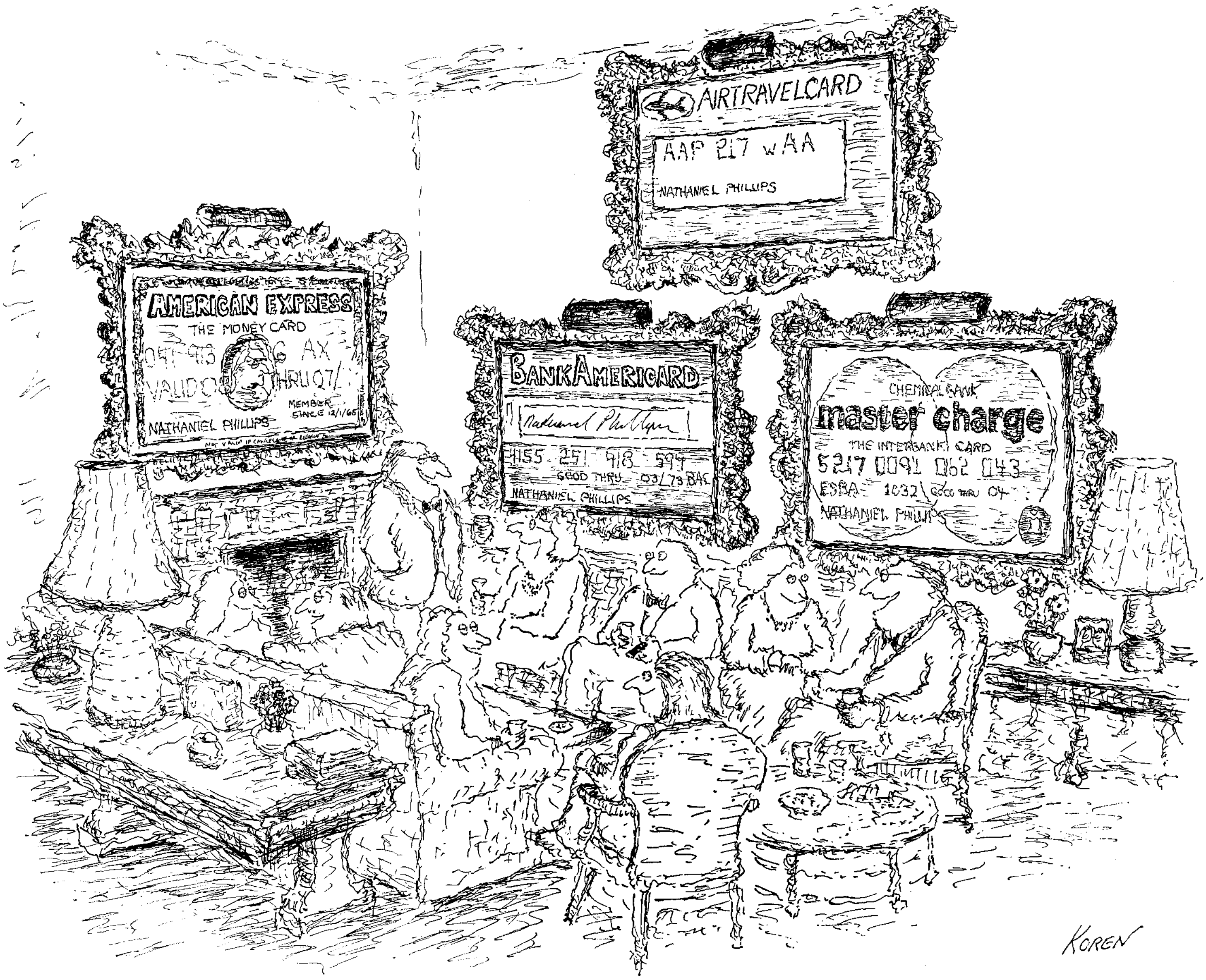


streets of America were paved with golden words. I even knew somebody who knew somebody who knew Alistair Cooke. I affected an indeterminate American accent, and believed a very grubby young man—the Pretender to the throne of Poland, he said, though he came from Scarborough—who told me that according to my horoscope I would never achieve fame and fortune until I wrote a play for Broadway. Broadway, like Crewe, was mythical; I knew only that it had lights and a Lullaby. I became engaged to be married (a curious formality, common in those days) to an indigent Dutch poet and a rich Belgian carpet manufacturer simultaneously. To divert me from all these (to him) outlandish possibilities, my father took me on holiday to Knocke-sur-Mer, where I behaved (according to him) badly. Once out of the secure ambience of a country vicarage, he realized that he had no money. On our return to London, he told me to go out and find a job. I did, as secretary to the publicity manager of a chain of holiday camps. My education was over.

AND that, I imagine, is my curriculum vitae. I am, it's true, a Fellow of the Royal Society of Literature; but one pays for that, or is sternly invited to pay. My membership may, as an honor, be cheap at the price, but it is as meaningless to me as the names of my seven schools would be without their associations. What is more important to me is that I have skimmed, in *this midnight*, over the English countryside, suburban London, the Midlands, prewar Bloomsbury, and that I am now in New York. My qualifications are rooted in territory: in rooms and the smells of rooms; in roads that lead up the hill or through the woods or past the Natural History Museum, a restaurant called Bertorelli's, a Norman church in a valley; and now, in numbered avenues. My life is territory to be regained: my lawful right.

It is impossible to resist a postscript at the bottom of that august form, though no doubt it would have to be spidered up the margin. The job with the holiday camps lasted three weeks. My employer took me out for a drink, laid a heavy hand on my knee, and told me that he wanted a secretary, *not* a bloody ornament on a Christmas tree. I decided that the only way I could be free and autonomous was to depend on someone who loved me rather than on people who wanted to use me for obscure and unpleasant purposes. So, dressed entirely in black, I married a kindly reporter in the Lady chapel of Salisbury Cathedral. And we sang:

> He who would valiant be
> 'Gainst all disaster,
> Let him in constancy
> Follow the Master.
> There's no discouragement
> Shall make him once relent
> His first avowed intent
> To be a pilgrim. . . .

I knew the words. As far as hymns were concerned, my education had been first-rate.

—PENELOPE MORTIMER

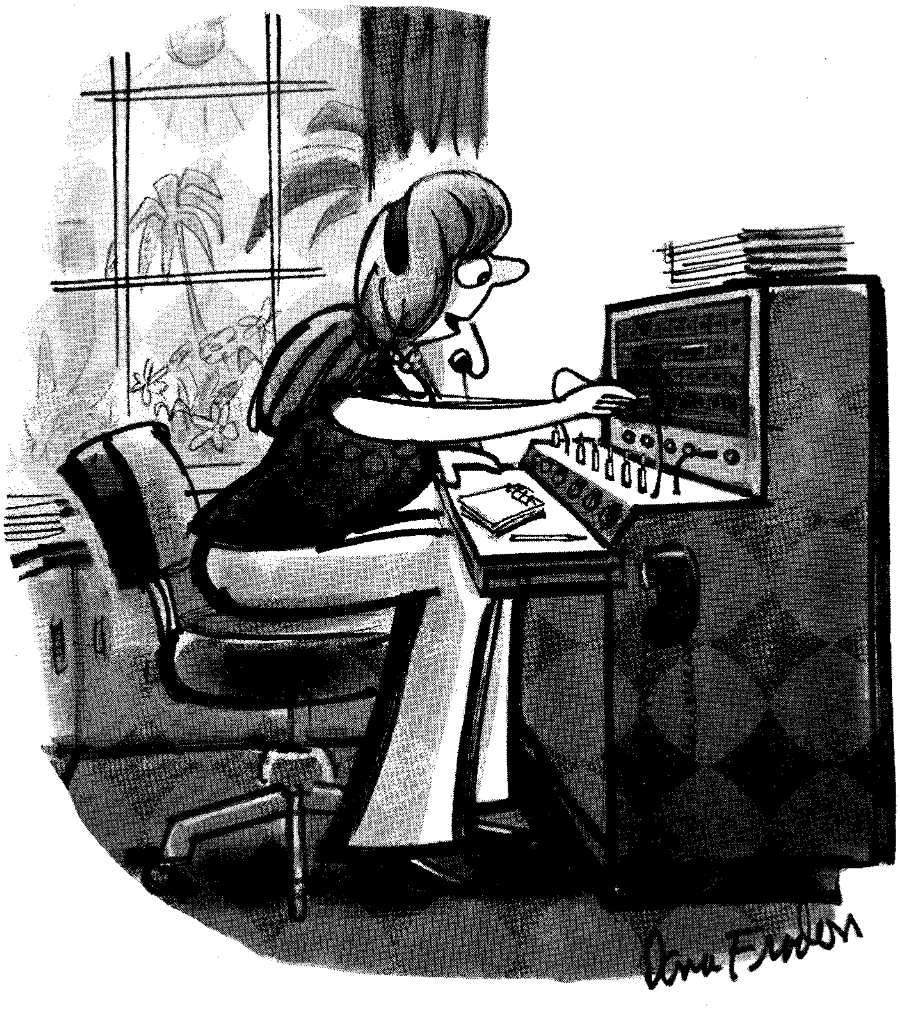
A REPORTER AT LARGE

SHORT TERM, LONG TERM

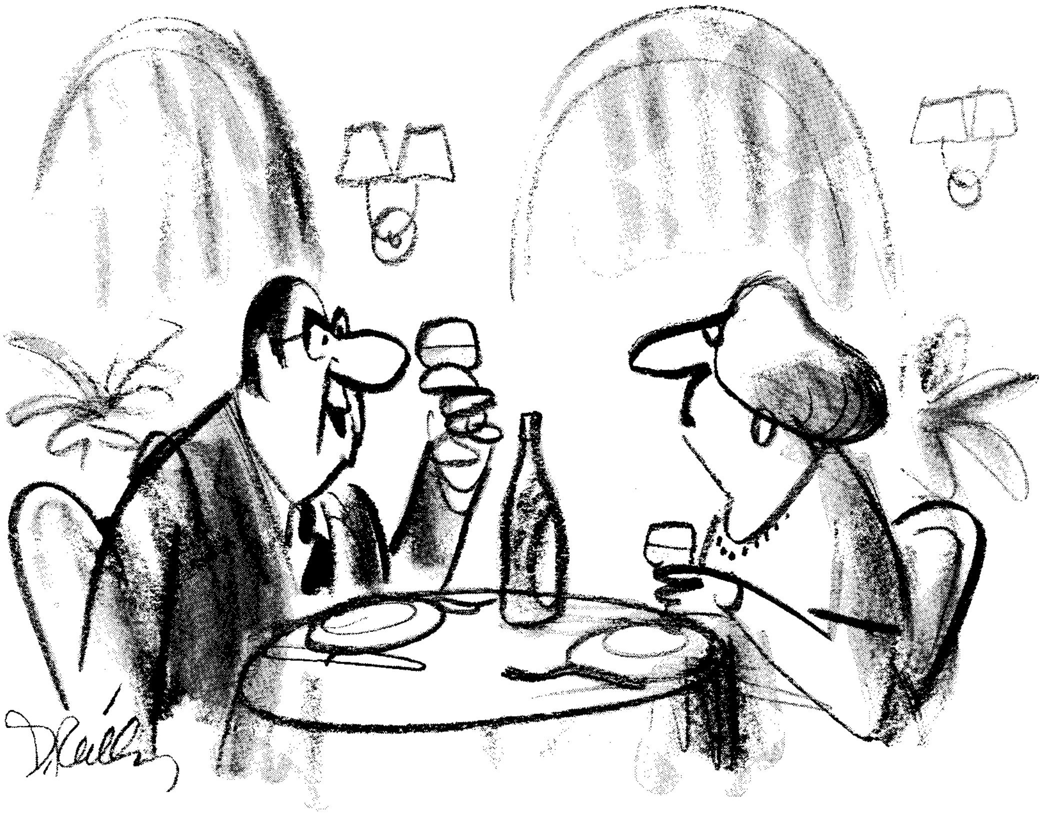
OF all the economic disorders of the last three years, none has appeared more arcane, uncertain, and transitory than that having to do with food. The food problem seems to many people to be a consequence of drought and natural disaster. It seems passing: prices rise and fall; people starve and are forgotten; there is scarcity followed by abundance; the food problem itself passes into oblivion, as it has done between the winter of last year and this spring. Yet of the recent economic disorders none is in reality more certain than the disorder in food. It does not pass. It has little to do with changes in the weather. It is a sign of lasting insecurity in the world food economy. It is political and economic, and it could have been avoided. In food—as much as in oil—the inflation and scarcity of the past few years have been caused by the decisions and policies of people and governments. The World Food Conference, which brought together more than five thousand delegates and observers, Ministers of Agriculture, farmers, businessmen, clergymen, and nutritionists, was convened by the United Nations last November, at the time when the immediate food situation appeared most fearsome. People were dying of starvation in Asia and Africa while the conference assembled in the Palazzo dei Congressi, outside Rome. Yet the conference had been called to consider the long-term reform of the world food economy—the lasting "reality" of the food situation. In three halls of the Palazzo, delegates in three committees spoke about how to increase food production, about how to create a new, secure agricultural order, and about how to reform the international trade in food. On the first day of the meetings, the Dutch agriculturalist Dr. A. H. Boerma, who is the head of the United Nations Food and Agriculture Organization, spoke to delegates of "the immediate food crisis," and of his hopes for the conference. He said that the main objective of the conference "must be a commitment to action on the longer-term world food problem, in order to prevent such a crisis from ever occurring again," and added, "For without such action each new crisis is likely to be worse than the last."

In the twelve days of the conference, people looked back often at the confused, uncontrolled events of the past years. "How did the world drift into this grievous condition?" Kurt Waldheim, the Secretary-General of the United Nations, asked rhetorically in a speech to the conference. "It is difficult to review the sequence of events that led to the current food crisis without feeling a sense of dismay at the lack of foresight." There was one idea to which people returned again and again: that they could explain and make sense of the food crisis. They understood that the crisis came about because of the agricultural policies of governments and not because of chance or bad weather. It was a crisis of price and of distribution. People at the conference saw a situation where grain was available for sale in some countries and scarce in the poorest parts of the poorest countries. They looked back at the beginnings of the crisis, three years before—specifically, at the efforts that the governments of a few countries made in the early nineteen-seventies to increase the price of the food they exported—and they put together the pieces of an explanation. They looked at the food policies of the past twenty years, as a result of which hundreds of millions of people had come to depend on the surplus grain production of a few rich countries. In many of those countries, governments had supported the incomes of farmers by subsidizing them to grow grain and to export the grain at low prices; in many poor countries, governments had ignored farmers' concerns, and had imported more and more cheap grain. At the conference, people looked to the future and saw that if these policies were not changed, crises of the same sort would happen again. The officials of the conference wrote, in one of the papers they prepared before the meetings, that the "present volatile and uncertain situation . . . affords a particularly difficult vantage point from which to attempt to assess" the prospects for world food. But, they also wrote, this situation "clearly illustrates the haphazard workings of the world food economy in the absence of anything approaching a coherent world food policy or system."

The World Food Conference was proposed in the autumn of 1973, at a



"Mr. Reagan isn't in just now. He's waiting in the wings."



"Well, here's to another twenty-five years of hostile vibes."

time of apprehension and presentiment. The export price of wheat had increased by a hundred and eighty per cent between June and September of that year, and many people feared that the food situation might become even more uncertain. By the time of the conference, in the fall of 1974, many of the worst premonitions of the past year had been realized. The disorder that people feared late in 1973 became actual in the months that United Nations officials spent preparing for the conference. In Bangladesh, people were dying in the streets late in October of 1974, because the government could not afford to buy the wheat it needed to import. The economic situation, too, was far more difficult than it had been a year before. A few weeks after the conference was proposed, the oil-exporting countries had begun to increase the price of oil; the economic organization of the world that had existed before 1973 seemed broken, as if by war. In the Plenary Hall, at the center of the Palazzo, the President of Mexico, Luis Echeverría Alvarez, spoke of the breakdown of a civilization and of his hopes for a new order, and he said that at another time in history the world economic crisis would surely have led to war. The Chinese Vice-Minister for Agriculture, Hao Chung-shih, said, "At present, the international situation of the world is excellent. The peoples of the world are striding forward amid great turbulence."

From outside the Palazzo dei Congressi, delegates received reports each day of starvation and despair in various parts of the world. They heard by telephone about rainfall, grain prices, winter planting. During the two weeks of the conference, people arrived and left continually with news from poor countries and rich countries. The Palazzo is a rectangular building with conference rooms enclosed in its center. There are two enormous lobbies, at either end of the building, each with telephone offices, a cable desk, a travel office, and a newsstand, and in these lobbies delegates stood and talked, and new visitors stopped off when they arrived: a Pakistani journalist remarking that he had heard by telephone that there had been almost no rain in Pakistan since the conference began; three Americans from the House Committee on Agriculture in Rome after a tour of West Africa; a Swedish delegate saying that the harvests in Sweden were extraordinary, and that she hoped her government could increase its food aid to the poorest countries. The chairman of the American delegation, Secretary of Agriculture Earl Butz, went to Egypt during the conference and signed agreements to supply food aid in the form of American grain. Secretary of State Henry Kissinger came to Rome after touring India, Pakistan, and Bangladesh. People asked in the lobbies about the details of assistance: about three million tons of wheat that had been damaged in Canada by early frosts but could be used to make flour for Indian chapatties, and about five thousand tons of fortified survival biscuits, some from a fallout shelter under Dupont Circle in Washington, D.C., that the United States government was sending to Bangladesh.

The world emergency interrupted the conference—past the police barricades that surrounded the Palazzo, the glass doors of the lobbies, the lines of guards around the conference halls. In the Plenary Hall, the Minister of Agriculture of Rwanda said that the food situation in his country was deteriorating from day to day; an official of the conference recalled sitting late at night in the hot, almost empty hall while a delegate from South Vietnam talked about fish exports, and then, the official said, "Rwanda spoke, and nobody paid attention." One day during the second week of the meetings, the secretary-general of the conference, Sayed Marei, was preparing to describe to assembled members of the press an International Fund for Agricultural Development that had been proposed by several oil-exporting countries, Venezuela and Iran among them. Mr. Marei, who is now the Speaker of the Egyptian National Assembly, used to be Minister of Agriculture in Egypt, and he had worked before the conference to interest the oil-exporting countries in projects for investing in food production in poor countries. Just before he was to address the press, some delegates from Bangladesh came to his office in the Palazzo, described cables that they had received from officials back home, and asked him to speak about how many people might die in Bangladesh in the next few weeks. "They made a very strong plea for the short term," one official recalled, and Mr. Marei spoke both about the International Fund for Agricultural Development and about the request of the government of Bangladesh for food to be sent as aid. People talked often in the Palazzo about the function of an international conference, and about the juxtapositions they saw—where delegates considered resolutions in committee rooms while people in other countries waited for ships carrying fortified biscuits. "You feed people on wheat and not on oratory," Secretary Butz said several times in Rome.

GAP

This is the gap
for one butterfly to pass through,
a lucky break in the senseless green.

It's there by the grace of God,
who is, I think, the absence of a spider
at this particular time and place.

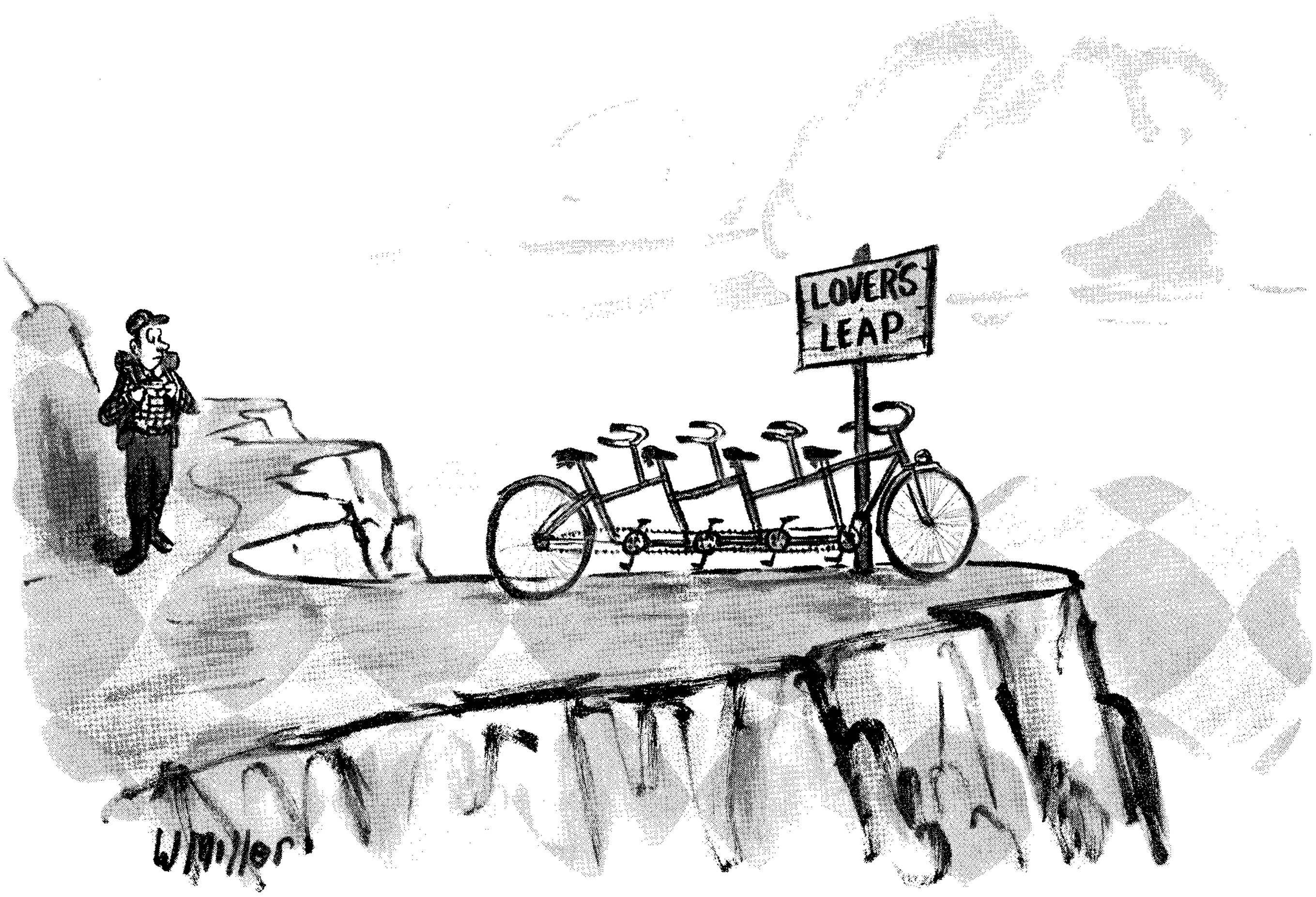
You may think He's the absence only
of leaves now dead or, more incredible yet,
the absence of the one butterfly.
—Leonard Nathan

• •

Officials of the conference explained again and again the distinction between the "short-term" crisis and the long-term work of the committees; Edwin M. Martin, the American diplomat who coördinated American preparations for the conference, said one evening that an international conference could not be expected to provide grain to meet an emergency, and he added that the immediate crisis "may be the most important problem for the world, but it is not the most important problem for the World Food Conference." Yet the emergency was an illustration, for people at the conference, of the disorder they were considering. It could have been avoided. It was unnecessary, in that food was scarce only in the poorest countries. It showed the dependence of the poor on the spare food and the charity of a few rich countries. The immediate crisis was essentially not a matter of dispute at the conference. The poorest countries, where food was already scarce, needed to import more wheat and rice before their summer harvest of 1975. There was grain available for export in the United States and Canada and several other rich countries, but the poorest countries could not afford to buy the grain at commercial prices. Wheat and rice cost more than three times as much in 1974 as they had in 1972, and the countries that most urgently needed to import food were also spending billions of dollars more to import oil and fertilizer. The immediate food crisis at the time of the conference had to do not with absolute scarcity but, rather, with price and transportation and international payments. Countries with grain and countries with foreign exchange had to decide whether the food they exported should go to, say, Bangladesh or Tanzania, how the food should be paid for, when it should be sent, and in what ships. This problem, as it concerned what the delegates in Rome called "the international community," was well defined both in respect to need and in respect to time. In 1974, the United Nations identified thirty-two poor countries as being "most seriously affected" by the economic crisis. These countries needed to import sixteen to seventeen million tons of grain between the summer of 1974 and the summer of 1975, and at the time of the conference they did not know where they could get at least seven million of those tons, costing at least a billion four hundred million dollars; they needed to buy the grain soon, because it would take several months to move food from North American ports, where most of the spare grain was, to cities in Bangladesh and India, where most of the starving people were. And, indeed, the United States government signed an agreement on October 4th to sell a hundred thousand tons of wheat to Bangladesh as food aid; the first shipment of this wheat arrived on December 26th.

While the conference met to discuss the long term, the governments of the countries with spare food were considering the seven million tons of grain needed immediately by the poor countries. Twice during the conference, Dr. Boerma invited delegates from the main grain-exporting and grain-importing countries to meet with him at lunch, away from the Palazzo, and plan for the next few months. A Canadian delegate explained, "Dr. Boerma said that since we're all here—so many Ministers of Agriculture—we should get together to talk about needs." But by the end of the conference the group had agreed only to meet again. Some governments—of Canada and Australia, for example—used the occasion of the conference to announce an increase in their food-aid shipments to poor countries. During the conference, the United States delegation sent a telegram to President Ford asking that he also agree to increase food aid to the poorest countries. Throughout the meetings, the two hundred and forty-six journalists who came to Rome for the American press and the sixty-three members of Congress and their assistants who joined the American delegation waited for an answer from President Ford. Many of the observers from religious and relief organizations believed, too, that they could use the pressure of the occasion to influence policies—notably the food-aid policy of the American government—in the emergency. The margin of need seemed so small, when the world produced a billion three hundred million tons of grain each year, and when each year people fed about four hundred million of these tons of grain to their animals; at one meeting in Rome outside the conference, the British economist Dame Barbara Ward spoke of the special responsibilities of countries with "highly affluent diets," and the anthropologist Margaret Mead said, "Pigs and cows and chickens and people are all competing for grain."

At the end of the conference, the question of the emergency and the seven million tons of grain was not resolved. On the next-to-last day, President Ford informed the American delegation that it could not announce an increase in food aid, and American officials explained that food-aid shipments would be reviewed on a quarterly basis, so as not to drive up the market price of grain. The delegates left not knowing if within a few months or a year there would be worse horrors of starvation and disease. On the last night of the conference, Mr. Marei, like many other people in the past two weeks, distinguished the short term from the lasting work of the conference. Referring to "the system whose foundations we have laid here," he said that the governments at the conference had agreed to coöperate in planning their food-aid programs and in holding reserves of food against emergencies. They had also agreed to establish a World Food Council, the International Fund for Agricultural Development, and a group to coördinate agricultural investment. And they had agreed, Mr. Marei said, about ways of increasing food production, and about "fertilizers, pesticides, seeds, land and water, research, nutrition, trade, and some other important topics." Yet Mr. Marei spoke with greatest force about



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knowing and understanding. "The first accomplishment, in my view, is the widespread interest and concern regarding the problems of hunger and malnutrition that this conference has generated," he said. He returned, that is, to the idea that the conference would leave behind an account of how the present confused situation had come about and how it could be explained: to the idea that the food crisis was not arcane or inevitable.

"IT would be somewhat simplistic to suggest that the world food situation suddenly took a wrong turn under the impact of bad weather," the officials of the conference wrote in a study called "Assessment of the World Food Situation," and they continued, "An analysis of production trends during the past two decades indicates that more deep-seated problems were also accumulating." The "Assessment" was adopted as part of the agenda of the conference, and it set out the sense of the meetings that the crisis was brought about by the policies of governments over many years. People walked around carrying copies of the "Assessment," which was prepared by several officials in the Food and Agriculture Organization, under the direction of Dr. Sartaj Aziz, a Pakistani economist, with the help of experts from other international organizations, such as the World Meteorological Organization; it was the most remarkable of the many papers presented at the conference. All through the conference, as people tried to understand the crisis, they lent one another books about agriculture. An organization called the International Federation of Agricultural Producers passed out papers explaining farm policies since 1946. (It also held a meeting of farmers from Ireland and Niger and Australia "to show you that the farmers are in fact in Rome.") The Organization for Economic Co-operation and Development offered a study of food aid, and the World Bank a study of land reform. A young Chinese woman handed out copies, in French, of a speech that the Chinese Vice-Minister for Agriculture made to the conference. The United States delegation distributed manila envelopes full of government publications ("World Food Conference Backgrounder" and "What Makes U.S. Farm Trade Grow" and "What Farm Exports Mean to You"). Some Americans had copies of an early draft of a study that the Department of Agriculture had prepared for the conference but did not publish until a few weeks after it was over. The authors of the Department of Agriculture study agreed with much of the analysis proposed in the "Assessment;" they wrote that "many views of the world food situation focus on immutable forces or circumstances . . . which are thought to be beyond the control of people," and went on, "The analysis in this study indicates, however, that much of what has happened in the development of the world food situation can be traced to government policies and basic human conditions (such as income distribution and poverty)."

The world food economy was insecure and uncertain before 1972, when the present crisis of inflation, scarcity, and starvation began. The situation nevertheless seemed tranquil: the world export price of wheat was the same in 1971 as it had been in 1955, and it had barely varied in between. Yet this calm was based on a false foundation of political contingency. It was possible only because of the agricultural policies of the most important food-exporting countries, and, above all, of the United States: policies that in the nineteen-fifties and the nineteen-sixties sought to keep export prices low and to provide inexpensive food for people in poor countries. Grain, the basic food in poor countries, is the basic agricultural export of rich countries, and the United States, Canada, Australia, and France now sell almost three-quarters of all grain exported. The United States is the most important of these four countries, as President Ford's economic assistants commented soon after the World Food Conference. "The United States plays as important a role in international grain and oilseed trade as do the Persian Gulf countries in crude oil trade," they wrote.

"The industrialized countries [were] producing more food than they could consume or export and the developing countries [were] facing food import bills growing larger every year," the conference "Assessment" declared. In the United States and other industrialized countries, governments supported farmers' incomes by subsidizing the production and export of food—of more grain than people at home could eat, or even feed to their animals. These countries accumulated publicly financed stocks of grain, some of which they gave away as foreign aid and some of which they sold when prices were high. "For years the United States has nurtured foreign markets for food and fiber with Government supported export promotion efforts," the "Economic Report of the President" explained in 1974.

Farmers planned their production with foreign markets in mind. Their prosperity depended on exports. By the nineteen-seventies, the four dominant countries exported more than half the wheat they grew. Grain exports were important in the balance of payments of the four countries, too, and almost a quarter of American exports are now agricultural. The pamphlets distributed by the American delegation at Rome explained, "Farm exports increase farm production. . . . Farm exports take the production from one crop acre out of four. . . . In fiscal 1973, farmers exported more than three-fourths of their wheat production. . . . Farm exports pep up the nonfarm community. . . . U.S. farm exports have been making a much bigger contribution to the Nation's balance of payments in recent years. . . . When you add it all up, farm exports generated about $29 billion worth of income in 1973."

More and more of the food that the rich countries exported was sold to developing countries, where population and the demand for grain were growing fast. The shipments of grain from developed to developing countries were of steadily increasing importance in the world grain trade, and in the trade balances of the exporting countries. This was true, above all, in the case of wheat and rice, the main grains eaten by people. Several of the large developed countries that imported food in the nineteen-thirties determined after the Second World War to become less dependent on imported "food" grains, although they still imported huge amounts of grain as feed for animals. Germany and Britain, for example, supported an expensive domestic wheat business, and Japan subsidized domestic rice production. The countries that export wheat and rice thus came to rely more and more on sales to developing countries—or, sometimes, to China

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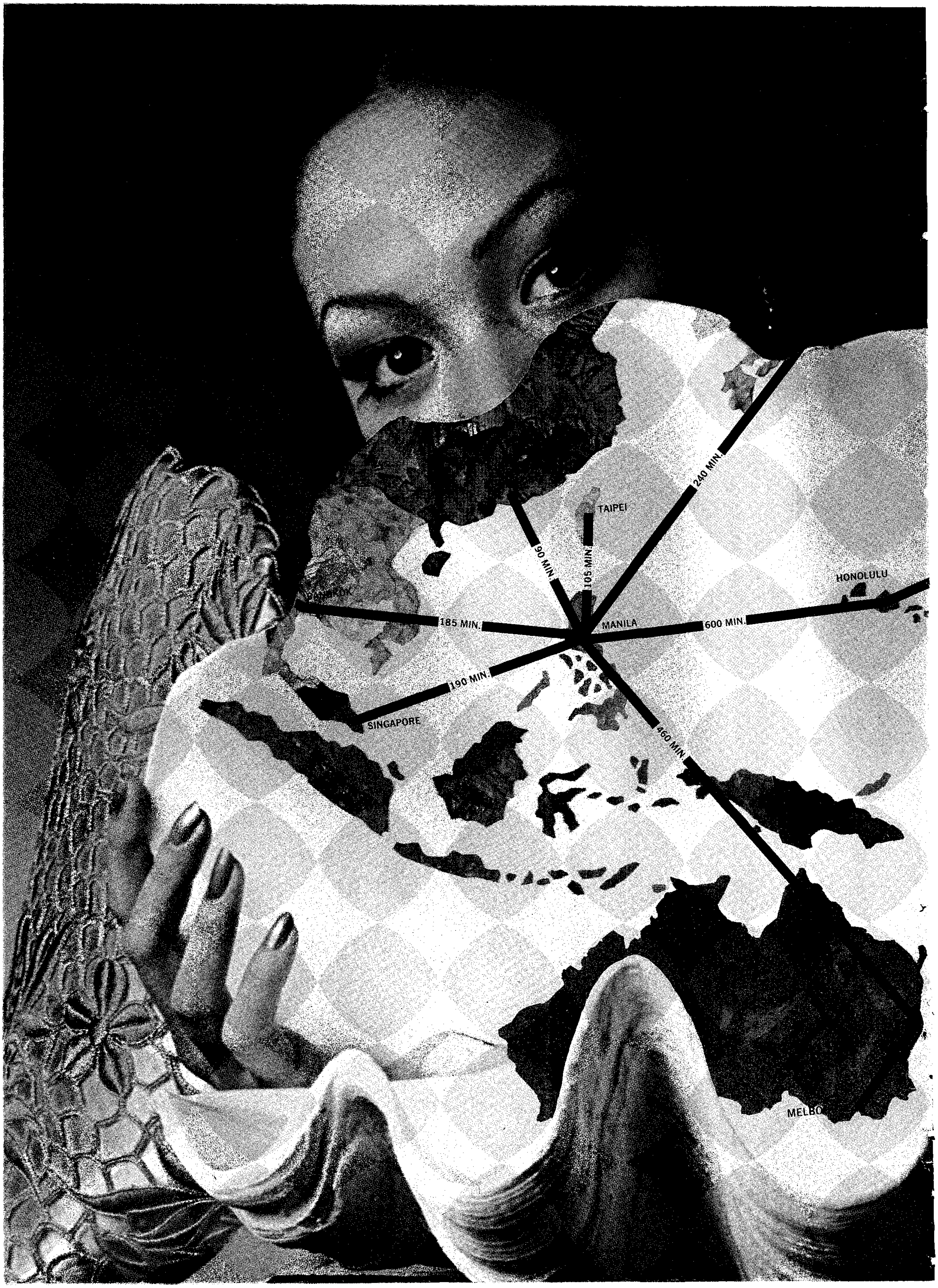
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The string: eighteen thousand dollars plus tax. Thirty six inches long, one hundred and sixty precious platinum pearls. May be special ordered from The Platinum Design Collection, 625 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Allow approximately five months for delivery. (Which isn't really bad, when you consider how long an oyster takes.)

Platinum
625 Madison Ave, New York, N.Y. 10022

"He won't be in today. He's in bed with a bug."

• •

and the Soviet Union. These sales were particularly important for the United States. (Most of the wheat that France exports, by contrast, goes to other developed countries.) American farmers in 1973 exported more than five hundred million dollars' worth of rice, of which eighty per cent was sold to developing countries, and four billion dollars' worth of wheat, of which half was sold to developing countries and a fifth to the Communist countries. Some eighty developing countries imported American wheat and rice in that year.

The poor countries were able to import this grain only because of the subsidies that the rich exporting countries offered. The non-Communist developing countries imported an average of twelve million tons of grain a year between 1949 and 1951 and an average of thirty million tons a year between 1969 and 1972, and they imported fifty-two million tons in 1974. While this dependence was coming about, they were receiving food on subsidized terms from developed countries. "Between 1954 and 1969, food-aid shipments ranged between 30 and 45 per cent of the total food imports of the developing countries," the "Assessment" noted. In the nineteen-sixties, at least half and sometimes more than three-quarters of all American wheat exports were shipped under food-aid programs. The programs became even more important for American rice farmers. About a third of all American rice was grown for people in countries like South Vietnam and South Korea: by the early nineteen-seventies, a little over a third of the rice produced was eaten at home, a quarter was exported in the commercial market, and the rest was shipped as food aid, mostly to South Korea and Indo-China. For the United States, which provided much more food aid than the three other large exporting countries, this aid was also an instrument of foreign policy. The legislation that in 1954 established the Public Law 480 food-aid program made that benefit clear: it described the law as "an Act to increase the consumption of United States agricultural commodities in foreign countries, to improve the foreign relations of the United States, and for other purposes."

For many poor countries, this dependence on food imports was self-perpetuating. Food imported at subsidized prices from Kansas or Saskatchewan was cheaper than the grain that local farmers produced. Politicians in poor countries often encouraged industrial development at the expense of agriculture. There was less technical advance in farming in developing countries than in the rich food-exporting countries: the developed countries used three-quarters of the world's fertilizer, eighty-five per cent of the world's pesticides, and eighty-five per cent of all public money spent on agricultural research. The foreign-assistance programs of rich countries usually favored industrial projects over investment in food production. During this period, too, people's tastes changed; for example, after years of importing grain, people in Latin America came to prefer wheat to local corn.

By the nineteen-seventies, about one person out of every ten in the developing countries ate imported grain. A situation in which hundreds of millions of people live on imported food is always uncertain, if only for logistic reasons. Even the most prosperous food-importing nations fear the interruption of trade by war or bad weather or accidents at sea or political will. Besides, the problems of transporting and distributing imported grain in poor, rural countries are great at best and huge in emergencies. An American who attended the conference recalled that many Indian ports were so crowded after the drought of 1965 that the United States Defense Department drew up plans (actually never used) to distribute food by airdrop from cargo planes. For many weeks during the food crisis of 1974, the port of Chittagong, in Bangladesh, faced delays in receiving and handling food shipments because of difficulties in lightering, docking, and unloading.

IN Rome, people looked back to the inflation in food prices that began late in 1972 as to a historic time in the economic policies of governments. By then, the pricing and food-aid policies of the grain-exporting countries had done much to change the distribution of grain production in the world. But these policies were expensive, and in 1972 the exporting countries, led by the United States, were eager to increase prices. During the years in

"Six years ago I was quite newsworthy, but nobody followed up on it."

which governments worked to export more grain, prices fell in real terms—inflation aside. The Agriculture Department's study showed that in the United States "the real prices of wheat and corn during 1967-71 were exceptionally low compared with those of any earlier period except the early 1930's." In 1971, the real price of American wheat was lower than it had been since 1932. The governments of the grain-exporting countries hoped, in the early seventies, to increase the depressed price of grain by reducing production and encouraging the demand for grain exports—to free the market forces of supply and demand. Their efforts, people could see from the vantage point of the World Food Conference, made the ensuing crisis possible, when the inflation of 1972 broke the calm organization of the world food economy.

In the years immediately before the present food crisis, the governments of the United States, Canada, and Australia were paying farmers not to grow grain. Those governments adopted what the officials of the World Food Conference described delicately as "increasingly successful supply-management policies," with the result that the amount of wheat grown in the three countries was sixteen per cent less in 1972 than in 1968, and the area planted in wheat diminished by twenty-two per cent. In 1970, the Canadian government initiated a program called Operation LIFT, under which Canadian farmers were paid to sow less wheat, and they produced less than half as much wheat in 1970 as they had in 1969, on half as much land. In 1970, 1971, and 1972, the United States government paid grain farmers an average of more than two billion dollars each year to hold land out of production. Some land was still held out of production in 1973. The amount of grain land withheld in exchange for these payments increased by twenty-five million acres from 1971 to 1972, and American grain production decreased by almost ten million tons.

In the same years, the governments of the three countries undertook what the official *Canada Year Book* for 1972 described as "aggressive development of new grain markets." The most celebrated achievement was the grain sale of 1972, in which American companies sold seventeen million tons of grain to the Soviet Union, with export subsidies amounting to about a fifth of the total price. But at the same time the United States, Canada, and Australia had all directed particularly urgent efforts toward promoting the export of grain for use as animal feed. In 1970, almost a third of all the grain consumed in the world—and more than all the non-Communist developing countries used as food for people—was fed to animals in developed countries; these countries, including the Soviet Union, fed their livestock on wheat and rice as well as on the traditional "feed grains," such as corn and oats. Even before the end of the nineteen-sixties, the low price of grain had had the effect of "strongly stimulating livestock production and consumption," the Department of Agriculture study said, and more and more farmers fed their cattle on grain instead of grass. The governments of the grain-exporting countries also set out to encourage foreign meat production, through the exertions of such organizations as Canada's Market Development Fund and the United States Feed Grains Council. A paper known as the Flanigan Report, which was prepared by officials of the Department of Agriculture in 1972 for President Nixon's trade advisers, described some of these promotional efforts: a demonstration beef feedlot was constructed in South Korea, and United States Information Agency lecturers were dispatched to tell Europeans about feeding grain to livestock. The report concluded that if exports increased, grain prices would rise from their depressed level, and "an important reason for the rise in prices for both wheat and feed grains [would be] the pressure on supply which would result as the increased demand for both domestic and foreign livestock producers pulled more and more available cropland into production."

One afternoon at the World Food Conference, William R. Pearce, who is a vice-president of Cargill, Inc., the Minneapolis grain company, recalled these efforts to encourage grain exports. Pearce had been made a Deputy Special Trade Representative in 1971, and earlier he had been president of the United States Feed Grains Council. "I take responsibility for the initiative," he said, but added that he was not responsible for the Flanigan Report itself. He said that in the nineteen-sixties the United States "had excess capacity in corn and soybeans," and therefore set out to "encourage the development of a different diet pattern around the world." The Department of Agriculture, he concluded, "had success in letting its reserves be drawn down." In Rome later that week, a reporter asked Secretary Butz, in his office across from the Palazzo dei Congressi, whether he thought that the

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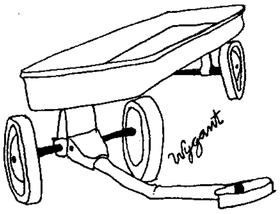
trade efforts described in the Flanigan Report had been successful. "Oh, yes, I think so," he said, adding that they had "encouraged meat production." American grain exports increased from thirty-two million tons in 1971 to forty-seven million tons in 1972, and then to seventy-six million tons in 1973. Between 1970 and 1972, Canada and Australia together actually exported more wheat than they produced, by drawing on their reserves. By 1973, the international grain economy was closer to the ideal of unfettered competition than it had been in many years, and the grain reserves in the three countries were lower than at any time in the past twenty years. In this situation, the forces of the market acted predictably. With more demand, less supply, and less "security," grain prices began to rise. In the farm depression of 1971, politicians had hoped to encourage such an increase, but the inflation that started in 1972 exceeded their boldest expectations.

The grain trade was free at last from the constraint of being protected against natural misfortunes and other disturbances. And the effect of the changes in government policies was intensified by unanticipated changes in the weather and in the world economy. In Rome, people argued often about the importance of the weather in causing the food crisis. In the summer of 1974, India suffered a serious drought, and the corn crop in the United States, almost all of which is fed to animals, was also damaged by drought. But grain prices were high well before 1974. Dr. Don Paarlberg, the chief economist of the United States Department of Agriculture, remarked one day in Rome that governments withheld the land and "God withheld the rain." Dr. Paarlberg, who was sitting in the coffee shop of the Palazzo talking with a young man who had come to Rome in behalf of the World Council of Churches, did not defend the "set-aside" of farmland in 1972. He said that the United States government was no longer withholding land from production, and added, "You should welcome the sinner." The weather in 1972 was bad for food production in many countries, yet, the "Assessment" noted, "the 1972 shortfall in crop production lay within [normal] fluctuation limits" for the past twenty years. Some countries, such as India and the Soviet Union and Senegal, had bad harvests that year because of drought. Other countries, particularly Canada and Australia, were afflicted with bad weather at the same time that their governments were paying farmers to keep land out of production. In the United States, the weather was good for agriculture in 1972, and grain yields were excellent; crops fell short only because of the government programs to discourage production. "The high prices and uncertainties about world food supplies [are not] simply the result of crop shortfalls," the authors of the Agriculture Department study prepared for the conference wrote. "World weather is unstable and unpredictable and the world needs to be better prepared for adversities than it has been since 1972."

The world was ill-prepared not only for the decrease in grain production in 1972 but for the great economic expansion that year and the next. Consumers spent more money than ever before to buy food; the authors of the "Assessment" described an "unprecedented boom in economic activity in the developed countries, leading to a highly buoyant demand for commodities, the worldwide inflationary forces accentuated by monetary instability and speculative activities." People in rich countries ate more meat and imported more corn than the keenest strategists of the Flanigan Report had expected. Much of the grain that the Soviet Union imported, for example, was needed to feed animals. The Agriculture Department estimates that the Soviet Union now feeds a hundred and eight million tons of grain each year to its animals, compared to ninety-seven million tons two years ago. Japan and the European countries also increased their use of grain for feed to more than a hundred million tons a year. And they planned little restraint for the duration of the crisis: a few days after the Food Conference, the Agriculture Department reported, in one of its studies of grain consumption, "It is estimated that Western Europe will increase its use of wheat for livestock and poultry by over 30 per cent . . . to 16.2 million [metric tons] this year." The United States, however, now feeds animals a hundred and twenty-nine million tons of grain a year, compared to a hundred and forty-eight million tons two years ago. At the conference, a reporter asked Christian Bonnet, the French Minister of Agriculture, for his opinion of the proposal, put forth by many observers in Rome, that rich countries reduce



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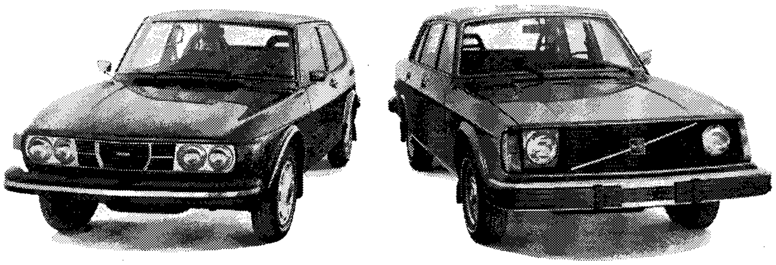
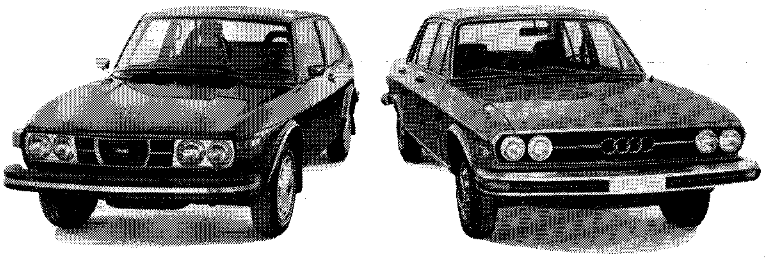
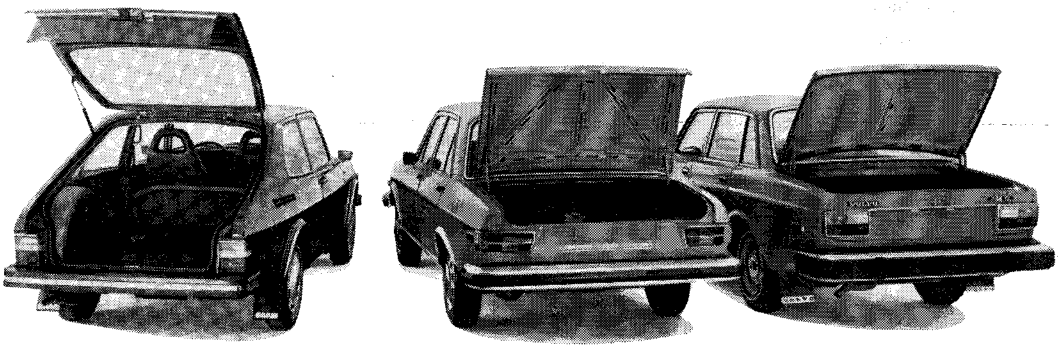


the luxury of a comfortable interior like Audi,



and more luggage room than Volvo and Audi put together.



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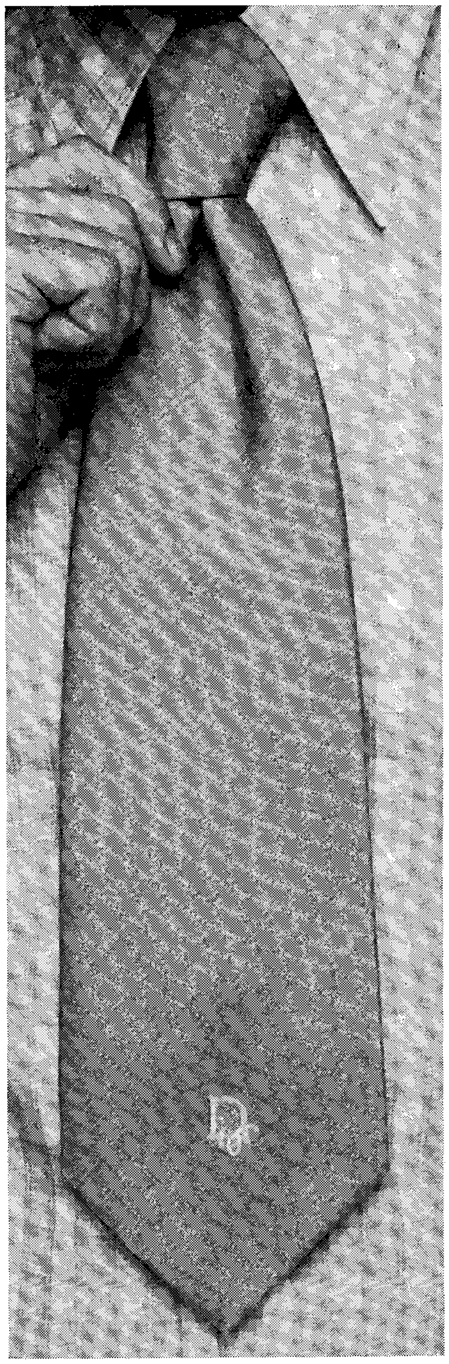

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their meat consumption in order to provide the seven million tons of grain that the poorest countries needed. Bonnet thought for a few moments, looked at the French officials who were standing with him, and answered, "It is intellectually seductive but practically inappropriate."

In Rome, people asked again and again why the decisions of politicians were so blind in 1972 and 1973. Looking back, they saw delusion; the inertia of old policies; the reasonable endeavor to increase prices; hopes for free enterprise; optimism that things would always be as promising as they were in 1972. No politician believed then, or so it seemed, that the economic policies of rich countries would affect the poor. Late in 1973, at the Department of Agriculture's Outlook Conference, which is held each year to consider the state of farming, an official of the department named David L. Hume explained that "the international role of U.S. agriculture . . . has changed from one primarily of aid to one of trade—of providing what we might call standard-of-living insurance to foreign societies rather than life insurance." When Hume reviewed American exports in 1973, he saw "a dramatic demonstration of the power and the pull of the marketplace when consumers prosper." And the most prosperous consumers, in the most prosperous countries, exercised the greatest power and pull.

The poorest countries competed to buy grain in the new, licentious market of 1973. The governments of countries where people live on imported grain competed in the export market with buyers importing grain to feed to their animals. The developing countries together paid more than twice as much to import American agricultural products in 1973 as they had paid in 1972: about four billion two hundred million dollars in 1973—not counting imports under concessional programs—as opposed to about one billion nine hundred million in 1972. In 1974, these imports increased almost as much again, to some seven billion dollars.

Moreover, there was less food aid as prices increased. Secretary Butz declared in a meeting with the press in Rome that food-aid projects had been described accurately as "a program to get rid of the stuff." When there was no surplus to be sloughed off, nations provided less food as aid. The "Assessment" showed that "the volume of food aid has drastically diminished, particularly at a time when it is most needed," and said, "Food aid shipments reached a peak of about 18 million tons in 1964/65 and have subsequently declined. They fell to 9.8 million tons in 1972/73 and to less than 7 million tons in 1973/74, which is the lowest since 1957/58." For the grain-exporting countries, food aid was a luxury for good times. The United States, though it has continued to provide more food aid than all other countries together, spent eight hundred and sixty-three million dollars on government-sponsored farm exports in 1973, when its commercial farm exports brought in sixteen billion eight hundred million; in 1971, when its commercial exports brought in only six billion six hundred million dollars, it had spent a billion sixty-nine million on food aid. And now the money that rich countries spent on aid naturally provided less food, because of inflation. Millions of people were dropped from food-aid programs—often in the poorest countries.

The United States government did, however, increase aid shipments to its closest political allies after 1970, at the expense of very poor countries. In 1972, sales to Cambodia and South Vietnam amounted to twenty-five per cent of all American sales of food on concessional terms that year, and in 1973 they amounted to forty-nine per cent. The annual report of the Public Law 480 program for 1973 observed that "the Public Law 480 rice and other agricultural commodities supplied to Cambodia are viewed not merely in terms of economic stability, but in terms of the survival of the [Cambodian] Government." The thirty-two developing countries that the United Nations listed as "most seriously affected" by the economic crisis—the countries that urgently needed to import seven million extra tons of grain at the time of the World Food Conference—were most seriously affected, too, by the disintegration of the food-security system. They received less than a third of the wheat that the United States sold on concessional terms in 1973. They received four million nine hundred thousand tons of grain as aid from all countries in 1970, three million eight hundred thousand tons in 1971, two million six hundred thousand tons in 1972, and a million eight hundred thousand tons in 1973.

By 1973 and 1974, many people in poor countries could not buy the food they needed, because of the inflated prices. Some of the "most seriously af-

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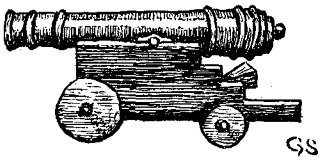
fected" countries must import a large part of the grain they consume; more than a third must be imported in Senegal and Sri Lanka, for example, and around a tenth in Bangladesh. Because there was less food available as aid in 1973 and 1974, the governments of these countries were forced to buy food from American or other foreign companies on commercial terms. Though American agricultural exports to the "most seriously affected" countries doubled in the fiscal year ending in June of 1974, almost all the increase was in commercial exports. The largest part of these exports consisted of wheat, and the price of wheat had increased from a hundred and eight dollars per ton early in 1973 to two hundred and fourteen dollars a ton early in 1974. The thirty-one "most seriously affected" countries (leaving out Cambodia, which was poor but also politically deserving) received a lower value of food aid from the United States in 1974 than in 1973. But the cost of their food imports from the United States on commercial terms more than tripled, increasing by almost half a billion dollars—from two hundred and twenty-nine million in 1973 to six hundred and ninety-eight million in 1974. Even Bangladesh was affected. In the 1973 fiscal year, it received sixty-four million dollars' worth of government-financed farm exports from the United States, and paid out fifty-one million dollars for commercial farm exports. In the 1974 fiscal year, its share of government-financed exports had fallen to forty-four million dollars, and it paid a hundred and twenty-three million dollars to American companies for commercial farm exports. And in the months immediately before the World Food Conference and the autumn crisis, the government of Bangladesh bought more wheat commercially from the United States than it received as aid. According to a report by officials of the United Nations World Food Program in Dacca, the Bangladesh government received around sixty-eight thousand tons of wheat as aid from the United States in August, September, and October and a hundred and thirty-eight thousand tons that it had bought commercially. Bangladesh needs to import about two hundred thousand tons of grain each month to keep all its people alive, and it was able to import only twenty-eight thousand tons, from all countries, in September and seventy-six thousand tons in October. This is the "lean season" of the year, before the winter harvest, which starts in November. The European Common Market promised to donate wheat to Bangladesh as food aid, but none arrived before December, when the time of greatest need was past. No wheat or rice arrived in Bangladesh as aid from the United States between the last week of August and the last week of December.

The world inflation affected farmers as well. The farmers in the poorest countries could not afford to buy the goods they needed in order to produce more food and thereby save on importing grain. The developing countries import fertilizer as well as food, mainly from developed countries, and the price of some fertilizer tripled between 1971 and 1973. The Agency for International Development, for example, paid twice as much to buy urea (a nitrogenous fertilizer that the United States exports to East Asia) at the end of 1973 as it paid in the middle of that year. Several developing countries found their fertilizer imports caught in the same circle of trade and inflation and aid as their grain imports. As long as prices were low, these countries were able to buy some fertilizer, and they also received some as aid from, say, the United States; when fertilizer prices increased, the countries were less able to buy in commercial markets, and they received much less aid. Then, at the end of 1973, when the oil-exporting countries raised the price of oil, which is used to produce fertilizer, fertilizer prices increased again. By the spring of 1974, the officials preparing for the World Food Conference wrote of the fertilizer situation that "in the developing countries there are severe shortages in some areas, aggravated by logistical and related problems and foreign exchange constraints, that have already begun to affect 1974 crop prospects."



The inflation of oil prices was yet another shock to the food economy, and by 1974 some developing countries found themselves too poor to import both food and oil. Of these countries, Dr. Boerma said a few weeks before the conference, "With the sharp deterioration in their balance of payments, they are simply not going to be able to pay for all the food they will need to import in the months ahead. . . . The present situation should finally make it clear to all concerned that any purist concept of international free trade in food is dangerously out-

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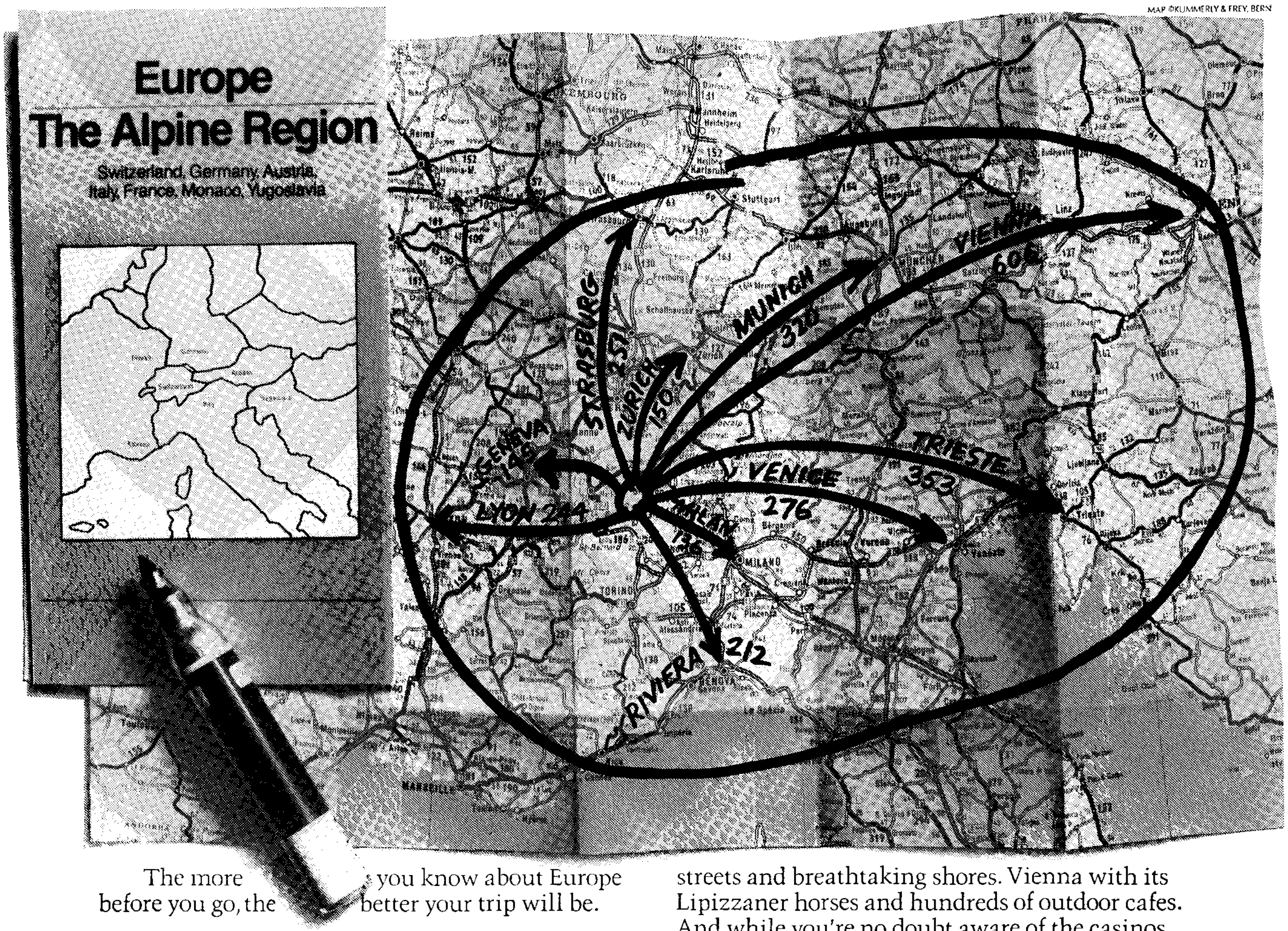

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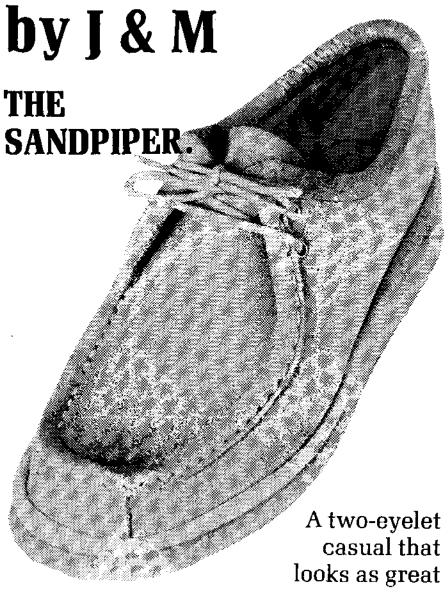

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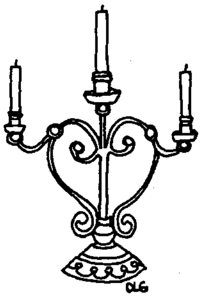
dated. The poorer developing countries which are facing crop deficits and serious balance-of-payments difficulties cannot be left to compete in a free-for-all scramble for basic food supplies where cash is preferred to credit."

At the World Food Conference, people argued bitterly about the responsibility of different nations for the balance-of-payments emergency in the poor countries. The price of wheat had tripled before the price of oil began to rise at the end of 1973; the price of fertilizer increased before oil prices increased, and afterward it increased further. In the plenary sessions of the conference, ministers from the grain-exporting countries criticized the oil-exporting countries for gouging the poor, and ministers from the oil-exporting countries denounced the grain-exporting countries. Delegates heard similar recriminations in the private meetings, at which ministers were considering how to find the much discussed seven million tons of grain for the poorest countries. A Canadian delegate said, "We're trying to find out to what extent it's a food problem and to what extent it's a balance-of-payments problem." He added, "Of course, we're sympathetic to the balance-of-payments problem, too." One conference official recalled later that ministers from the oil-exporting countries asked why they should give away money to be used for buying wheat in America.



Food and oil became the two poles of political discourse at the conference, in a most confusing fashion. "Unlike food prices, the high cost of oil is not the result of economic factors, of an actual shortage of capacity or of the free play of supply and demand," Secretary Kissinger had said at the United Nations six weeks earlier. "Rather, it is caused by deliberate decisions to restrict production and maintain an artificial price level." This comparison was misleading. The food crisis, too, as was made clear at the World Food Conference, had less to do with actual scarcity than with the policies and decisions of governments, including deliberate decisions to restrict production. In addition, Secretary Kissinger's words were misleading for what they implied about the power of the market. The "free play of supply and demand" all through the food crisis had had quite predictable consequences: when the grain-exporting countries reduced farm production and sold their grain reserves, grain prices increased; when prices increased, the most prosperous consumers used their power and pull. There was no system by which American or Canadian grain was reserved for countries in great need. At a press conference in Rome, Secretary Butz said that there was "no cartel pricing" of American food—that there was "access to that production by all the users in the world." Access was allocated, however, to the fittest users, who paid the highest prices. The market, playing freely, would always feed the rich, as it did in the months before the World Food Conference convened.

While the conference was meeting, Dr. Boerma, in his office in the Palazzo dei Congressi, looked back at the "scramble for supplies" of the past summer. He explained to a reporter that the grain-exporting countries still had grain available for sale but that some of the richer countries "like to buy for stock-building." The often repeated statement that the crisis was one of price and not of physical scarcity, he said, was true not only in the sense that food is not scarce when hundreds of millions of tons of grain that could feed people are being used as animal fodder but also in the sense that grain was available for export right then, and uncommitted even to livestock raisers. "There must be some management of supplies," Dr. Boerma said. The United States was now monitoring its grain exports, he noted, but "there is still too much slipping away" to rich countries. Dr. Boerma was not opposed to free enterprise, but "you cannot expect free trade to do anything more than trade," he said. "You cannot expect the trade to arrive at a fair distribution of goods in the world. The trade is made to make money." Dr. Boerma was a food commissioner in Holland at the end of the Second World War. After the war, food reserves were depleted, prices increased fast (the real price of American wheat was higher in 1947 than in 1973), and at an international conference United Nations officials appealed to all countries to reduce their use of grain as animal feed. In the wartime crisis of 1945, Dr. Boerma recalled, many people hoped that the new United Nations Food and Agriculture Organization would set up "a great world food scheme" to maintain stocks of food, keep prices stable, and reform distribution. The idea of the world food scheme was soon abandoned, Dr. Boerma said, for after the war people were no longer "united against dan-

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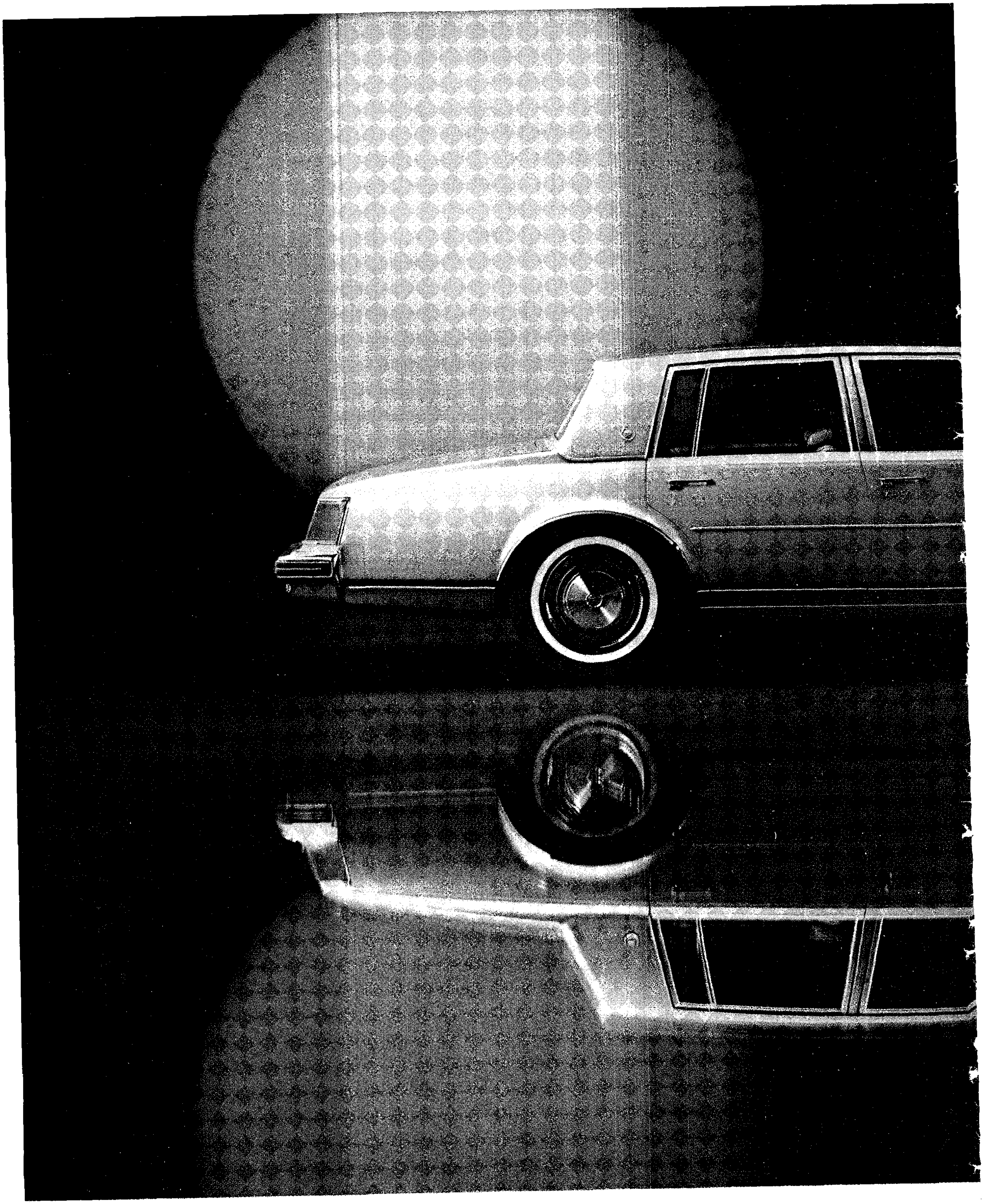

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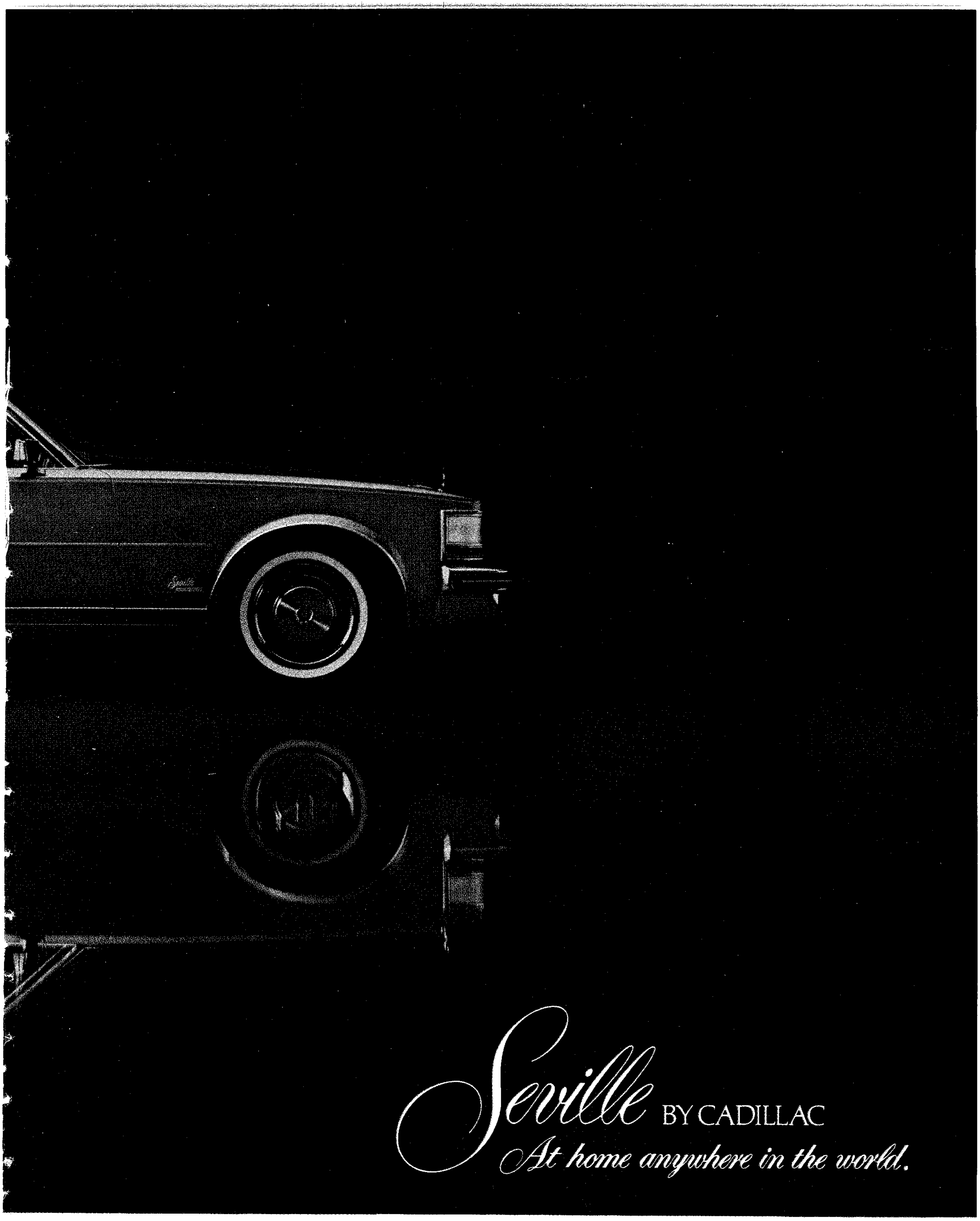

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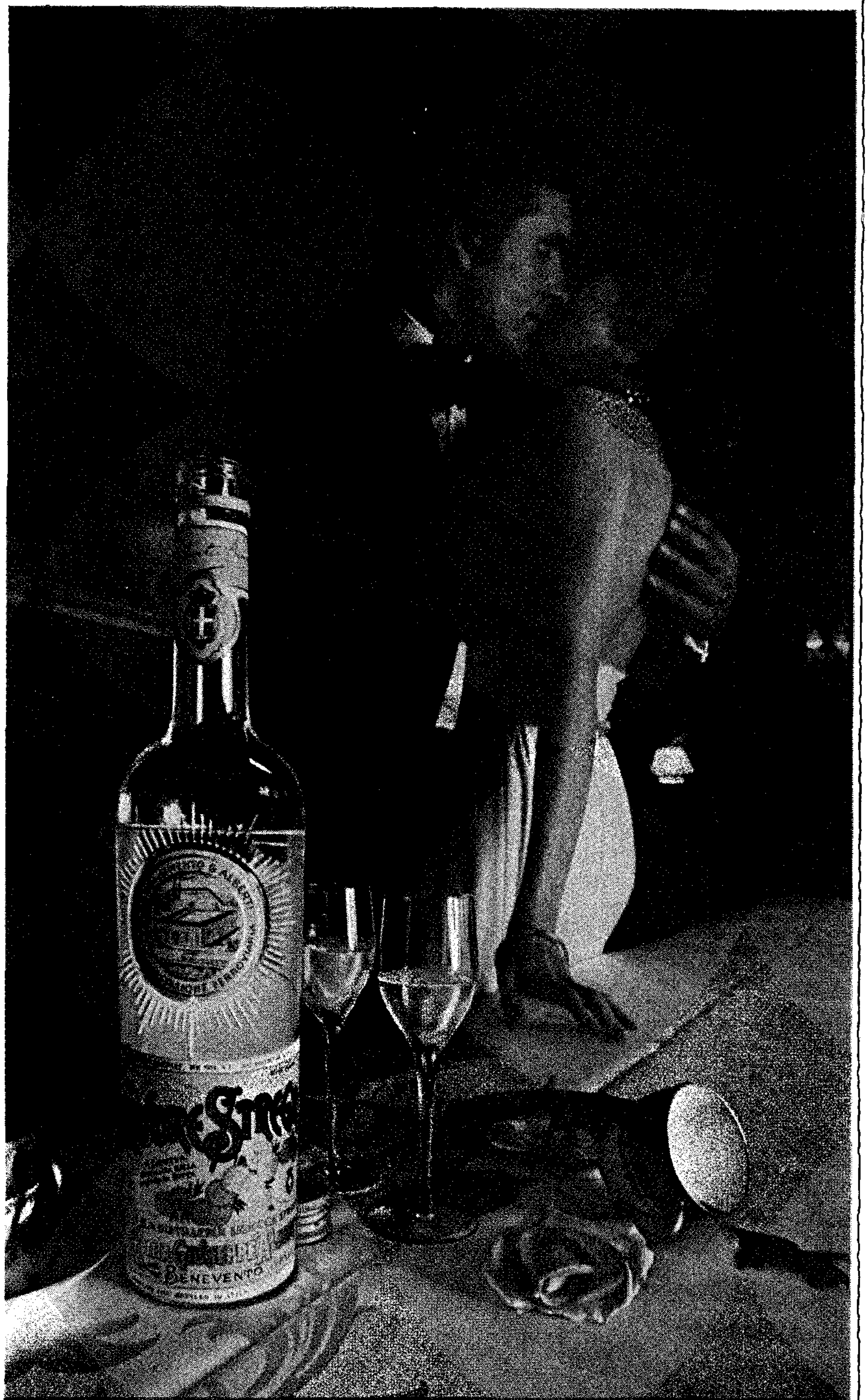

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ger." But he added that that experience gave him hope. "There is an anxiety in the world, and when people feel anxiety they want to create a new order," he said. "Chaos must surely show that a new order is possible."

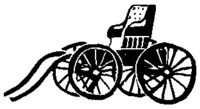
THE "world food policy" set forth in the resolutions of the 1974 conference was an attempt at a new order, and an attempt to prevent future catastrophes. (In the second week of the conference, Dr. Boerma wrote to Lady Boyd-Orr, the widow of the nutritionist Lord John Boyd-Orr, who had proposed the world food scheme of 1945, that "thoughts of Lord Boyd-Orr pervade this meeting . . . as it becomes all too clear that, had his ideas been heeded sooner, the world might not now be in such a dire crisis.") The officials of the conference, having observed the immediate food problem and explained in their "Assessment" how the discrepant national policies of past decades made such chaos possible, concluded their argument by asserting that if governments continued their old ways for another decade or so, the poor countries would need to import so much food that even worse crises could not be avoided.

The food emergency then existing suggested to the people in the Palazzo dei Congressi what a crisis of distribution would look like in the nineteen-eighties. There would be crop failures, and they would be larger; even more millions of people would be in danger; there would be even more congestion in the ports of the Bay of Bengal, even more decisions for the politicians of "the international community" to make. By 1985, unless there were "major policy changes on the part of governments," the developing countries would need to import at least twice as much grain as they were importing now. Such a situation, according to the "Assessment," would "imply international trade problems of such magnitude [as to be] unmanageable." The poorest countries would have no way of paying commercial prices for their grain imports, and the needed food-aid programs would be twice as expensive and many times as politically troublesome as the present projects. These problems would become more serious still in years when harvests were bad, as they often are in Asia and Africa. Abnormal harvests like those of 1972, the officials of the conference wrote, were not really abnormal but occurred every few years, and so "must be considered as the rule rather than the exception.” They went on, “Because by 1985 the volume of the world’s normal production will have substantially increased, so also will the potential fluctuations. . . . For these reasons the risks of a simultaneous breakdown in production and in imports can be expected to be greater in 1985 than in 1972.”

The only way to avert such crises of trade and politics, the “Assessment” said, was to increase food production in the developing countries. If the agricultural policies of a number of countries were changed, the “deficit” need never become so great as to be unmanageable. This was the conclusion of the conference officials, and it was accepted generally by the delegates and others. The authors of the Agriculture Department study wrote that “the basic imbalances in world food production and consumption . . . remain uncorrected,” and they warned of “growing food deficits” in poor countries “unless appropriate action is taken to change this developing trend.” Like the authors of the “Assessment,” they projected current trends to 1985, and they arrived at grain deficits that would be substantial, although not as large as the deficits projected in the “Assessment.” Similar projections had been prepared before and ignored. The statisticians at the Food and Agriculture Organization were, in fact, more optimistic at the World Food Conference about the scale of the 1985 food deficit than they had been a few years ago: their new projections took into account great advances in agricultural production that several developing countries had achieved in the late nineteen-sixties. Both for this reason and because they could now see more clearly the dangers of a breakdown in the world food trade, people at the conference hoped that the new projections would somehow be more effective in persuading governments to change their policies.

The breakdown that people feared for the nineteen-eighties could be averted only by producing more food—certainly not by reducing the consumption of food in poor countries. The increase in food consumption was expected to come about largely because there would be more people. Even so, none of the projections allowed for an increase in production sufficient to reduce by much the amount of malnutrition in the world. At the conference, many of the delegates agreed that reducing the rate of population growth was important in helping to solve food problems in several countries, but also agreed that reducing birth rates would make little difference to the world food situation in the next ten years, because the people who would be eating most of the grain in 1985 had already been born. And many delegates agreed, too, that increasing food production and rural incomes was in itself, over the long term, an important means of preventing very rapid increases in population.

The food problem of the nineteen-eighties, like the recent crisis, would have to do with money and political will more than with natural limits. “Ironically but fortunately,” poor countries have land and water that they are not using in agricultural production, Secretary Kissinger said in Rome. They are short of capital and tools but not of space. No one suggested that there were physical reasons the world should not produce enough food in 1985 for an accumulation of people and animals that had continued to increase at its present rate. Although people argued fervently about the environmental limits to food production, their disagreements had to do with how much more it would cost to produce food, and with the constraints that would limit food production (and the production of grain as feed for animals) in the years beyond 1990.



The new world food policy consisted, in its essence, of the economic and agricultural reforms that the committees of the World Food Conference had considered day after day in the Palazzo dei Congressi. Farmers could produce more food if they used more of the factors of production—fertilizer, seed—described in arduous detail at the conference and in the committees’ resolutions. Poor countries needed to invest more of their own resources in food production, and needed more foreign aid for agriculture. They needed a secure source of fertilizer, of pesticides, and of fuel for pumps and tractors. They needed to be sure that their supply of imported food and fertilizer would not be interrupted by recurrent changes in the agricultural policies of rich countries. They needed new seeds and new kinds of fertilizer. They needed to control the river blindness disease that limits food production in parts of West Africa, and to eradicate the tsetse-fly infestation of Central Africa. In the resolutions of the conference committees, as in all the other work of the conference, there was reference to a “long term” and a “medium

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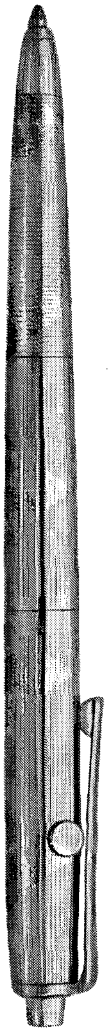

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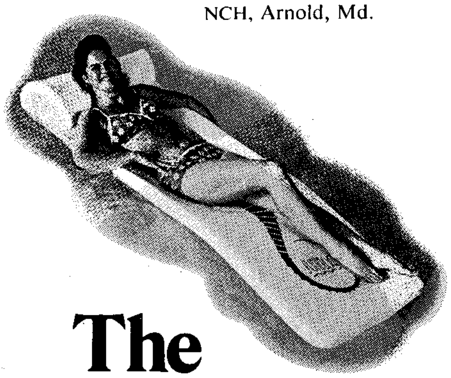

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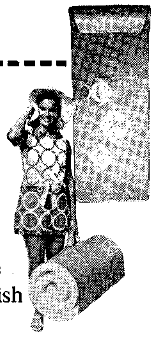

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term." People hoped that by resolving to rebuild food reserves and to reorganize food aid they could start to create a new international system of food security to replace the system that the large grain-exporting countries had abandoned in 1972. But such actions, one official of the conference said, were no more than a way of buying time for the long effort of increasing agricultural investment. No international system would be large enough to suppress the food crises suggested in the conference extrapolations. In the horrors of the short-term situation outside the conference delegates saw the future they were hoping to prevent as they considered pesticides and irrigation and tried to plan food production for the long term.

THE world's existing crisis became part of the disorder that people were trying to explain at the conference. The most important function of the conference was to suggest a new order—of independence in food production—yet the people there could see the dependence of many countries as they waited for Secretary Butz or Secretary Kissinger to speak about seven million tons of grain. People believed that the crisis was caused by the decisions and policies of statesmen in many countries, and at the Palazzo they could see real statesmen carrying out their accustomed policies. The Ministers of Agriculture of the grain-exporting countries came to Rome like philanthropists. They were surrounded by sightseers in the lobbies of the Palazzo, and their words were studied like coded texts. Would the Australian minister promise a specific amount of grain in his speech to the plenary, a delegate wondered, pointing out that the Canadian minister had promised a million tons the day before? "The French sent their Minister of Agriculture for a day and a half, and some of the African countries were very insulted," an official of the conference remarked. American statesmen were followed and studied with the most intense concern, for America owned more wheat than any other country, and many ships, and the most important contribution that the international community was being asked to make was to give money to countries such as Bangladesh and Tanzania to buy American grain. Most evenings during the conference, American delegates met reporters in a room on the second floor of the Palazzo, and the delegates were asked each time about immediate American food aid. They

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were asked to describe the survival biscuits that the United States planned to send to Bangladesh. The biscuits were old, they said, but not stale. They were asked about Secretary Butz's trip to Egypt, and about the food aid he had promised. Secretary Butz's deputies described their conversations with foreign delegates. "I talked to the Korean minister here," an Agriculture Department official said one evening, "and he was particularly concerned about when he could get some rice." Ambassador Martin explained night after night the degree of American participation in plans for the emergency, and one evening he said sternly, "There isn't a little basket in which people are being asked to toss bits."

Secretary Butz and Secretary Kissinger were objects of insistent curiosity. In the days before the conference opened, delegates heard of Secretary Kissinger's progress toward Rome. The Secretary had promised in New Delhi to send more food to India. He had met the Prime Minister of Bangladesh in Dacca. He had toured Pakistan. Once he got to Rome, policemen set up barricades in the streets around the Palazzo dei Congressi. There were Italian Army cars outside the United States Embassy, and the windows of the Excelsior Hotel, where both Secretary Butz and Secretary Kissinger were staying, were boarded up. A correspondent of the newspaper *Corriere della Sera* commented that the statesmen who had come to Rome amounted to "a concentration of leaders reserved once for the funerals of kings." He described the arrangements for Secretary Kissinger's safety, and wrote, "It is difficult to admit that a conference dedicated to the survival of part of the human race should degenerate into a problem of public order. . . . [We see] once again that conventions do not rule, that problems cannot be separated, that reality does not respect the rituals of diplomacy." Delegates heard, too, of the preparations for Secretary Kissinger's speech to the conference, and they speculated about what he would say. Would he announce an increase in American food aid? What would he say about grain reserves? The delegates studied dispatches from the United States in the *International Herald Tribune*. One day, it was reported that an Assistant Secretary of State had said that "the food producers' monopoly exceeds the oil producers' monopoly, and this will increase over time, unlike the oil situation." People asked about the conflicts in American food policy. Did Secretary Butz and Sec-

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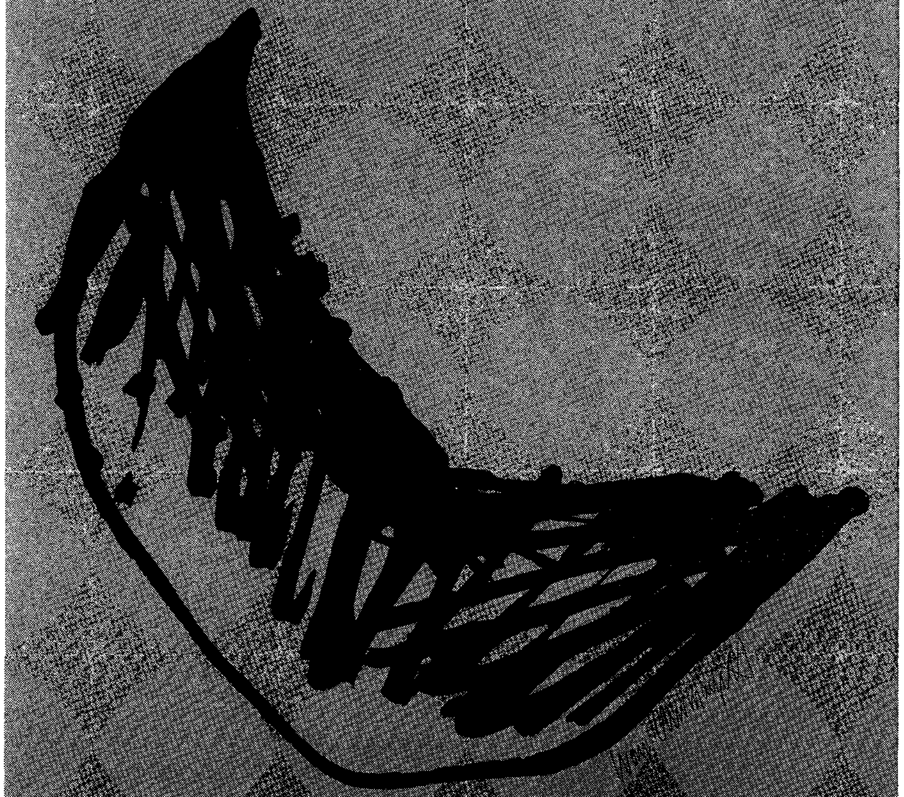
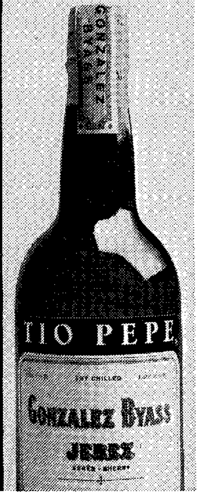


retary Kissinger disagree about whether to increase food aid? Did they both disagree with the officials of the Office of Management and Budget, who were believed to oppose any increase in public spending? Did they disagree about how food aid should be allocated among "security-related" nations, such as Egypt and Cambodia, or nations that might later buy large amounts of American food on commercial terms, or nations where people were starving?

Secretary Butz himself seemed moved by confused and conflicting intentions, and many observers at the conference believed that he was sincerely distressed about the food emergency. When he arrived in Rome, he talked to reporters in the Hotel Excelsior while demonstrators outside screamed against Secretary Kissinger and against American policies in Chile. Secretary Butz, raising his voice, spoke of the food situation in Asia. "We are at a point in history where the World Food Conference dare not fail," he said. People speculated that Butz—more, perhaps, than Kissinger—favored an increase in food aid for humanitarian purposes. One acquaintance of Secretary Butz's said, "He has been called cruel too often, and now he is thinking about history." Yet Butz also reverted to his sterner political personality. We are not "the world's father-provider," he had said a few weeks earlier to a group of Americans preparing for the conference. In Rome, after President Ford decided not to announce an increase in food aid, Butz angrily criticized the politicians who had asked for the increase. A correspondent for the "CBS Evening News" asked him about the President's decision, and he said, "Let me ask you a question. Does your wife have any—does your wife have any poor relation that you've got to help support?" The correspondent *said* yes, *and* Secretary Butz asked, "Do you ever give them enough to satisfy them?"

On the last day of the conference, Secretary Butz said that he regretted certain past policies. A visitor asked Butz, who had become Secretary of Agriculture late in 1971, if as Secretary he would have preferred to limit the "set-aside" of cropland withheld from production in 1972. He paused, and said that an increase in production in 1972 "would have had to be accompanied with development of export markets." Then he said solemnly, "Yes, I would have tried to do it." He seemed dissatisfied, too, with the policies that had made some of the poorest countries dependent upon food aid from the United States. He looked forward to a time when those countries could buy American grain in the commercial export market—a time when, he said at his earlier press conference in Rome, they could join "the commercial community of nations." He added, "If we don't build toward that, it's hopeless." In his speeches, Butz referred often to the free, commercial market. "Secretary Butz cares very much," Pearce, of Cargill, told a reporter, in reference to Butz's attitude toward the emergency, but "he has a very strong belief in the market, and that explains why he isn't coming across here." (Pearce said that in his opinion "to curse the market is like criticizing the thermometer for the temperature." He said he believed that the best food-aid policy consisted in "allocating purchasing power to people who don't have it, to compete in the market," yet he added that such a system could involve "lags," as it had in the past few months.) Butz, too, seemed aware that the market system had its limits in providing for life and health. Before the conference, he had said, "When the flood comes, or the earthquake, or the famine, we are there to help with as much aid as we can give, as quickly as possible," and in his speech to the conference plenary he appeared to be struggling to define the conditions—of flood or famine—in which governments should intervene in the free grain market. A few weeks after the conference, he told American farmers that the world food market could "be our oyster," but that if more and more exports go to poor countries "we will face a tremendous social decision . . . a tremendous social and economic burden."

Secretary Kissinger, in Rome, gave the impression of being much more *certain of his views than* Secretary Butz. "No tragedy is more wounding than the look of despair in the eyes of a starving child," Kissinger said in his speech on the first day of the conference. "Nothing more overwhelms the human spirit, or mocks our values and our dreams, than the desperate struggle for sustenance." He promised that the United States would increase its food production for export, and expressed hope that the other large exporting countries would do the same. "Reliance on this production is certain to grow through the next decade and perhaps beyond," he said. He proposed several new institutions, most of which were endorsed by the conference. In



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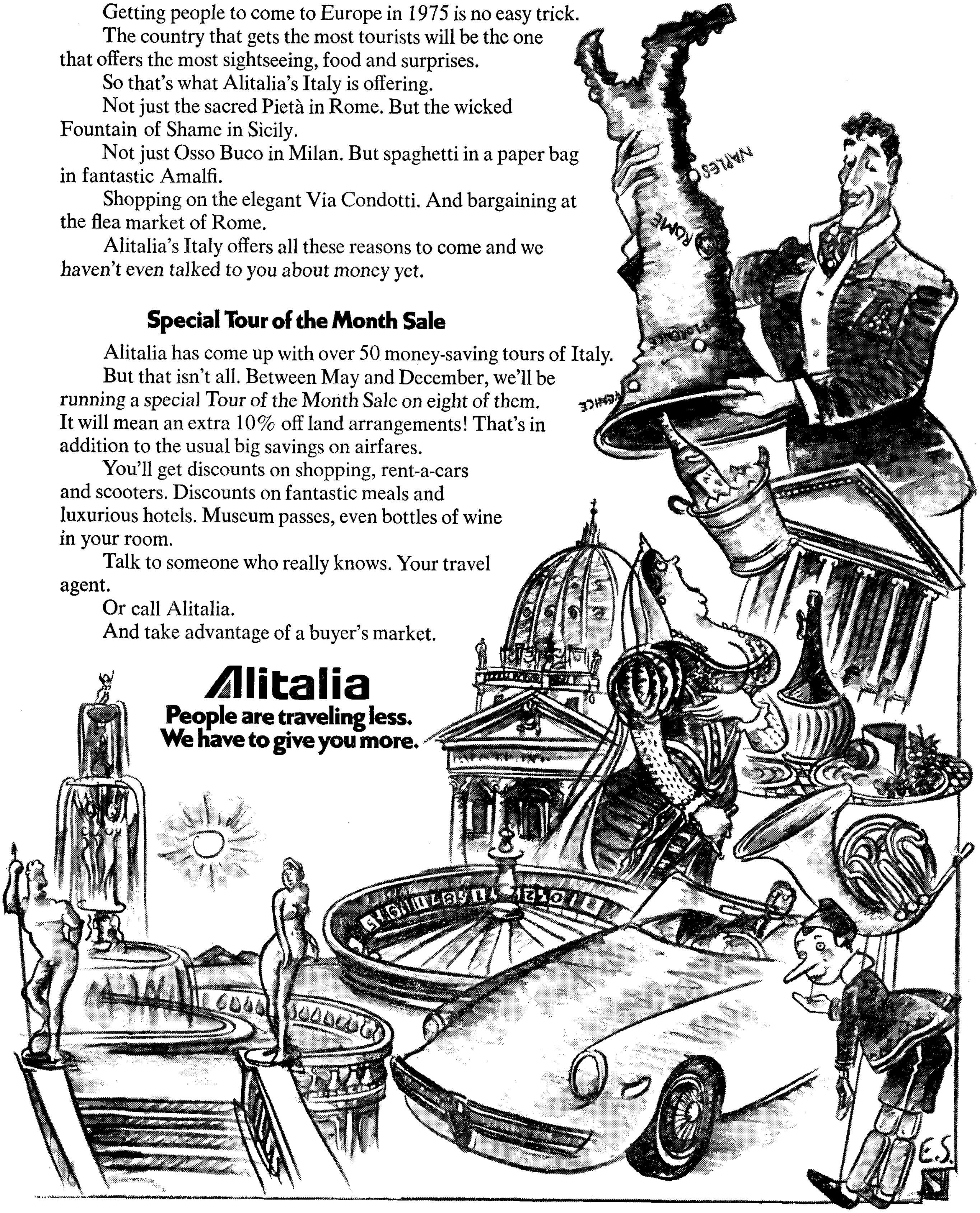

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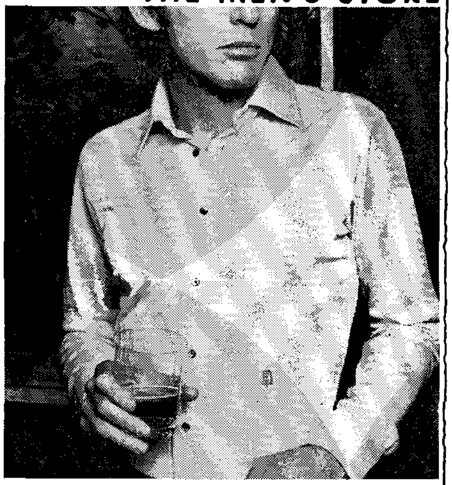

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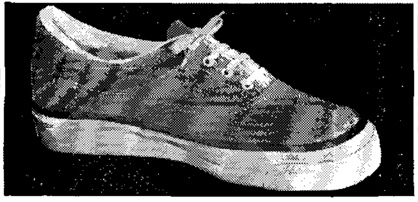

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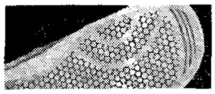

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the last moments of his speech, Kissinger, citing both William Faulkner and Thomas Mann, said that new realities "summon man to a new test of his capacity and his morality." Yet the Secretary's speech, with its emphasis upon moral issues, was disappointing to many of the thousands of people who crowded into the Plenary Hall to hear him, for he did not name an amount of money, or of grain, by which the United States would increase its food aid. The first sum of money he mentioned was the two and a half billion dollars by which the United States had "raised its investment in agriculture" at home; the first new foreign commitment he offered was five million dollars for "applied nutritional research."

When Kissinger had left the Palazzo, and the Italian police had begun dismantling their lines and barricades, a reporter rode back into the center of Rome with an American businessman who was attending the conference with the Food and Agriculture Organization's Industry Coöperative Program, which is a group of the organization's advisers from private industry. The businessman had been surprised by the demonstrations against Kissinger, and said he wondered what Chile had to do with the Italians. He added that he had lived in Peru as a representative of his company, which is one of the largest exporters of agricultural equipment, and that the Allende government had achieved very little for Chilean agriculture. But, he went on, there was "too much rhetoric" in Kissinger's speech at the conference. "Anyone who's been studying the subject for a year knew what he said about the past," the businessman remarked. Later that evening, Dame Barbara Ward also criticized the "rhetoric" of Kissinger's speech. There was analysis, she said, and there was rhetoric, and there was "nothing in between." Kissinger, she recalled, had already addressed the United Nations General Assembly twice *that year* without offering any specific increase in American aid. In April of 1974, while United Nations officials were trying to put together an aid program for the nations "most seriously affected" by the economic crisis, Kissinger described "a test of the freedom of the human spirit," and promised "a major effort" to increase American food aid. In September, Kissinger again came to the United Nations, and delegates again crowded in to hear him. Five days before that speech, President Ford had promised in a speech to the General Assembly that the United States would increase its

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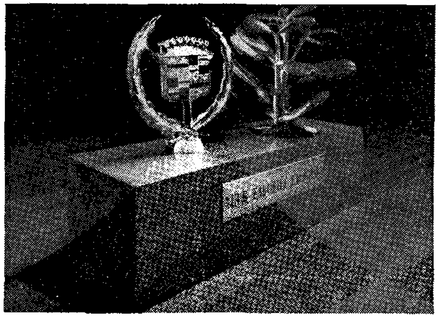

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food aid. Kissinger, however, spoke of a "moral imperative," cited Keynes and Thucydides, and simply promised a "substantial level" of food aid. In the great events of 1974, it seemed, people waited for an American statesman to promise to increase food aid by so many million dollars or so many million tons, and officials of the United Nations described "the crisis," and behind lines of policemen Kissinger spoke of morality.

Kissinger's speech to the World Food Conference also disturbed people by the policies it implied. When Kissinger looked to the future, he saw more food production in America, more exports, a monopoly increasing over time. "There is no surplus so long as there is an unmet need," he said, and he added that "in that sense, no real surplus has ever existed." The resolutions of the conference committees promised changes in the policies of developing countries, but few of the statesmen in Rome questioned the domestic agricultural policies of the United States and the other grain-exporting countries, of the Common Market countries, or of the Soviet Union. Few considered the contradictions ahead when prices begin to fall, and the governments of the exporting countries begin to think about new export incentives, about new ways of disposing of grain that is "surplus" to what people can afford. A reporter asked Secretary Butz about this future, and he answered that he saw "no possibility" of a farm depression in 1975 or 1976 "if we can maintain international political stability and keep trade going." He was less sanguine than Kissinger seemed to be about the lavish production of American grain for export to poor countries, but he said he believed that the poor countries would eventually buy American grain at commercial prices. He believed, too, that the recent trend toward increased meat consumption would continue, both in the United States and in Western Europe. The trend toward feeding animals more grain would continue as well, he said. In the United States in 1974, farmers fed their cattle more grain and less grain, because the grain was expensive, but this change was temporary, Secretary Butz explained. Like Secretary Kissinger, he saw more grain produced in America in the years ahead, and more of it fed to animals. "When the corn is available, the long-term trend in feeding will resume," he said.

Secretary Kissinger, in his speech to the United Nations in September,

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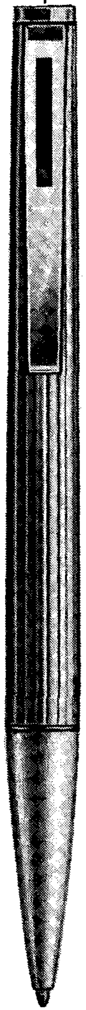

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quoted the observation of Keynes that "very few of us realize with conviction the intensely unusual, unstable, complicated, unreliable, temporary nature of the economic organization." Keynes wrote these words after the Versailles Peace Conference of 1919, in reference to "the economic organization by which Western Europe has lived for the last half century." He continued, "On this sandy and false foundation we scheme for social improvement and dress our political platforms, pursue our animosities and particular ambitions." At Versailles, "the decisions seemed charged with consequences to the future of human society; yet the air whispered that the word was not flesh, that it was futile, insignificant, of no effect, dissociated from events; and one felt most strongly the impression . . . of events marching on to their fated conclusion uninfluenced and unaffected by the cerebrations of Statesmen in Council." The politicians in Rome spoke often of the future of human society. They described their meeting in the most solemn terms, comparing the effort it represented to the reconstruction after war. They spoke of the food situation in 1945, and of American food aid to Europe in 1919. They intoned, with Kissinger, that hunger mocks our values and our dreams. But their deliberations often seemed as dissociated as the decisions that Keynes described—inconsonant with the crisis outside the conference, just as Kissinger's own words seemed to many people inconsonant with the real events of American policy and American food aid, and inconsonant, too, with the political explanation of the food situation set forth in the "Assessment," in hundreds of papers, and in thousands of conversations. The political events of the conference were curiously inconsequential as statesmen spoke of moral imperatives and of the free market. All through the twelve days of the conference, people looked back in recrimination at the agricultural policies of the past, at the failures of politicians of the past to understand the future consequences of their acts. But the statesmen in Rome at the time appeared as careless of the future as their predecessors of 1971, or of twenty years before. For many people, the issue of the conference was foresight in economic policy. Like the world before 1914 that Keynes described, the world food economy before the crisis was false and unreliable. Yet many of the politicians in Rome, it seemed, looked beyond the present crisis and saw an agricultural future much like the past, only richer, calmer, safer.

AT the conference, the short term was deferred to another report, another meeting. But the catastrophe that people feared in November did not come about. This spring, the new harvest is starting in most of the poorest countries, and millions of people have not starved. People are dying of starvation now in Somalia and Ethiopia, but not in multitudes on the streets of large Asian cities. At the time of the conference, the thirty-two poorest countries did not know where they would find seven million tons of grain out of the sixteen or so million tons that they needed to import; now they lack only a million and a half tons, although not all the balance of the sixteen million tons has yet been delivered. That these tons of grain were found came about, in part, because the United States and other rich countries did increase their shipments of food aid. In part, too, it came about because several of the countries most affected by the crisis bought grain on the world market, on commercial terms that they could ill afford. Of the sixteen million tons of grain, according to the Food and Agriculture Organization's estimates, a little more than nine and a half million tons will be supplied as commercial purchases and some five million tons as food aid. The Indian government alone spent almost a billion dollars to buy more than six million tons of grain commercially in the past year, most of it from American companies; this spring, the Department of Agriculture estimated that India has become the largest commercial customer for American wheat. Over the year, people in the poorest countries have eaten less than they needed—one and a half million tons less even if all the grain promised is actually delivered. But the scarcity was distributed among different countries—a few thousand tons too little to Somalia, for example—and among hundreds of millions of people, all eating a few pounds too little.

The drama of the seven million tons of grain is over and almost forgotten, because it is easier to remember death than sickness, and because people are dying only in distant desert countries. But the emergency has not ended with the prospect of one summer's harvest. This autumn, the governments of the poorest countries will again try to find the grain they need for 1976. The endeavor may be easier, because grain prices have fallen since last winter; i

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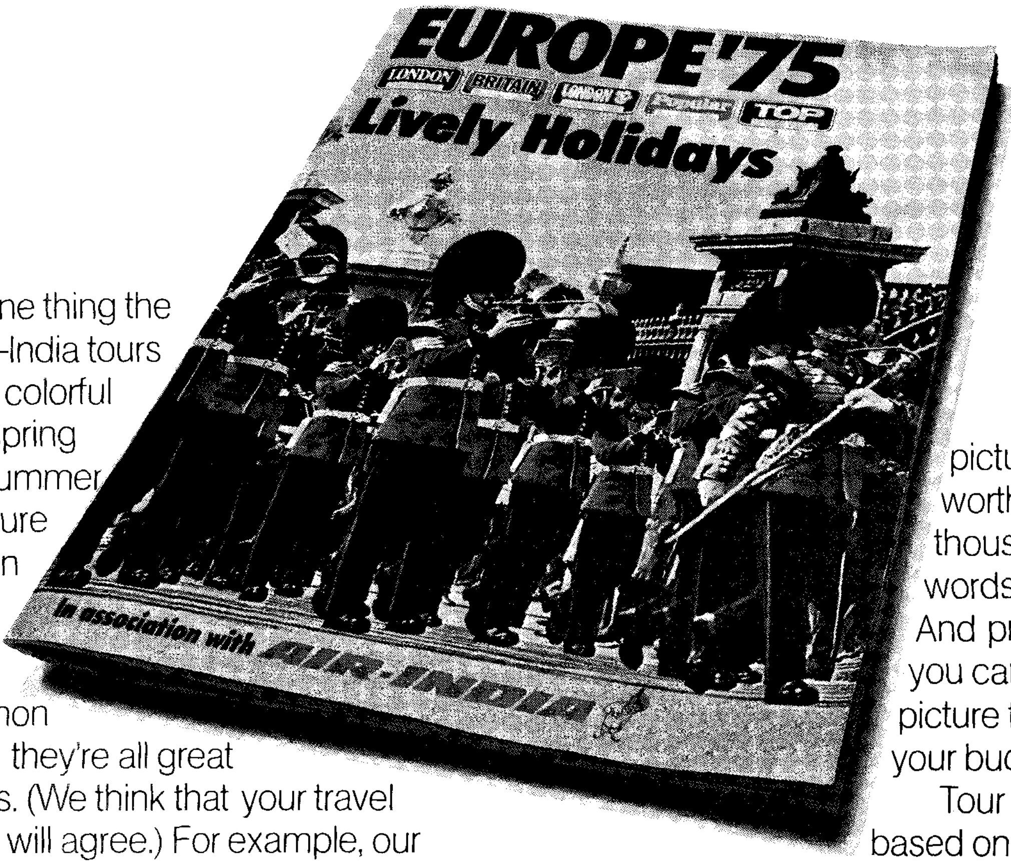

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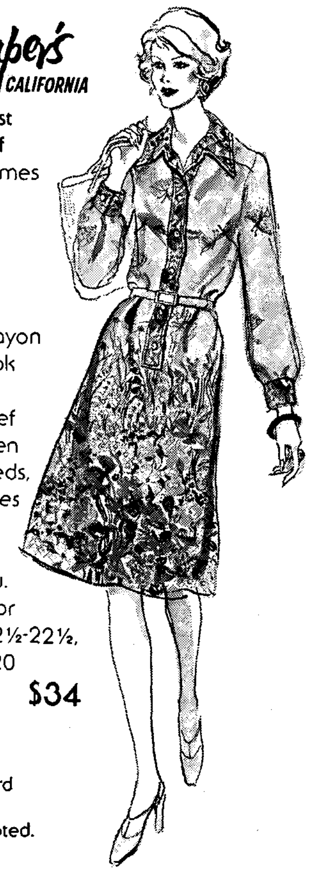

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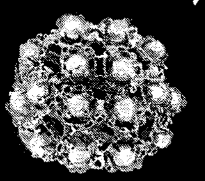

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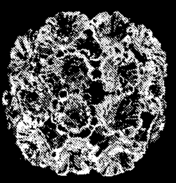

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may be more difficult, because there will be no World Food Conference of five thousand people to play out the moral drama of millions of tons of grain. For some of the countries, the situation may be worse than it was last year—above all for India, because it has already spent so much of its foreign exchange to buy grain commercially. The situation will be worse, too, because the hundreds of millions of people who ate less last year are weaker and nearer to death. In Bangladesh, the food that was promised after the conference is now beginning to arrive: four hundred and thirty-five thousand tons of grain as aid in April and May, according to estimates by United Nations officials in Dacca, compared with only sixty-five thousand tons in September and October, at the time of the famine. As the new food arrives, people are sick from the crisis of last autumn. In Washington recently, a government official showed a visitor a report by American doctors who had gone to Bangladesh in the winter of 1974, and who explained how many centimetres thinner the children were than a few months before, and how much more susceptible to the diseases of malnutrition. The World Health Organization reports a "sharp increase" this spring in the incidence of smallpox in Bangladesh; it explains that the increase was a consequence of the social disintegration that followed last year's emergency and "forced hundreds of thousands of people to roam the country in search of food and employment." In Bangladesh, finally, the government does not yet know where it will find all the grain it will need this autumn, in this year's "lean season."

For the poorest countries, the short term is dissolving into the long term. The rich nations at the World Food Conference agreed to provide ten million tons of food a year as aid to all the poor countries for the next three years. But they have not yet agreed about who will pay for this aid, or about where they will meet to argue about who will pay. The United States still has only the most confusing and arbitrary food-aid policy. The Ford Administration's decision in February to increase American food aid by some two million tons over the amount announced in the spring of 1974 was one of the most important factors in resolving the emergency of the seven million tons. But this decision was not part of a new policy. It was, rather, the consequence of unusual influences, including the unique influence of the

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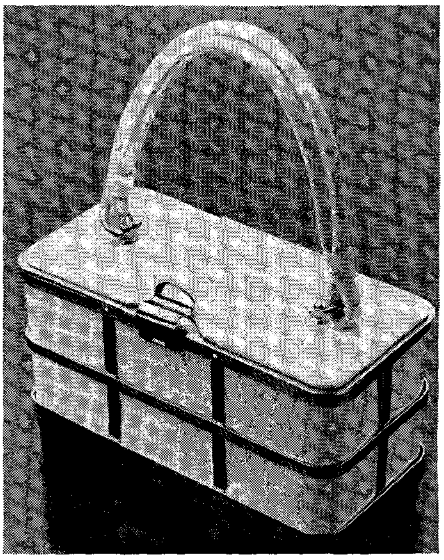

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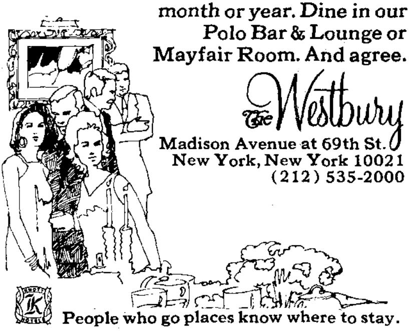

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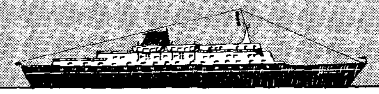

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World Food Conference itself. A few weeks after the conference ended, Congress added as an amendment to the Foreign Assistance Act of 1974 a requirement, designed by senators who had attended the conference in Rome, that seventy per cent of all American food aid in the 1975 fiscal year be sent to the nations that the United Nations considered most seriously affected by the economic crisis. In order both to comply with this amendment and to maintain the amounts of food aid promised to South Vietnam, South Korea, and other politically favored countries, the Ford Administration needed to increase its food aid to the poorer countries, and it did so. But the amendment covers only the 1975 fiscal year, which ends this June, and the Administration's budget for food aid in 1976 is lower than its food-aid budget for 1975. It is not even clear that all the food promised for 1975 will actually be delivered; this spring, one of the Senate assistants who helped to write the amendment said, hopefully, that "we're not getting much food aid into Cambodia and Vietnam, so we may shift some to India and Bangladesh," and some wheat shipped for Indo-China will be diverted to India. The basic questions about American food aid raised at the conference—about how food should be reserved for the hungriest countries and how it can be shipped without the delays that took place in 1974, and about the purpose of food aid, except as a means of surplus disposal—will be answered only slowly, in a series of further amendments and congressional hearings. Meanwhile, Secretary Butz was still considering, early in 1975, how to make the free market yet more free. The price of grain began to fall in the United States, and the Administration decided that it could ease the voluntary prior approval on grain exports that it had introduced in the crisis of the past summer. The decision to abandon these arrangements, Secretary Butz said in Washington, "reflects our commitment to an expanding export trade in U.S. farm commodities and returns the export trade in wheat and soybeans virtually to a free basis."

The other long-term reforms suggested at the World Food Conference are as uncertain as the reform of food aid. At the United Nations, the World Food Council and several of the other new institutions proposed at the conference were soon established, and the international organizations such as the General Assembly and the World Bank, many people believed, had acted

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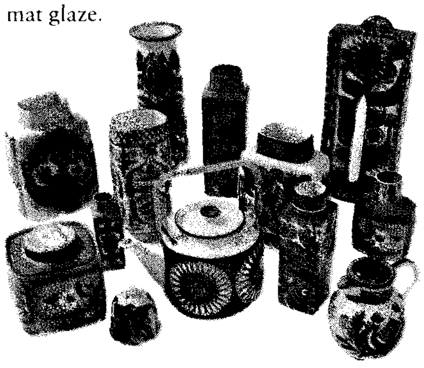

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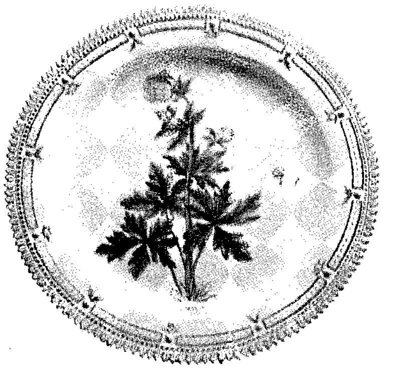

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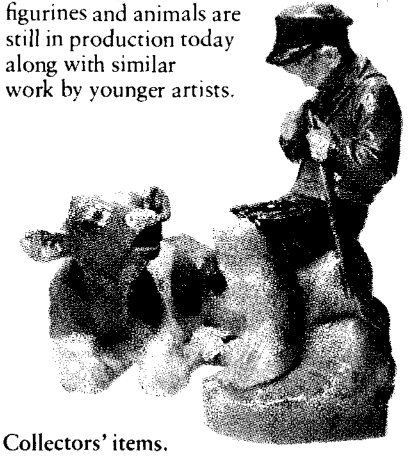

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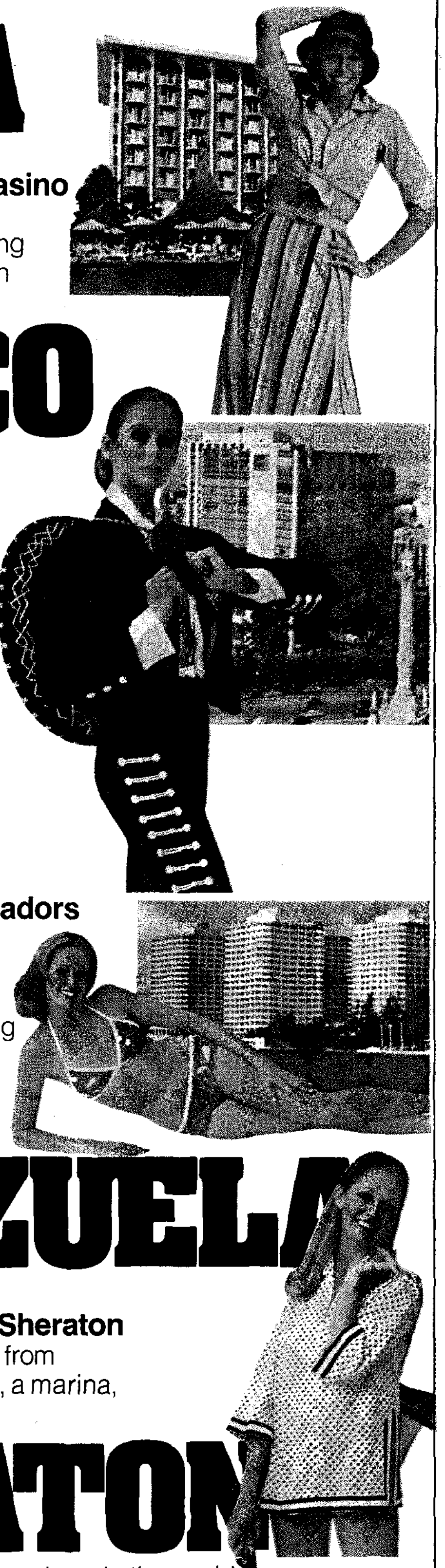


with surprising and heartening dispatch. Yet there was little change in the policies of governments toward grain reserves, for example, in the six months after the conference. There is no doubt that many developing countries now attach greater importance to agricultural development than they did a few years ago, and to attempting to become self-sufficient in grain. But the International Fund for Agricultural Development proposed in Rome by the oil-exporting countries is still a fund with pledges but without money; in the United States, Congress has reduced American foreign aid for agricultural development below the value suggested by Secretary Kissinger in Rome.

Many people look back at the World Food Conference, it seems, with the same feelings of dissociation—of optimism and doubt—that were expressed so often in the Palazzo dei Congressi. "It was effective from an institutional standpoint," Ambassador Martin said of the conference this spring, but he added that "on the substance, my impression is somewhat more negative." Martin retired from government service after the conference, and he now heads the new consultative group on agricultural production and investment at the World Bank. "We were equally optimistic this time last year," he said recently. He pointed out that with the fall in grain prices he saw "somewhat of a return to complacency in some quarters." This spring, as in the spring of 1974, American corn farmers have delayed their planting because of cold, wet weather; this fall, if corn is scarce, farmers will again buy more wheat to feed their animals.

The food situation in the poorest countries will still be dangerous in 1976. In the United States, too, the future is frightening. Farmers are anxious because grain prices are lower, and because, like farmers in all other countries, they are paying more to produce each ton of grain; they remember the nineteen-thirties, and fear that after a couple of good years they will be back in the old world of surplus and depression. No one doubts that there is disorder and uncertainty to come: that the agricultural crisis of the past few years, which brought danger and inflation and profit and despair, is not yet played out. —EMMA ROTHSCHILD

•

Often misspelled: Eclectric; observe the first "ec."—*W. L. Gordon's column in the Buffalo Courier-Express.*

It's indelibly engraved in our mind.

THE THEATRE

THIS CAN'T BE LOVE

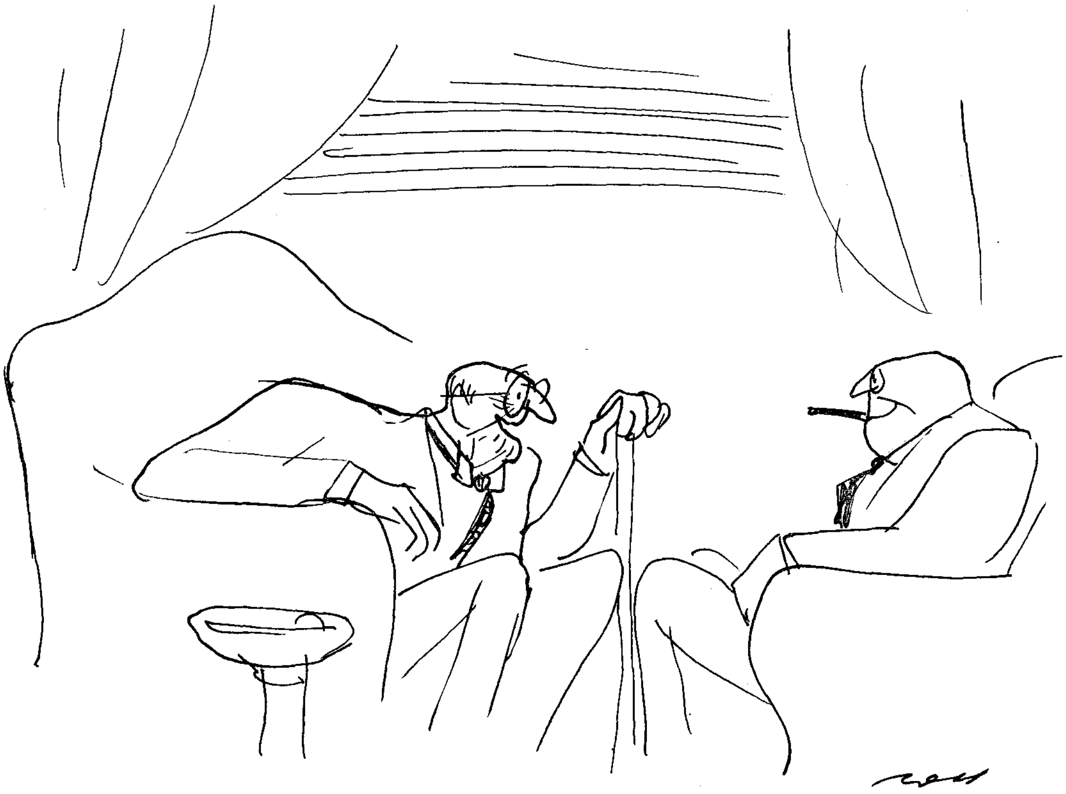
WE tend to think of miracles as providing pleasant consequences, but there are dark miracles that lead in the opposite direction, and it must have taken just such a dark one to pave the way for "Rodgers & Hart," a so-called "musical celebration" at the Helen Hayes. How can a production that contains samples of upward of *ninety* songs by Richard Rodgers and Lorenz Hart not prove enchanting? How can it have left me not merely unenchanted but in a state of yawning irritation and disbelief? One marvellous song after another, ranging over the years from 1925 to 1943—"Bewitched, Bothered, and Bewildered," "Falling in Love with Love," "I Could Write a Book," "My Heart Stood Still," "This Can't Be Love," and the like—is counted on to hold the audience's attention for a few moments and is then made to dissolve slickly away into the next, and it may be that the very relentlessness of this procession of instantly recognizable favorites is in part to blame for the show's failure. The audience becomes increasingly aware that it is in the presence not of a show at all but, rather, of a sort of oral catalogue, whose separate items we might ordinarily expect to hear linked by a repeated "And then we wrote . . . and then we wrote . . ." The director, Burt Shevelove, has spared us that grisly device, and I wish he had spared us a couple of dozen snippets of songs, charming as they are; I recommend to him Ortega y Gasset's remark on first seeing a pleated skirt: "The things that can be more and are contented to be less!"

The cast of "Rodgers & Hart" consists of twelve good-looking, well-scrubbed young men and women, who smile a lot, sing well, dance from time to time, and show off energy as if it were a talent, which it is not. Their costumes, by Stanley Simmons, are fatally wholesome and dowdy, in a sweater-and-skirt style that evokes not so much the Peck & Peck of the thirties as the penny-pinching of the seventies. The single set, by David Jenkins, offers little nourishment to the eye after the first fifteen seconds; it is simply, dully there, serving as a minor hazard to the choreography of Donald Saddler and as a surface off which Ken Billington is able to bounce a few colored lights. Rodgers and Hart, with their cunningly disguised misanthropy, were a far more interesting pair of collaborators than one would ever guess from the present production. How little those two loved the world that they filled with the word "love"! That would be a subject well worth examining, on a stage or off, and their stature is such that the closer the scrutiny, the more it would come to seem a celebration. —BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

The Outsider

THE production of Corinne Jacker's "Harry Outside" is as good as any I've ever seen Off Broadway—one in which script and performance are so well meshed that it is almost impossible to separate them. The play, which I first saw in an earlier version at a staged reading at the O'Neill Theatre Center, in Connecticut, is here being done by the Circle Repertory Company at their playhouse on Sheridan Square, under Marshall W. Mason's direction. The setting is "a civilized clearing in the woods." This civilized clearing is the back yard of an elderly and celebrated architect and city planner, named Harrison and called Harry, who, now that he is out of an insane asylum where he did a stretch for trying to kill his wife, absolutely refuses to go indoors. All buildings to him are "containers," and although he loved his profession—and still does—he cannot face being closed in. Harry is now at work on a housing project nearby, and his desk, piled with blueprints, stands at stage right in the fine outdoor setting by John Lee Beatty. There is a garden chaise longue on which he sleeps at night, and his much younger, devoted wife—herself at the edge of breakdown, because he is utterly incorrigible—brings food and drink out to him. And there are other ministering women: a potter who lives close by and who keeps telling us that she, too, has been in love with Harry for the past five years, although he could never be as important to her as her work; a lesbian weaver, given to long, glum stares and as much attracted to him as she can be to any man; and his



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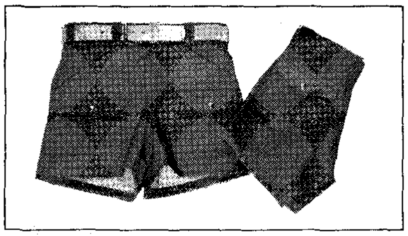

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daughter (by a former wife), who has been spending more and more time in New York at consciousness-raising sessions. Also on hand is the daughter's fiancé, a feckless youth piping away on a recorder, who has been spending *his* time, in the absence of his girl, sleeping alternately with the wife (in the absence of her husband) and with the potter. At the end of the second act, Harry tries in vain to persuade everyone to look at the project in the moonlight and then blows it up. The project is just another container. At the end of the play, the women leave Harry, having decided that their own concerns are as important as taking care of him.

This story, which never flags in interest, is told with a tongue-in-cheek salute to Chekhov along the way. There is an epigraph in the program: "'I'm longing to talk to someone, but there is no one to talk to.' Anton Chekhov." I assume the salute is tongue-in-cheek; it had better be—an audience in 1975 can hardly be expected to keep a straight face when Harry says, at the end or near it, "They've gone," as the stage clears of the other characters, or to accept yet another muffled suicide attempt (the fiancé, when jilted). In any event, the play is at its most effective when it is least Chekhovian—when the playwright depends on her own sympathy for eccentricity and frustration, and on her own wit. The characters are, God knows, an articulate bunch, talking (often to the empty air) of their dreams and hopes and defeats. They tell us far more than we need to know—the writing is too dense—but, although they never seem to quite break free of the author, they are never boring, either. The acting ranges from pretty good to absolutely first-rate. Harry's behavior is so impossible that he has to seem truly a genius, magnetic enough to justify all the attention lavished upon him by everybody around him. This Kevin McCarthy does, in the most accomplished performance I've ever seen him give, and Lois Smith's clear, luminous performance in the slightly less demanding role of the wife is a perfect match. The other actors, in their own characters and in their connections with one another, are believable, too, under Mr. Mason's magic touch.

—Edith Oliver

•

I hope the semester system is not being sought as a pancreas for all the ills of the quarter system.—*University of Tennessee Daily Beacon.*

Or so somebody can vent his spleen.

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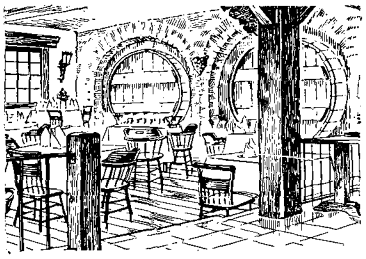

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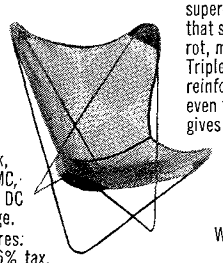

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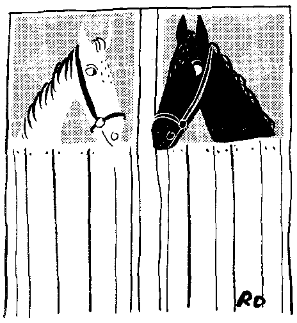
THE RACE TRACK

Master Race

MAY 19

THIS year's Preakness was just another example of the certainty of the uncertainty of racing. Master Derby, who was fourth in the Kentucky Derby, won the hundredth running of the celebrated old stakes at Baltimore last Saturday afternoon, finishing a length in front of Foolish Pleasure, the favorite, who had beaten him by more than six lengths at Churchill Downs. Diabolo, third in the Derby, was third again. It was a dramatic struggle, and the best horse of the day won fair and square, before a crowd of 75,216—the largest ever at Pimlico. Master Derby was away well and kept close to the pace until the turn for home, where he took the lead, and although he was tiring at the end, he had enough left to withstand the challenge of Foolish Pleasure. Watching the race on TV (your correspondent is still on the ailing list), I thought the objection lodged by Vasquez, who rode Foolish Pleasure and claimed he had been interfered with by the winner, was merely following the line of "claim everything and admit nothing." Needless to say, it was disallowed by the stewards. Though Master Derby drifted out and Foolish Pleasure bore in, as tired horses will, there was always plenty of daylight between them. Still, you can't blame a boy for trying.



As the ten three-year-olds, seven of whom ran in the Derby, paraded to the post, they didn't appear to like the group of singers giving out with "Maryland, My Maryland" any more than they had appreciated the band's "My Old Kentucky Home" at Churchill Downs a fortnight before. The runners all looked fit. Prince Thou Art showed a lively interest in things around him, and Singh was very much on his toes. As Eddie Blind, the well-dressed starter, impeccably turned out for the occasion, sent the field away, Native Guest, the sleek speedster from California, set off in front of Media, who was to wind up last, and Singh, who also soon ran out of speed. Master Derby was right there in the forefront, too, taking command when Native Guest called it a day. I can find no excuses for Foolish Pleasure except that he didn't dig into his work as he had in the Wood Memorial and the Derby. LeRoy Jolley, his trainer, blamed the track.

A lot of people were surprised that, though his form was first-class, Master Derby paid the longest odds ever in the race, coming through with a $48.80 mutuel. What these people didn't know is that Maryland horseplayers prefer to bet on horses they've seen run, and they had never seen Master Derby in action. Sired by Dust Commander, with whom the late Robert E. Lehmann won the 1970 Kentucky Derby, Master Derby is an attractive dark-chestnut colt with a wide stripe of white down his face. Few of the top-flight three-year-olds have had as much racing; the Preakness was his twenty-first start in two seasons, his ninth this year. Earlier on, he won the Louisiana Derby and the Blue Grass Stakes, and his earnings this season for Mrs. Lehmann's Golden Chance Farm total $299,316, which includes the $158,100 Preakness purse. After the Kentucky Derby, Smiley Adams, a Kentuckian, who trains him, was going to rest him up for the Jersey Derby, but it occurred to him that there hadn't been a muddy track for the Preakness in years, and on the off chance that there might be one this time he made the colt, who is a noted mudlark, a $10,000 supplementary entry. As it turned out, Master Derby didn't need a muddy track. Right now, he's going back to Kentucky for a rest; whether he will return here for the Belmont Stakes remains to be seen.

Pimlico had a big day. In addition to the record crowd, the mutuel handle for the race was $1,307,698—another record. (By the way, $3,103,879 was bet on the Preakness here in the OTB shops.) The weather was delightful, and from all accounts the crowd in the infield, which someone estimated at around thirty thousand, was well behaved. Anyhow, nobody threw empty beer cans at horses running in the big race, or waved T-shirts at them, as the boys and girls who paid ten dollars a head to get into the infield at Churchill Downs did on Derby

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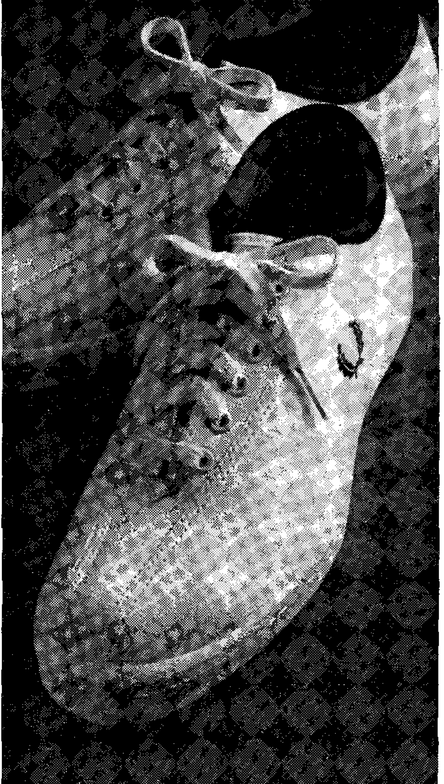

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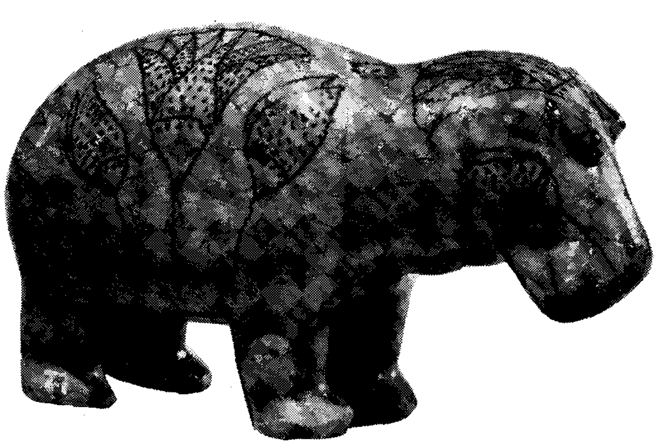

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Day. And CBS's broadcast of the Preakness was so much better than ABC's handling of the Derby that there is just no comparison.

EASILY my TV thriller of the week was the return of Forego, over Channel 9, which came right after the Preakness. Though he hadn't been under colors since he won the Widener Handicap at Hialeah last February 15th, and though he was carrying 134 pounds, giving from nine to twenty-one to the opposition, he won the Carter Handicap, at seven furlongs, for the second time at Aqueduct last Saturday. Forego, the Lazy F Ranch's big, rangy five-year-old double Eclipse Award winner, usually comes through with a breathtaking finish, because he begins so slowly. This time, he was eighth at the quarter and eighth at the half, but then he went into high gear in the last three-sixteenths to win by a head from Stop the Music, to whom he gave eleven pounds. Orders, to whom he gave twenty, was third. The fractional times were 0:22⅗, 0:44⅘, 1:09⅕, 1:21⅗. It's hard to say that this was his most spectacular performance—he has given us so many of them—but it had me on the edge of my chair, and I'm sure the crowd at the Big A was jumping up and down. Sherrill Ward, who trains him, deserves full marks for keeping the big fellow, who has had leg trouble, in such fine condition. More power to them both. Because Frank Wright was at Pimlico working with Jack Whitaker on CBS's broadcast, Elliott Burch, the trainer, took over as commentator for the Carter. Of course, Burch isn't as good at broadcasting as he has been at handling Paul Mellon's Rokeby horses, but it was a pleasure to listen to him. And wouldn't it be something if Forego won the Metropolitan, the Suburban, and the Brooklyn? —AUDAX MINOR

•

Chocolate bars have been shrinking while they've become more expensive, but consumers expect the quality of the raining chocolate to remain the same.—*The Times.*

It isn't raining chocolate, it's raining violets.

•

While some criticism of the unbridled expansion which has been indulged in by some bank holding companies is justified, our banking system "is much stranger than the press has indicated."...—*Long Island Press.*

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OUR LOCAL CORRESPONDENTS

HAUTE, HAUTE COUTURE

ON a night late last October, Diana Vreeland, for many years the fashion editor of *Harper's Bazaar*, for many years *the* editor of *Vogue*, now special consultant to the Metropolitan Museum's Costume Institute, and one of the few women in the world of fashion with interesting syntax, went to an evening party at the house of a friend. She wore black, as she often does, used her hands with a jaunty grace, as she often does, and sat on the bench of a grand piano. Three young men went to get her supper. She smoked a Lucky Strike. A young blond woman of delicate good looks came up to the piano bench and introduced herself. In the course of conversation, this young woman remarked that she had very much enjoyed the two shows ("The World of Balenciaga" and "Inventive Clothes/1909-39") that Mrs. Vreeland had put on at the Metropolitan, and that she was very much looking forward to a show of Hollywood design that Mrs. Vreeland was preparing. "The only thing I didn't like," the young blond woman said, "was the way the mannequins' heads were wrapped up in stockings, as though they were being smothered."

"But my *dear*," said Mrs. Vreeland, her voice achieving in the small room much of the effect that Sensurround does in movie theatres, "those wrapped heads are my *greatest achievement*." This interchange demonstrates, perhaps, the difference between a liberal-arts sensibility and a fashion sensibility.

FROM "Why Don't You?," Diana Vreeland's column in *Harper's Bazaar*, November, 1936:

Why Don't You—

Look up the new deep mauvish-pink rose which came out in Paris at the time of the devaluation, optimistically called "Better Times."

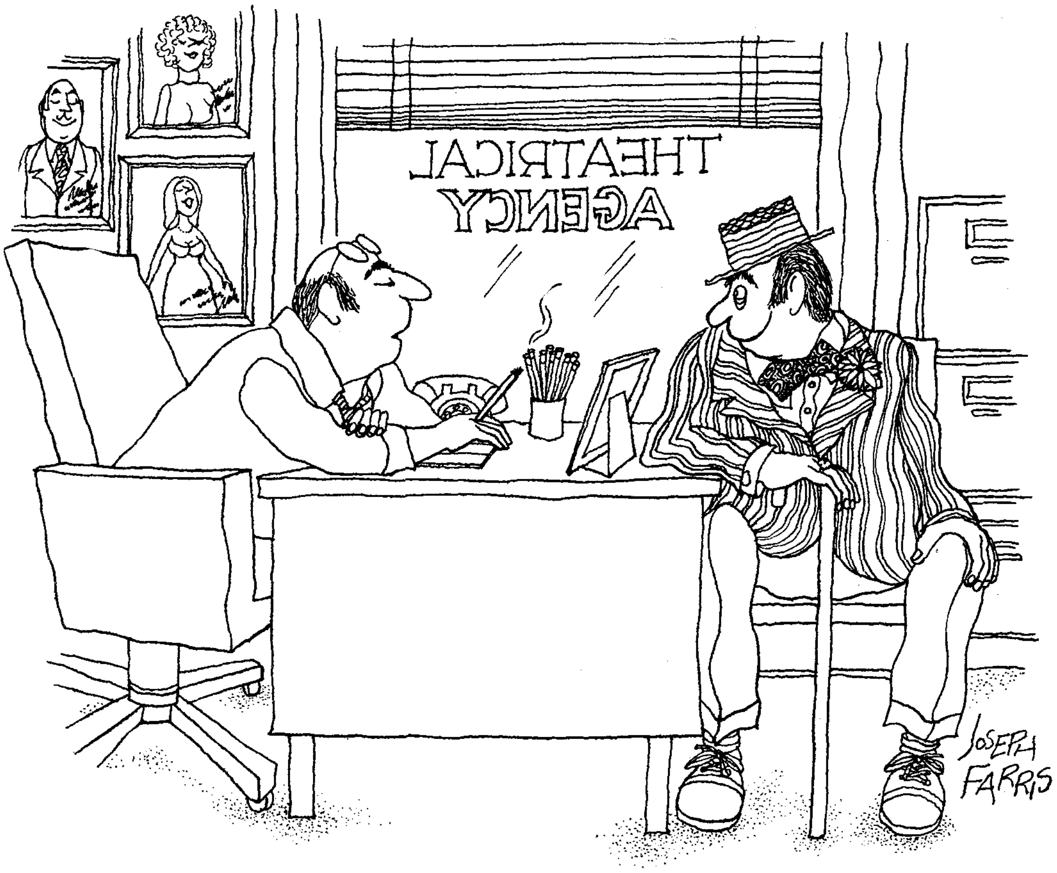
Consider for your beauty, the creams made by Brother Carolus of Salzburg, who is an apostle of the Apollonian Creed, which advocates bodily beauty as the first duty to God?

Dress for the theatre, you and your escort—think how much it means to others in the audience.

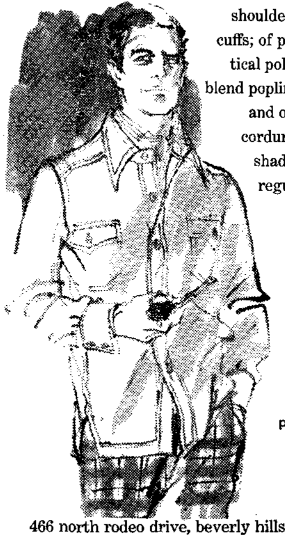
Use pineapples for decoration?

ABOUT three weeks before the opening of the current Metropolitan Museum exhibition "Romantic and Glamorous Hollywood Design," I paid a visit to Mrs. Vreeland in her Chinese-red office in the Met's basement. Mrs. Vreeland is a slight woman but not an inconspicuous one. Her face is long and expressive, her hair is a deep black such as you never saw on anyone else, and she combines in her manner the presence of, say, Beatrice Lillie with the authority of, say, the Dowager Empress of China. Mrs. Vreeland was born British in Paris. In 1924, she married T. Reed Vreeland, an American banker, who died in 1966. She began to contribute her column "Why Don't You?" to *Harper's Bazaar* in the mid-nineteen-thirties, and in 1937 she became *Bazaar's* fashion editor. In 1962, Mrs. Vreeland became editor-in-chief of *Vogue*. She sent Richard Avedon to photograph a white cashmere cape in the mountains of northern Japan, and things like that. In 1971, she left *Vogue* and signed on at the Met.

On the day of my visit, Mrs. Vreeland was wearing a pink shirt, a little Missoni knit vest, a calf-length black skirt, and ivory jewelry. She moved her hands with a jaunty grace. She sat behind a crowded desk, and she smoked a Lucky Strike. Her concerns on that day, she said, had to do with the condition of the costumes and the suitability of the mannequins. Although many of her most important costumes had not yet been completely renovated, she was confident, she said, that Miss Elizabeth Lawrence, the restorer for the Costume Institute, would do her work perfectly and deliver the costumes on time. Mrs. Vreeland professed to despair, however, over the suitability of the mannequins. "Really," she said. "I cannot *forgive* the mannequin-makers. Of course, these mannequins are for selling clothes in shopwindows—we understand that—but does anyone need ears that *stick out* to sell a dress? And from the hip to the knee—well, it's no glorification of the American woman, I can tell you that. It's a very short line. There's



"Just remember, kid. You can make all the people laugh some of the time, you can even make some of the people laugh all the time, but you can't make all of the people laugh all the time."



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no ecstasy! What to do! What to do! Well, *first* of all we knock off all the bosoms. All the ba-zooms go. We had a little Japanese carpenter with a tiny little saw—exquisite instrument—and he goes rat-a-tat . . . boom! Rat-a-tat . . . boom! I mean, he was doing fifteen ba-zooms a minute. Ba-zooms were falling. The guards were going absolutely dotty. And then we started to get a little bit more *line*."

Mrs. Vreeland called her secretary, Ferle Bramson ("I say, Ferle!"), who came in and gave Mrs. Vreeland a stack of papers relating to the sable for a Greta Garbo "Camille" dress. Ferle knocked over a mannequin head on Mrs. Vreeland's desk. "My *God*, Ferle," said Mrs. Vreeland, employing her Sensurround voice. "That's Jacqueline de Ribes. I mean, the way you throw these girls *around!*" Ferle recovered the head of the Countess de Ribes and set it up again on the desk.

Mrs. Vreeland discussed the "Hollywood Design" show. She said that the three most important designers represented were Adrian ("the great costumer"), Travis Banton, who dressed Marlene Dietrich, and Walter Plunkett, who did "Gone with the Wind." She said that Hollywood design showed great craftsmanship, great "allure," and great romance. She said that it had been very hard to get costumes for her show. She said that she had got important costumes from David Selznick's family, from Cecil B. De Mille's family, from the Fashion Institute of Technology, and from Mary Pickford. She said that she had tried to get clothes from New Orleans, because many of the costumes sold at the M-G-M and Twentieth Century-Fox costume auctions had ended up in New Orleans for use in the Mardi Gras. She said that she had found Mae Murray's costume from "The Merry Widow" in the Los Angeles County Museum of Natural History. "I'm there with the fossils and the God-knows-what, and this gentleman is showing me Mae Murray's dress, and he said, 'Would you like Mary Pickford's curls? We have Mary Pickford's curls.' And I said, 'Of course, *enchanté*'—and so we have Mary Pickford's curls." Mrs. Vreeland said that some studios had been coöperative and others had not been coöperative but that in either case they had very few costumes to offer. "I told them, 'You are doing to your industry what Watergate has done to this country,' " Mrs. Vreeland said. "I was scandalized. Simply shocked." Mrs. Vreeland did not say what others have said—that several important collectors

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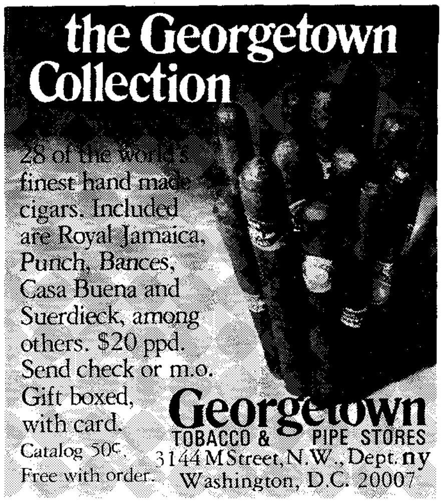

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of movie costumes on the West Coast refused to give her any help at all.

A SHORT time later, Mrs. Vreeland walked me through her show. The Costume Institute of the Metropolitan occupies a number of low-ceilinged rooms that were renovated in the late nineteen-sixties, by Edward Durell Stone, in a manner that the Costume Institute has found not completely useful. Mr. Stone's lighting system is not used; a fountain he put there has been covered up and a livelier, more theatrical effect sought after. For Mrs. Vreeland's shows, costumes are displayed more dramatically than Mr. Stone's plans allowed for. To light the costumes, Mrs. Vreeland relies on a talented man named LeMar Terry. Mr. Terry relies on light tracks. "We light the *costume*, don't you see," Mrs. Vreeland said. "Not the head." In the rooms of the institute that day, costumed mannequins stood about in various stages of incompletion. Some mannequins were in place on platforms; many were not. Extra mannequins and extra arms, legs, heads, and hands were drifting around. A number of young men (all of whom seemed to have cashmere sweaters tied about their necks) worked on the mannequins and suffered the critical looks of Mrs. Vreeland as she passed by.

In a room dominated by the costumes of Adrian, Mrs. Vreeland stretched her arms out toward an enormous velvet dress. It was a costume that Greta Garbo wore in "Romance."

"Garbo, Garbo!" said Mrs. Vreeland. "She has the *en plus* of *amoureuse, and* she has a little gray monkey with a scarlet hat and coat. *Oh!* How I have *worked* on that monkey's little *hat*. At first, it was a little red fez, which was absurd. Now it is a little red beret. I want it to look as if someone made it with love. I do not want it to look like F. A. O. Schwarz."

Mrs. Vreeland came to rest in front of another heavy-velvet costume by Adrian—done for Garbo in "Camille." She said, "*Perfection!* Perfection! Any place that is silk is the *purest* silk. The velvet is backed with the purest silk. And there is pure silk against the body that has nothing to do with the pure silk that's against the velvet. Do you know how much these costumes cost? Between four thousand and seven thousand dollars in the nineteen-*thirties*. I was in Paris in those days, and I was quite a dresser, you know, and you couldn't spend five hundred dollars in Paris for a dress. Hol-

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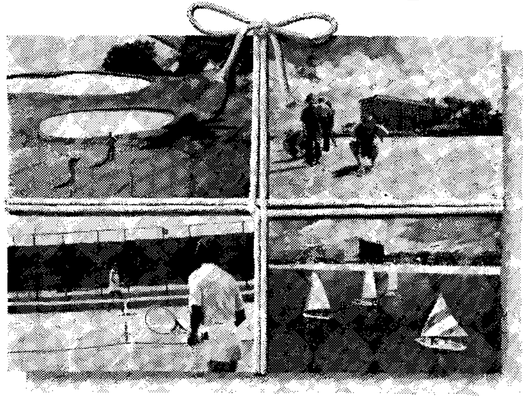

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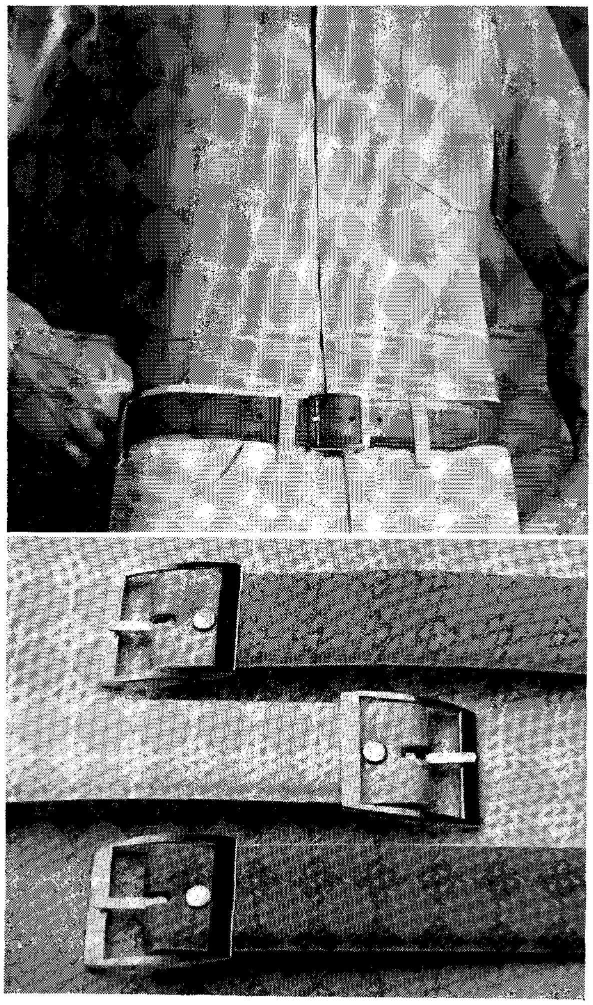

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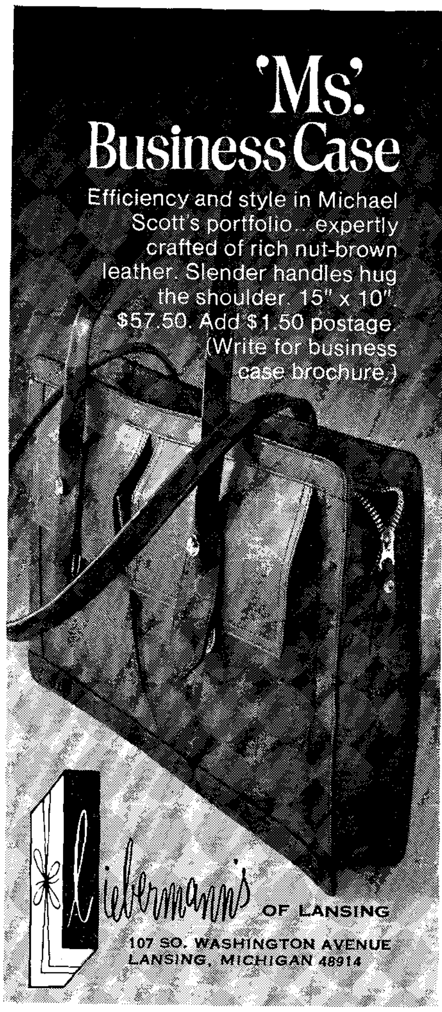
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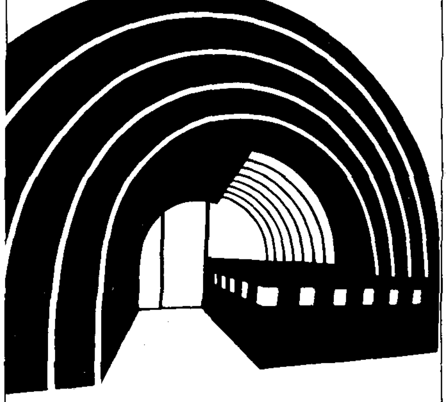
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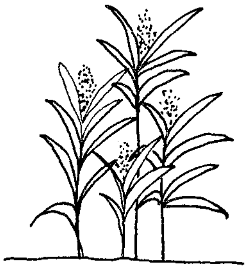
lywood had the most expensive couture in the world. This is *haute*, *haute couture*." A few long strides brought Mrs. Vreeland to a costume of Carole Lombard's. "Feel that," she said. "You could put the whole thing in your pocket. It's all cut on the bias, you see, and it's all delicious!" Mrs. Vreeland paused and looked critically at the Carole Lombard mannequin. "I've never seen an uglier lady in my life," she said ruefully.

Mrs. Vreeland swung into a higher gear and moved through the clothes of other famous film stars. "This is from 'Madame Satan,'" she said, pointing to a remarkable red cape embroidered with silver and gold. "She seduces her own husband at a party on a dirigible. This is from 'Samson and Delilah'—every peacock feather was picked by Mr. Cecil B. De Mille from his own peacocks. And here! This is 'The Merry Widow.' From the Natural History Museum. We have Hayworth and Dietrich! And Monroe! The last great *fantaisie*—Monroe on the pink elephant! That's the stuff to feed the troops!" Slowing down a bit, Mrs. Vreeland said, "So many ladies. You know, there is only one woman in history I would have cared to be, and that is Elizabeth the First. What a marvellous sense of trees and flowers! And the *ponies!* She had *ponies*, and their manes and tails were dyed the same color as her hair!"



ON the day "Romantic and Glamorous Hollywood Design" was to open—with a black-tie dinner at a hundred and fifty dollars a ticket, to be held in the museum's main restaurant, around the pool—I walked through the show with Mrs. Vreeland again. She wore a black pants suit with a red wool jersey scarf and wore even more ivory jewelry than she had worn before. All Mrs. Vreeland's mannequins were in place, and costumed, and all of them had stockings over their heads so they looked as though they were smothering. A few of Mrs. Vreeland's assistants, including a tall young black man named André Leon Talley, continued to work on the mannequins—rewrapping heads, and such. There was a woman with a Hoover Swingette vacuum cleaner and one with a Jiffy steamer (for removing wrinkles), and these two worked on the costumes as well. This caused some anxiety to Stuart Silver, who is administrator for design at the Metropolitan, and whose workmen wanted the mannequins to be finally in place, so that the lighting could be finally set and the base of each mannequin painted to blend with the platform on which it stood. This meant that as Mrs. Vreeland walked about the exhibit she was confronted with two sets of problems—problems arising from the last-minute troubles of André and her other assistants, and problems arising from the impatience of Mr. Silver to be through with his work. In addition, of course, Mrs. Vreeland discovered one or two problems of her own.

Mrs. Vreeland helped André place a tiara on "Madame Sans-Gêne," the heroine of a 1925 film starring Gloria Swanson. "Farther back on the brow, André," Mrs. Vreeland said. "The more imperial you are, the higher on the brow."

"I didn't know that," said André admiringly.

A young man walked by with a truncated mannequin wearing a gold lamé swimsuit. "Is she in or out, Mrs. V.?," the young man asked.

"This is Esther Williams," Mrs. Vreeland said. "I really would like to have her around. She means so much to so many. She's in."

Mr. Silver came up to Mrs. Vreeland. "Those people have to *leave*," he said, indicating the young men with the cashmere sweaters and the women with the cleaning equipment.

"Umm," said Mrs. Vreeland.

"I mean it," said Mr. Silver.

"Umm," said Mrs. Vreeland.

"You have to take my advice sometimes," said Mr. Silver.

"I will, I will," said Mrs. Vreeland. She paused for a moment. "You know," she said, turning again to Madame Sans-Gêne's tiara, "everything in the nineteenth century was around the neck or around the stomach or on the head. *Wrists* weren't as big in the nineteenth century as they are in the twentieth."

Mrs. Vreeland walked on. She came to two child mannequins wearing costumes from "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Mr. Silver was still at her side. "These are such *abnormal*-looking children," she said severely. "Why don't we huddle them together, the way children huddle when they are a little frightened?"

"Every time you move them, we have to relight them," Mr. Silver said.

"We won't move them, we'll simply *adjust* them," Mrs. Vreeland said. She did adjust them—so slightly that Mr. Silver did not complain. Through the power of suggestion, perhaps, the two child mannequins began to look as though they were huddling together out of fear. I wondered if perhaps huddling might become the vogue. ("Why don't you . . . in the first trying moments after dinner, huddle together as children do when they are a little frightened?") After the adjustment, Mrs. Vreeland abandoned the huddled children and crossed the room to another grouping of mannequins. "I hate those pearls," she said, pointing to one mannequin of this group. "André, who had the marvellous good taste to afflict that poor girl with those pearls?"

"I don't know, Mrs. Vreeland," André said. "They weren't there last night."

"It is *terrifying*, the things people do," Mrs. Vreeland said as André removed the pearls.

A MINUTE or two later, Mrs. Vreeland encountered Henri Langlois, head of the Cinémathèque Française, who, with a small entourage, was strolling through the show early, because he would not be attending the opening. M. Langlois was very admiring of the show, even though no clothes from his own considerable film-costume collection appeared in it. Mrs. Vreeland greeted M. Langlois in her Sensurround voice, and acknowledged his murmured praise of the show. "Oh, M. *Langlois*, from *you* it's such a compliment. You know how anxious I was to get hold of you *all summer*. By the time I got your letter, we had so *much* it was too late." Mrs. Vreeland showed M. Langlois the "Gone with the Wind" dresses and told him about the Selznicks' generosity. She showed him the De Mille dresses and told him how all the peacock feathers for the "Samson and Delilah" dress came from the De Mille estate. M. Langlois said, in a low voice, that he was impressed by the costumes Mrs. Vreeland had been able to get. "And, oh, it was so difficult," said Mrs. Vreeland, extending her arms in a gesture of despair. "You have no *idea*. People don't answer your *calls*. People don't answer your *telegrams*. People don't answer your *letters*. I am a very precise person. I answer every letter in twenty-four hours, but, of course, I can't expect other people . . ." Mrs. Vreeland's eyes wandered off, and her face assumed the troubled expression of a lookout who notices a menacing

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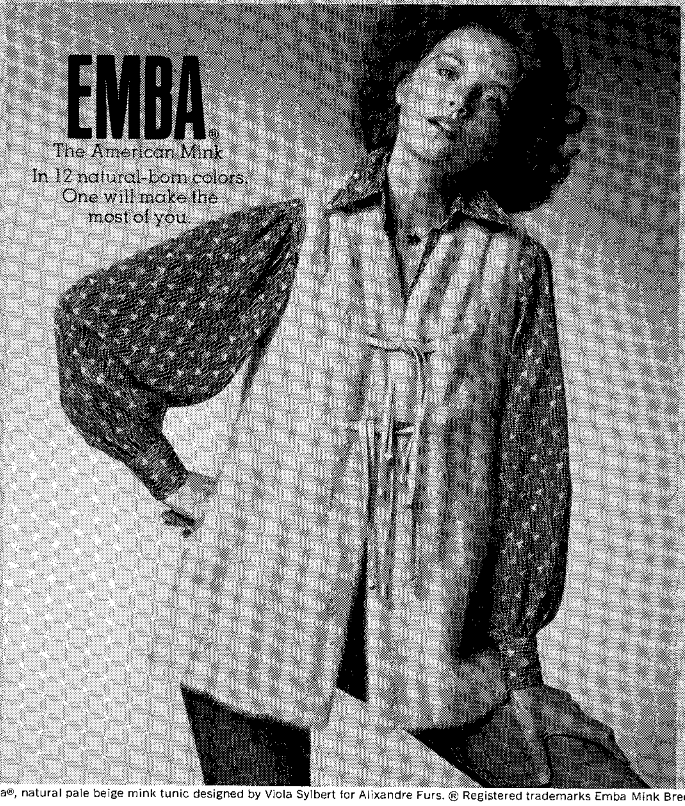
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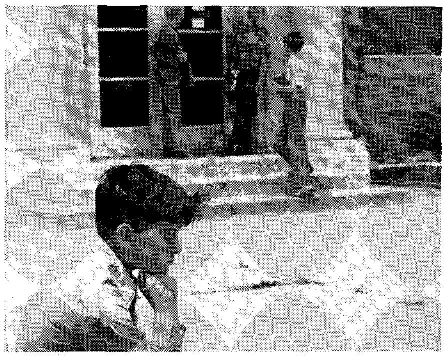

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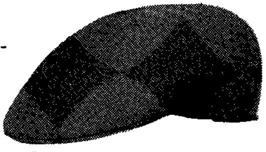

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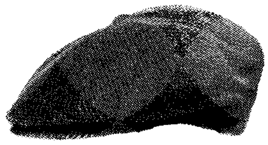

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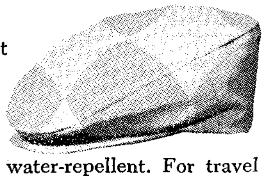

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configuration in the distance. "*André*, I say, *André*," she said. "We need blue paillettes around Marilyn's eyes. I want paillettes to *cover* her eyes."

After M. Langlois's departure (or retreat), Mrs. Vreeland addressed herself completely to the question of Marilyn Monroe's paillettes. She herself had brought some paillettes to her office, but they turned out not to be the right shade of blue. She remembered that an associate had had some of the right ones, but after the associate was found, it turned out that these had been samples and had been returned to the person who sent them. André appeared with a container of multicolored paillettes. "Umm," said Mrs. Vreeland. She suggested that André sit down and pick out all the tiny blue paillettes from the container of multicolored paillettes. André declined. "Very well, André," said Mrs. Vreeland. "But I intend to see Miss Monroe's paillettes through to the *bitter end*."

Mrs. Vreeland went up to Mr. Silver, whose men had, at last, a clear field to work in. "Ahhh, going well?" asked Mrs. Vreeland.

"Finally, yes," said Mr. Silver.

"Stuart works upstairs, in the more *refined* part of the museum," said Mrs. Vreeland, patting Mr. Silver on the back as she swept down the room. "But don't forget, boys, this is where the money is!"

"ONE-fifty. Brother. One-fifty apiece to come here tonight," Mrs. Vreeland said to me, back in her office. "And your friends are selling tickets all over town. It has to be the *most terrifying thing*. But do you know that four hundred thousand people came to see the last show? Just under four hundred thousand? In the basement of the Metropolitan Museum? You've got to say it's quite something, what? Do you know it turns out that quality is irresistible? The thing that is lacking, as we all know, is the avant-garde. I think the avant-garde could have to do with quality. Anyway, you have to encourage people. I put Cher as a white Indian in the show. It's a showstopper. People say, 'But that's television!' I say look at the title of the show. It's Hollywood design—not just Hollywood film design. You have to *encourage* people. The grand tradition never really dies. It's like money. If you don't have it, someone else does." Mrs. Vreeland began to review the costumes of Lillian Gish that were to appear in the show. She called Ferle. "I say, Ferle! Now what d'we

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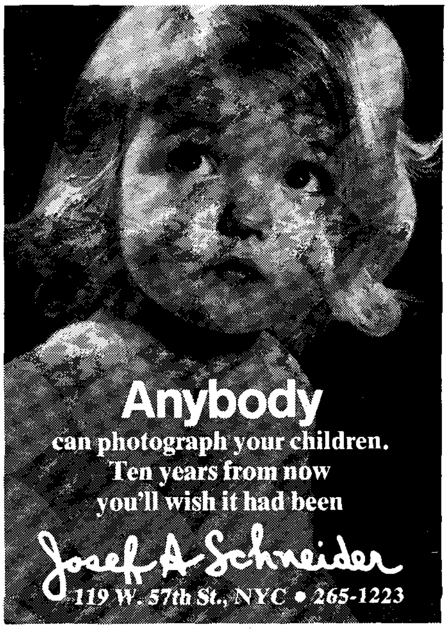

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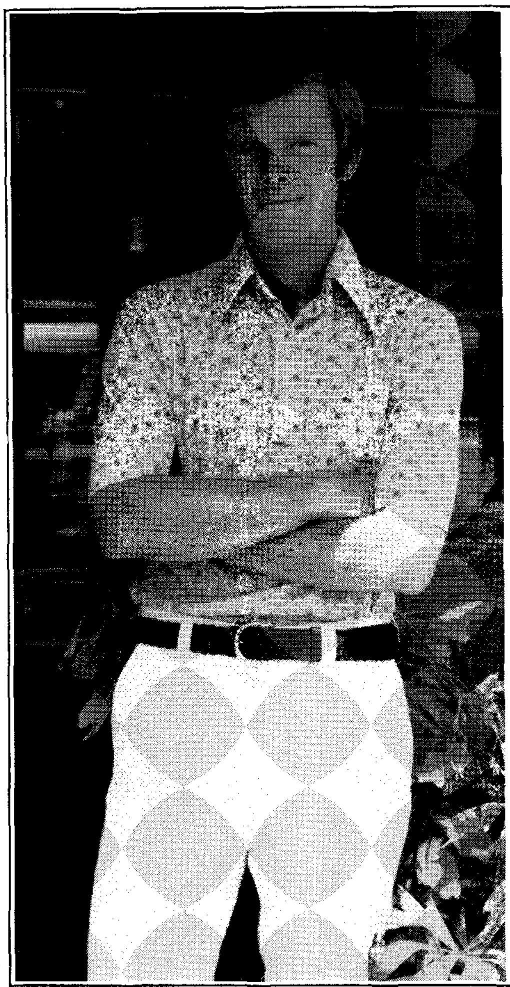
have? We've got Lillian Gish in 'Romola.' What besides 'Romola'? It's not 'Broken Blossoms.' "

" 'Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall'?" Ferle ventured.

"Listen, Ferle. You're fired. Dismissed. That's Mary Pickford. Ferle, you're *out*. Go to Hollywood. You'd be big in Hollywood. That's the way they talk in Hollywood. They don't know a bloody thing."

MRS. VREELAND is the only woman in New York who would have a secretary named Ferle and an assistant named André. (These employees might more properly be called "I-Say-Ferle" and "I-Say-André," since this is how they are regularly addressed.) She is a master of the art of mock dismissal and other aspects of boss-lady psychodrama. Mrs. Vreeland has authority: not the simple authority of genius but a more eclectic sort, pieced together out of random bits (social, artistic, theatrical) that have fallen to her over a long career. She understands how the social mechanism works as it applies to fashion, and, more important, she can nearly always lay her hands on the fuel to make it go. In an era when fashionable people have pretended not to care about fashion, she stands out. Since the late sixties, fashionable people have walked around parties (even their own) like ghosts. People have given "simple" parties "for friends," and have pretended to ignore the complicated social machinery chugging away in their rooms. Mrs. Vreeland is, as she says, a very precise person, and she ignores nothing. If a bit of social machinery isn't working right, or if a hem is drooping, she fixes it. With Mrs. Vreeland to look after the machinery, other people have a good time. Mrs. Vreeland's parties at the Metropolitan are successful—more successful than any other large public entertainments in New York. She gets them to turn out. She gets them to pay for it (there are almost no complimentary tickets to Mrs. Vreeland's benefits), and she gets them to like it. They liked the party this year, again. And they liked the show.

On the night of the opening, I walked through the show with André. He took me to see Lana Turner's costume from "The Prodigal." It was largely metal. "I had to do this with pliers," André said. "You know about Mary Pickford's curls? Mrs. V. had a fit because they weren't put on right. She is the only one I want to work for. From now on, I work only for Mrs. V. Have you seen the Judy Gar-



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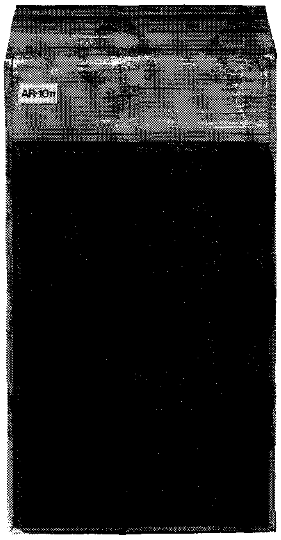

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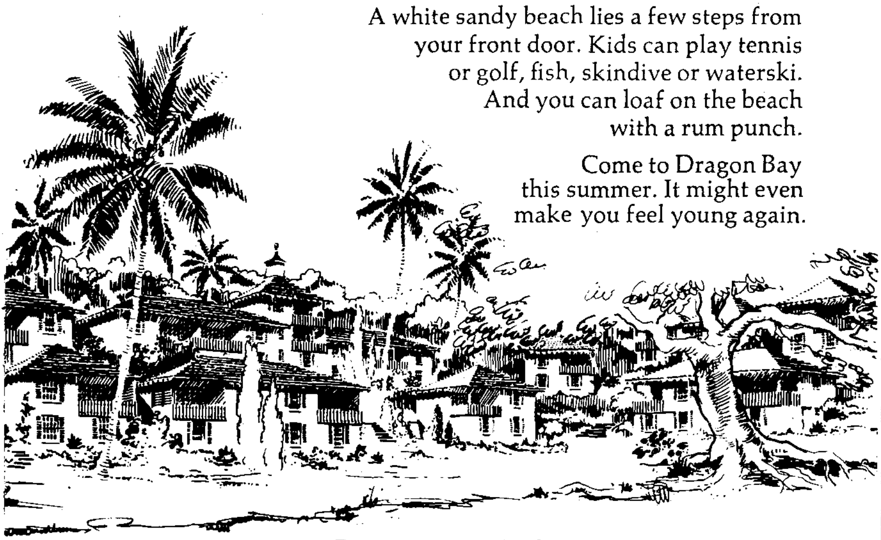

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land? Mrs. V. told me, 'André, put a trunk in front of Judy Garland and put the initials J.G. on it.' That is typical of Mrs. V. We wanted to put a topknot on Greer Garson, and she said *no*—it would be more elegant with French braids. And it *is* more elegant with French braids. I finally got the paillettes for Marilyn Monroe. I had to go to Elizabeth Arden. I must say, it is a very deft effect."

AND through the show one last time, this time with the public. The show is a hit. All kinds of people go to see it. They recognize the names, and they like to see luxury so brashly presented. Occasionally, one can spot an exposed mannequin joint, and the program is a little ratty, but otherwise the show does fine justice to the fantasy it echoes. People exclaim over the velvet and the sequins, and they have fun. The best Hollywood people knew how to make audiences like what they were seeing—even when they were seeing situations, in Atlanta or *ancien-régime* France, in which they themselves would not have been at all at home. Mrs. Vreeland has the same gift. The message of her shows at the Metropolitan (which, it seems to me, have had more influence on the attitude of New Yorkers toward fashion than the last thirty-six issues of any fashion magazine) appears to be "It's Good! It's Better! It's Best! It's a million miles away! But it's all yours! Come and get it!" On my way around the show, I encountered a young girl who was telling a young man with her what she liked best. She stopped in front of a mannequin wearing a black velvet dress by Adrian. "I like this one because she's rich and she shows it," the girl said.

—GEORGE W. S. TROW

•

During the last three years dozens of companies have jumped into the calculator field. At one point last year, close to 90 million American and Japanese companies were producing and marketing their own brand-name calculators.—*Eugene (Ore.) Register-Guard.*

It got so there wasn't anything left that needed adding.

•

As I see it, Franklin Roosevelt expressed it pretty good when he made his famous quote "of the people, by the people, and for the people."—*Mayor Preston Wood, of Bridge City, in the Port Arthur (Texas) News.*

That was in that fireside chat that ended in a chimney fire.

DANCING

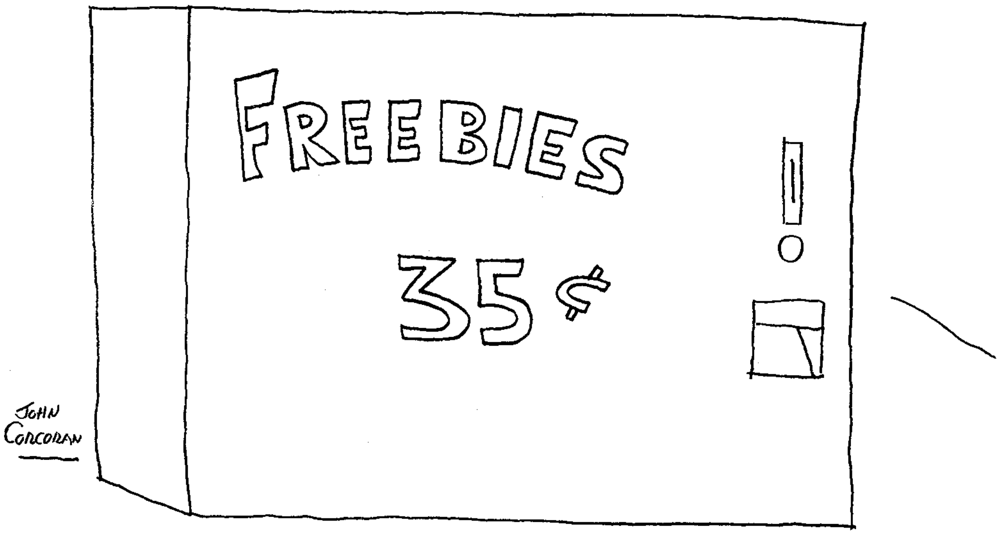
The Bolshoi Smiles, Sort Of

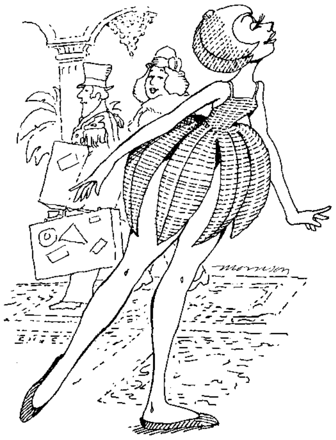
THE Bolshoi has reserved till last the best of its new productions. "The Sleeping Beauty" is an attempt to recapture the pomp of the golden nineties, and in a broad way it succeeds. The efforts at period accuracy are often convincing, the characters and their setting are firmly established, the drama misses none of its main points, the action flows easily and in proper scale to the music. At moments, it casts a real theatre spell. One such moment occurs in the Garland Waltz when, on the first notes of the music, the stage is opened to its furthest depth and immediately filled by a great mass of young people rushing down a staircase. Lines of children, tinily conscientious, thread on tiptoe through the ranks. This is the first climax of the evening and the first real sensation of the whole Bolshoi season. As the music slows and softens, spreading its plush rococo fancy, small Italian cupids implicitly take wing, fanning the bland and happy scene. Another perfect memento of the nineties is the corps in the Vision scene, high-stepping across the stage with latticed arms or doubling itself in rows of reverberant images that rebound on one another like facing mirrors. In the adagio, the corps is used both as Aurora's court and as a metaphor for the thick-woven forest in which she sleeps—a conceit that expands poetically on the similar set of dances that has also come down to us as Petipa's invention in the third act of "Don Quixote." Part of the opulence the Bolshoi achieves in these effects comes from the sheer numbers of people it puts on the stage—pages and footmen and maids of honor and violinists in livery. The children are recruits from American dancing schools; the dryads are the Bolshoi's own vigorous, even-toned corps de ballet, selected from the world's largest pool of dancers and still one of the dance theatre's greater treasures. But what happens to Bolshoi dancers when they leave the corps or the various schools that feed the company, and start to rise? What accounts for the absence of new life in a company that two years ago, to judge from the appearances here of the Bolshoi Dance Academy, seemed on the verge of self-renewal? In "The Sleeping Beauty" the Bolshoi has a hit it can't dance.

The luxury of the grand manner is beyond the company as it is now constituted. The energy it once possessed in character and demi-caractère dancing has paled. Classical technique of the calibre demanded by the great variations of the Prologue and Act III is in short supply at principal-soloist level; below that, it's nonexistent. The young corps is steadier, more truly on pitch, than the women who dance as fairies or ladies-in-waiting; as the Lilac Fairy's retinue or as Aurora's in the Vision scene, these anonymous long-limbed girls throw off hints of animation and style which aren't fulfilled in the dancing of their seniors. But as soon as one sees how good they are—quicker and more alive than in any of the season's other productions—one sees how far they have to go. They haven't been coached in the style of the piece; no one has. It's a question whether "The Sleeping Beauty" can be danced within the limitations of Bolshoi technique, which stresses big jumps at the expense of brilliance in turns and pointwork. But in the third-act entry for the court and its guests nobody even knew how to dance the polonaise. (Remember the "Ivan Susanin" polonaise this company used to do?)

Yuri Grigorovich has staged the ballet in the sense of having graphed and rehearsed its externals; he has left much of it undirected for content, and this is as true of the mime scenes, the processions, and the tableaux as it is of the dancing. His details tend to be production details—touches like having the four cavaliers of the first act pluck their roses from the flower baskets of the corps girls, or having Carabosse enter hunkered down in a phaeton drawn by rats and exit (in the next act) through a trap in the floor. But since the cavaliers aren't characterized, the casting of Boris Akimov, Alexander Bogatyrev, Maris Liepa, and Mikhail Lavrovsky is a mystery and a waste. Carabosse is played *en travestie*—another production plus; but Vladimir Levashev gives every indication of having worked out his role himself. His mime declamations are rendered in a thrashing monotone, without the modulations good direction might have elicited. Later, *bad* direction makes him completely illegible in a pointless downstage scene in which he's lifted and carried from place to place by his attendants while the orchestra describes the Prince's approach to the castle. Although the two confront one another as Tchaikovsky and Petipa arranged, the Lilac Fairy never gets to make her counter-prophecy to Carabosse. The hunt dances are given without mood or comment—and without the symbolic game of blindman's buff—although the peasants in their farandole are caricatured. Why should peasants here be any more foolish than they are in "Giselle"?

Like all productions, this one has its own little anomalies and peculiarities. Grigorovich's interpolations include a solo for the Prince on arrival; in fact, he vaults on like Superman to his entrance music, which, unlike Aurora's entrance music, does not change into dance music. Male stars are always suing for equal time in the classics—it's their nature. And it's the nature of audiences to love what critics deplore. Vladimir Vasiliev was so loved on his entrance that even though he contributed nothing to the ballet at that moment but his own presence and a string of his most overwhelming steps, it was a *great* moment. And it was reprised—steps and all—to the music of the Prince's declaration following the Vision scene. For no obvious reason, since the steps are mostly unchanged, Aurora's variation in this scene is danced to the music of the Gold Fairy, taken





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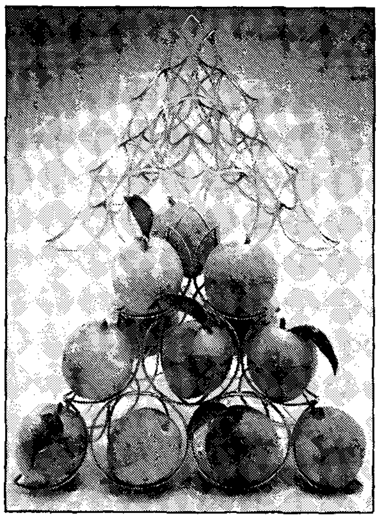
from Act III. The rest of the suite of which the Gold Fairy was a part is arranged for a Silver trio with one Diamond soloist. The variations are the familiar ones, badly danced. The Panorama is staged after the manner of the original production: the Prince and the Lilac Fairy get into a boat that remains motionless as a scrim painted with leaves and branches moves sideways across the stage. Karsavina has described the original Panorama, at the Maryinsky, as a thing of marvels; along with the unrolling landscape, such sights as hunters and hounds frozen in mid-hunt were carried past on a moving track in the stage floor. The current Bolshoi version doesn't even impart the illusion of movement. It might have done so if we weren't able to see the bottom of the boat sitting on the stage and if the designer had placed another moving scrim behind the boat. But Simon Virsaladze's scenic ideas are tepid to the point of cynicism. Virsaladze's work is also inconsistent—like everything else about the Bolshoi. His smudgy washes strewn with glitter, which are probably meant to look rakish and modern, don't go with his quite conventional storybook costumes.

At the first performance, the Aurora was Nina Sorokina, a small woman with a large heavy head, splayed extensions, smeared footwork, and a manner both uncertain and strident. The Bluebird was the egregious Yuri Vladimirov, exhibiting his scowl, his slump, his twisted line, and his bad stage manners. It's hard to understand how one company, let alone one ballet, can house such performers and also such exquisite classical stylists as Ludmila Semenyaka and Vyacheslav Gordeyev. Semenyaka, the Bluebird Princess on the first night, danced Aurora on the next, opposite Gordeyev's Désiré. Semenyaka's effortless, snowflake dancing emanates from what seem plural centers of strength, so evenly distributed as to be almost invisible. At times, one sees a flash or a wink at a nodal point. In the Rose Adagio, where the melody repeats over a dotted rhythm, the ripple of her legs as she circled in place was a constant vibration all the way up and down, guided from the thigh. Such an impalpable style is not only un-Bolshoi, it's anti-Bolshoi; Semenyaka is in fact Kirov-trained.

Gordeyev reminds me of Martha Graham's phrase "divine normal." He has strength, virile beauty, perfection of style, and also the gift of appearing utterly genuine on the stage—not frozen into a picture. Classical dancing is a language he speaks naturally and with



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astonishing poetic flair. He can assemble elements of classical syntax in new and surprising formations, as when his passé leg in a multiple pirouette sweeps through rond de jambe en l'air into the opening battement of a series of grands jetés en tournant. And those jumps are thrillingly strong, not only in the forward battement but in the feathery freedom of the back leg. Another typical Gordeyev multiple-pirouette sequence (he commonly does five or six) evolves through développé into rond de jambe to end in a huge, still arabesque penchée. Bolshoi technique has always seemed to me much more handsome for men than for women—more developed, too. But not until Gordeyev has it seemed a sensitive style. Gordeyev is the only great classical dancer I know who uses his exceptional feats to disclose himself to his audience. When he shows us unsuspected relationships between steps, it's as if he were revealing a private discovery, a new treasure from the world of his imagination. For his role in "The Sleeping Beauty," the révérence in low fondu he finds to punctuate his third-act solo is perfectly in keeping with his character and with the style of the ballet. And while in the air he does new things with his arms—transverse sweeps that I can't recall except for their excitement and pertinence. Some dancers say, "I'm the show." Gordeyev says quietly, "I show."

IT was sad to see so many empty seats during the Dance Theatre of Harlem's three-week season at the Uris, especially when the two weeks of preview performances had filled the theatre with enthusiastic audiences. Some of those jubilant previews had been matinées for schoolchildren, but two of them were evening performances for which cut-rate tickets were available, and though tickets sold for as little as two dollars during the regular season, not enough people seemed to have heard about it. Adding to this failure of publicity was the unlucky timing of the season. With a considerable portion of its repertory drawn from the New York City Ballet, the company was playing opposite the New York City Ballet as well as the Bolshoi, and also opposite another black dance company—Alvin Ailey's. The uptown audiences that had attended in force during the previews didn't keep coming, and the intellectual-balletomane circuit, which could have provided some warmth, didn't annex the company. The D.T.H. is in a difficult transitional period—well out of its mis-

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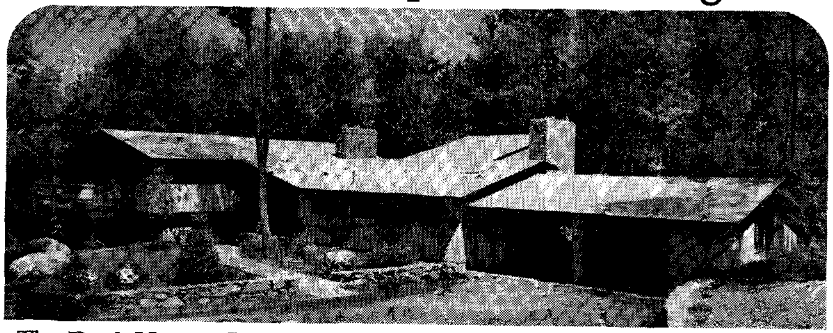

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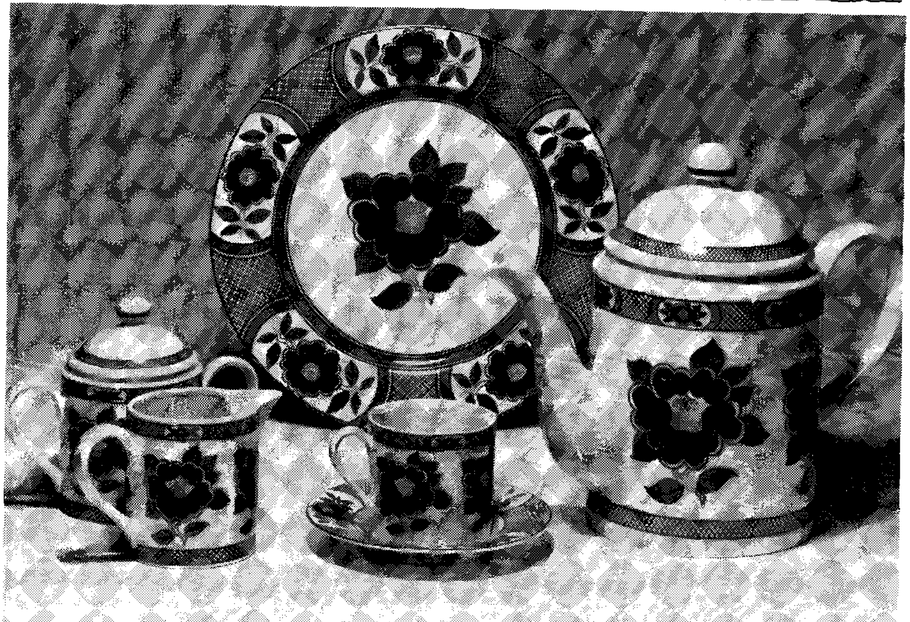

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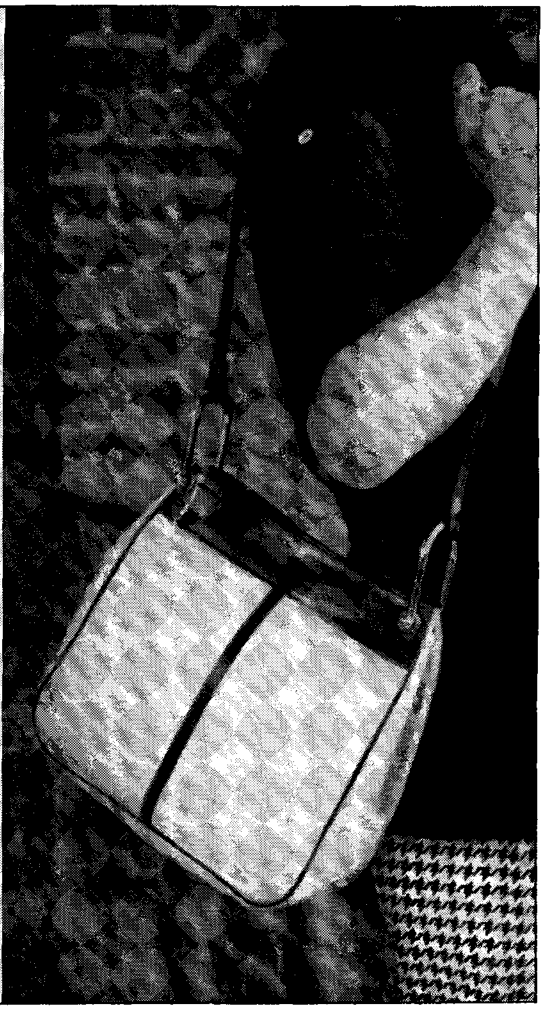

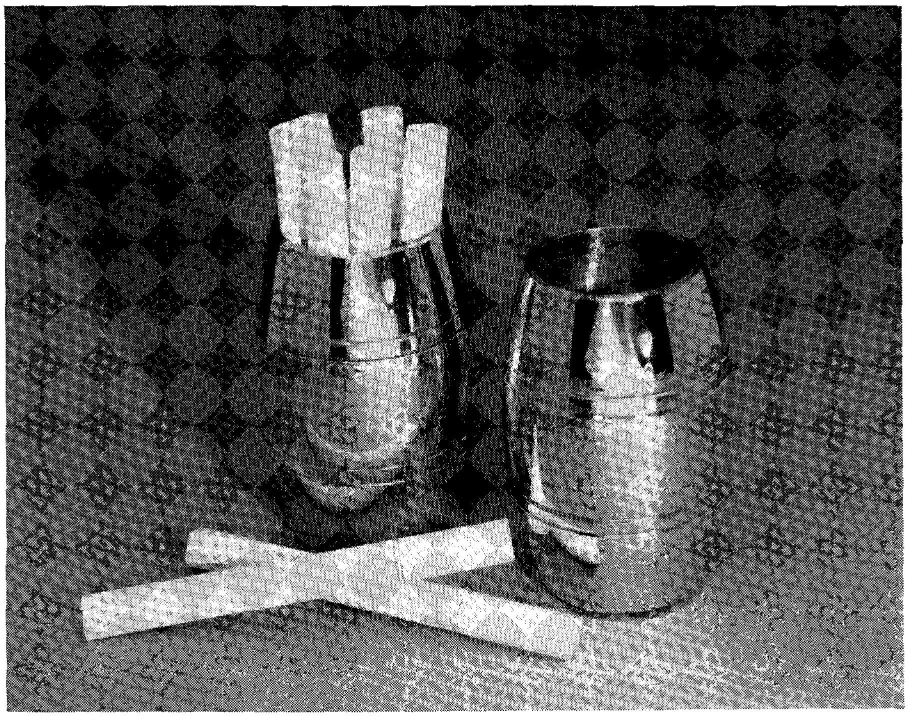

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sionary phase as a ghetto experiment and yet not quite into the big time. The meagre publicity it does get monotonously emphasizes what the company is long past proving—that black dancers have a talent for classical ballet and black audiences an appetite for it. But in the Uris season the company didn't succeed in capturing the larger claim it is entitled to as an exciting young company with something to show the general public that buys ballet tickets.

Probably the company won't win this audience until it has the right vehicles to give it a distinctive image. I should hate to see that image overlap more than it already has with that of the New York City Ballet. Although in most of its N.Y.C.B.-derived works the company gives fresh and powerful performances—its "Agon" is now a total triumph and its version of Robbins' "Afternoon of a Faun," with Lydia Abarca and Ronald Perry, is the best I've seen anywhere in years—there are dangers in continuing to mount works that are more or less definitively performed at the State Theatre. I enjoyed the new production of "Allegro Brillante" as much as I always enjoy good performances of this marvellous, headlong piece; the small ensemble, cast way up with the top soloists, sparkled. But Abarca isn't the allegro technician the ballerina role needs, and the restaged opening, which has the curtain rising early on an onstage pianist and the dancers running on in pairs, isn't as effective as a curtain rising on a ballet already in motion. It might be more fun and more of a box-office draw if the company were to present works that the New York City Ballet no longer does—Balanchine's "Bourrée Fantasque" or "Pas de Dix," Robbins' "Fanfare," Lew Christensen's "Filling Station."

"After Corinth," a new ballet by company member Walter Raines, strikes me as the wrong sort of addition to the repertory, too. A Medea piece dealing murkily with black magic and vengeance, it was done Graham-style. I wish they'd done it Haiti-style.

—ARLENE CROCE

•

ELECTRIC KNIFE MISSING—An electric knife kept in the kitchen closet for use by the Bloodmobile hostesses is missing. If anyone knows where it has been placed it would be helpful if they would contact either Agnes Roscoe or the Church office. It was last discovered missing at the last visit of the Bloodmobile on February 10th.—*Bulletin of the First Baptist Church, Malden, Mass.*

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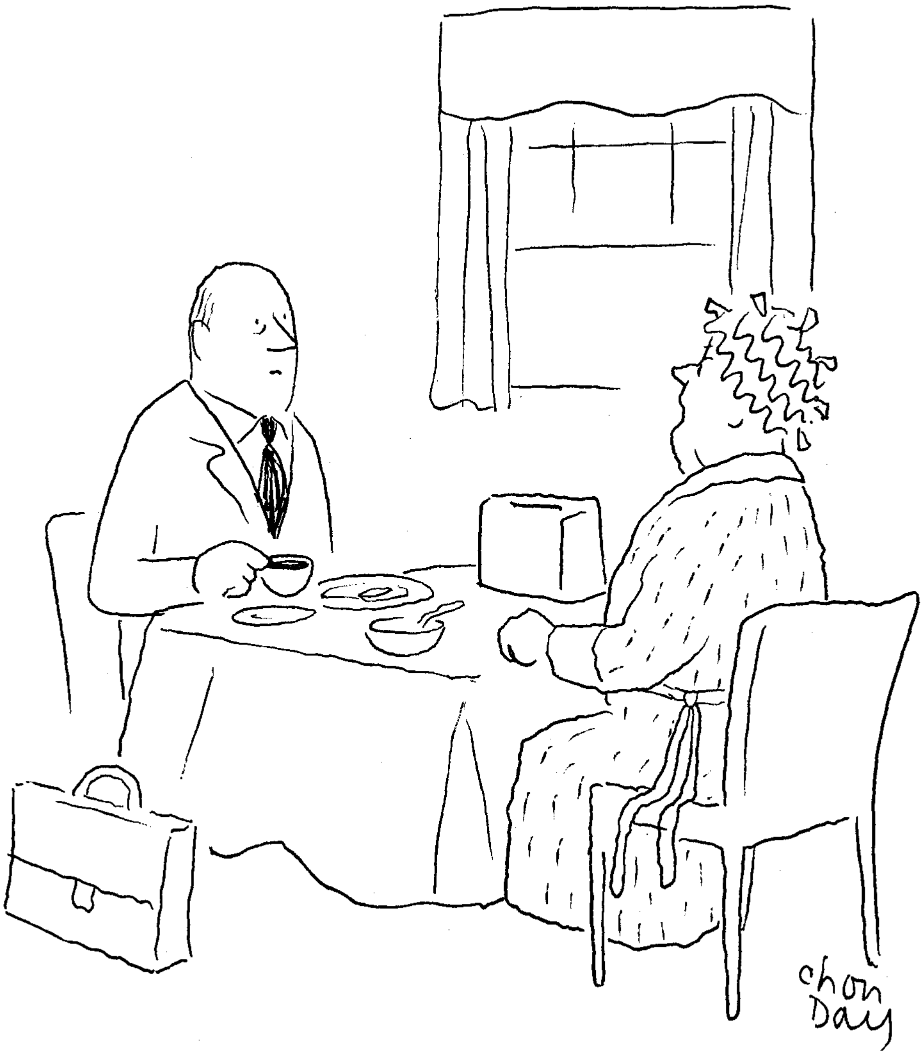
AROUND CITY HALL

REVIVAL TIME

FOR over a decade now, while one President or another has urged Americans to put one national disaster or another behind them and turn their attention to the problems of a new day—"our focus on the future," as Gerald Ford described it earlier this month—they have continued to be transfixed much of the time by the past, their heads periodically spinning with the latest revelations about grassy knolls, classified Pentagon seminars, ill-fitting red wigs, eighteen-and-a-half-minute gaps, and secret commitments to prolonged war with honor. Sometimes this looking backward while at the same time trying to keep up with the developments of the day makes it hard for Americans—or, at any rate, for New Yorkers—to believe what they see with their own eyes in the morning paper. On the day after the fall of Saigon to the Communists, the local *News*, reviewing the American era in Vietnam, wrote, "The majority did not remain silent. At first . . . most Americans accepted the increasing U.S. involvement in the war, if not heartily backing it. Before long, voices—most of them young voices at first—were heard in the streets saying: 'No, no, no, no . . .' And by the late 60s, the voices were loud enough and strong enough to drive a President out of the White House. And finally, perhaps, to drive [the] U.S. out of Vietnam." Could this be the same *News* that had commended President Nixon five years earlier for calling peace protesters "bums" and had run on its editorial page Spiro Agnew's prescription for how to deal with student protesters? (He recommended that citizens imagine the protesters to be wearing the brown shirts of Adolf Hitler's Storm Troopers or the white sheets of the Ku Klux Klan "and act accordingly.") The Agnew guest editorial appeared on May 5, 1970, the morning after the killing of four students at Kent State during a demonstration against the Cambodian invasion.

The Bicentennial may have come along at just the right time. Despite the dogged revisionism of some Colonial-period historians, it seems likely that during the coming months many Americans—grateful for a temporary respite from the confusion and cynicism with which they are now looking back on much of the nation's recent history—will cling to the version of Revolutionary times that they learned from their grammar-school readers in more innocent days. If they should occasionally seem overeager to seize upon parallels between something that is bothering them today and the stirring events of two hundred years ago, it will at any rate be a change from the phrase "another Watergate."

"The signal was 'One if by land, two if by sea.' We now have to add another signal—'three if by air.' Today, we have many Paul Reveres here to warn us of this latest British invasion, this time accompanied by the French. We hope the results will be the same." The speaker, Joseph R. Lewis, president of the Metro-Suburban Aircraft Noise Association, was addressing two hundred concerned citizens gathered on April 18th at a Federal Aviation Administration hearing in Flushing to protest a proposed F.A.A. ruling that would permit the landing of British-French supersonic Concorde planes at nearby John F. Kennedy Airport. Nobody jeered from the back row that Paul Revere had never reached his destination on that eighteenth of April two hundred years earlier or that the colonists lost the battle with the British at Lexington, and the speaker got a big hand for comparing the Queens householders, up in arms against a threatened increase in noise levels, with American colonists just before Lexington and Concord. President Ford flew that evening to Massachusetts, where he, too, got a big hand at Boston's Old North Church with a speech that celebrated the firing of the shot heard round the world and urged his listeners to return to America's "abiding principles"—not saying, of course, who had so led them astray that Massachusetts was the only state to vote against the Republican Presidential candidate in 1972. There are indications that before this trip Mr. Ford had not fully grasped the political advantages of the Bicentennial. (In this he may have differed from his predecessor. During James Reston's history-making interview with Chou En-lai in August, 1971, the Premier of the People's Republic of China suggested that President Nixon was not forward-looking, but Reston assured



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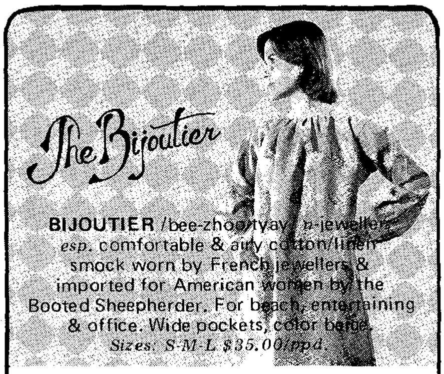

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him that this was not the case. Richard Nixon's great ambition, Reston explained—he did not say on what evidence—was to be President during the celebration of the two-hundredth anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence, and that was why it was so important to him to be reëlected in 1972. This does not mean that if there had been no impending Bicentennial there would have been no Watergate.) Since President Ford's appearance in Boston last month was a solid hit, the chances are that every week or so from now until July 4, 1976—which will be just a few months before another important 1976 event, the next Presidential election—Ford's schedule will include an appearance commemorating some happening of two hundred years earlier which will provide a useful and perhaps widely televised lesson for his constituents today.

OF course, politicians don't have to go back as far as the eighteenth century to find historical parallels for present-day issues, although the leaders of different parties inevitably tend to find such lessons in different chapters of the history books. Among members of the Republican Administration in Washington, the favorite period now is clearly the late nineteen-forties, when another President got himself returned to office by blaming nearly everything that was wrong with the country on an obstructionist Congress controlled by the opposing party. The "resolution" of Harry Truman, whose bust Ford has had moved into the Oval Office, was cited in the President's April State of the World Message in support of the Ford demand that Congress provide more military aid for Saigon. A few days later, the President, in the audience at the Washington première of "Give 'Em Hell, Harry!," the actor James Whitmore's one-man show in honor of Truman, was seen applauding vigorously as Whitmore quoted Truman's remark that China couldn't be saved from Communism because "Chiang Kai-shek's troops couldn't fight their way out of a Hong Kong whorehouse." Some of Ford's fellow-Republicans may have felt that this was rather overdoing the Presidential identification with Truman, since another reason the late nineteen-forties are believed to be attractive to the G.O.P. is that in 1949 the Republicans began to get valuable political mileage out of blaming the Democrats for losing China. A few days before the President's trip to the theatre last month, Vice-

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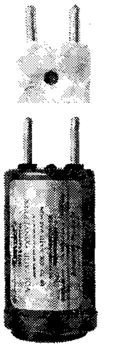

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President Rockefeller, on his way to represent Ford at Chiang Kai-shek's funeral, had told reporters that an updated version of this issue, charging the Democratic Congress with responsibility for betraying the strong fighting spirit of our Vietnamese allies by not sending enough military supplies, could well be useful to his party in 1976.

In Albany and at City Hall, where the Democrats are in charge of things, the decade that the politicians seem far more anxious to remind the voters of is the nineteen-thirties—an era the Republicans would, naturally, rather forget, since it was a time when they were getting the full blame for what was then forthrightly called a depression. Hardly a news story about New York's current fiscal troubles has come out of City Hall in the last months which hasn't described them as the worst since the financial crisis during Fiorello LaGuardia's first term, and the recent announcement that the local unemployment rate had hit eleven and a half per cent noted that it was the highest since Depression years. Mayor Beame presumably doesn't mind having attention called to such dismal precedents, since the high unemployment rate of forty years ago eventually brought the city sizable assistance from Washington, and there is consolation in knowing that New York pulled through the crisis of the thirties despite predictions of its imminent demise—predictions that are being heard again today. Nor is there any political disadvantage to a New York mayor's being likened in almost any connection to Fiorello LaGuardia, who was not only a noted giant killer but was identified by his name as a member of an ethnic group that is increasingly powerful in local politics. In this city, where only a tiny percentage of the residents are likely to have had ancestors in the American colonies two hundred years ago, the big civic event on the most recent eighteenth of April, while Paul Revere's ride was being celebrated elsewhere, was the transformation of City Hall Plaza into a replica of an Italian piazza, in honor of Italian Culture Week, with Beame, the city's first Jewish mayor, draped in a vast red-white-and-green sash and addressing the crowd as "My fellow-Italians." Two days later, the Mayor took a large party of Italians, official visitors and homegrown city councilmen and state legislators, on a boat trip to the Narrows to celebrate the four-hundred-and-fifty-first anniversary of the sighting of New York Harbor by Verrazano—a bit of non-Wasp one-upmanship, perhaps.

UP in Albany, the new home of Hugh Carey, who is the first Democrat to be elected governor of the state in twenty years (the last such victory, that of Averell Harriman, in 1954, was followed by four successive elections won by Nelson Rockefeller), the hero most often mentioned is another thirties figure. During his campaign last fall, Carey frequently told crowds that he was running "in the tradition of Franklin Roosevelt," and his victory was credited in many quarters to his having successfully appealed to the old F.D.R. coalition of liberal intellectuals, the poor, and the blue-collar vote. Even before Carey was elected, he brashly referred to his first months in office as "the hundred days"—another evocation of the F.D.R. era. ("It's the first hundred days when you make your record. I don't buy this honeymoon stuff.") Since the end of his first hundred days, Carey has often been reminded that his record in that length of time was not at all impressive compared to that of President Roosevelt in 1933. Many of these critiques noted that F.D.R. was the last governor of New York (and, indeed, the last governor of any state) to reach the White House, and that reference often prompted a discussion of Carey's prospects for that office. In fact, Carey has lately tried to give the impression of a modest man trying to cool such talk. ("You're asking someone who is currently undergoing a test of his capacity to lead a state if I can lead the fifty states, and I wouldn't want to speculate on that.") His qualifications for higher office got a big boost last month from the Washington *Post* columnist Joseph Alsop, who described him as "potentially the hottest political property" he had spotted since another Irish-Catholic politician, John F. Kennedy (a replica of whose PT-boat tie clasp Carey often wears). The columnist wrote admiringly of what he described as the plan of Carey's advisers to have the Governor lie low next year while the other candidates cut each other up in the primaries, after which their man, whom Alsop described as resembling "a tough, intelligent, and humorous Irish cop," would step in and claim the nomination. ("Too little ambition leads to slackness and sloth," Alsop wrote. "A politician with controlled ambition . . . never ceases to press forward but does

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so quietly, calmly, purposefully until the hour comes for the big push.") Alsop's plot line is understandably not popular with the several other candidates, formal and informal, for the Democratic Presidential nomination in 1976, who have been turning up frequently in New York, the home not only of a significant bloc of Democratic voters but of considerable Democratic money. The welcome that local politicians have so far extended to such visitors as Representative Morris Udall, Senator Lloyd Bentsen, and former Senator Fred Harris has been noticeably restrained. This may have something to do with the fact that the New York State Democratic chairman, Patrick Cunningham, who is also Bronx County chairman, got his job last December at the instigation of Carey. So far, it doesn't appear that Cunningham has been of much more help to these Presidential hopefuls than he was to former Westchester Representative Ogden Reid when Reid was spending three-quarters of a million dollars trying to win the 1974 Democratic nomination for governor. "I'd like to get to know Bronx Democrats. How do I go about seeing them?" Reid is reported to have asked Cunningham at one point. "You take the Willis Avenue Bridge," Cunningham told him.

The major reason that Hugh Carey wasn't piling up points for himself during his first months in office which would look well on the future résumé of a candidate for the 1976 Democratic Presidential ticket was that he was busy most of that time with rescue and mopping-up operations involving problems left over from a past Albany administration: that of a man who most Americans outside of Reagan country assume will be on the 1976 Republican ticket—Nelson Rockefeller. The first emergency appropriation that the new Governor had to ask the Legislature for in January after he delivered his State of the State Message, with its call for a new austerity ("The days of wine and roses are over"), was eighty-eight million dollars to cover cost overruns on construction contracts for Rockefeller's ninety-eight-and-a-half-acre Albany mall—a cluster of state office buildings known officially as the Empire State Plaza and unofficially as Rocky's Billion Dollar Misunderstanding, in honor of its probable total cost by the time it is completed. (So that there would be no need to wait for the full effect, the mall's Norway maples were planted not as saplings but as full-grown trees, or, as someone is supposed to have said of a similar arrangement Moss Hart made for his country house, "the sort of thing God would have done if He'd had money.") "Mean structures breed small vision," Rockefeller told the crowd at the unfinished mall's dedication, which was hastily scheduled in November, 1973, shortly before he resigned the governorship in favor of Lieutenant Governor Malcolm Wilson—the man Carey defeated in last fall's election. On the same occasion, Rockefeller described the mall as representing values that "lift us above the scurrying ant heap of those absorbed only in survival." The second emergency appropriation that Carey had to ask the Legislature for in January was for another immense Rockefeller enterprise, the state Urban Development Corporation—a temporary tide-over loan of a hundred and seventy-eight million dollars. ("I'm here to get the hangover. Somebody else has been drinking champagne," Carey later told reporters.) The U.D.C. was a quasi-public corporation set up in April, 1968, to provide housing in a state where private enterprise was no longer building enough to fill the great need. By the time Carey took office, six years and eight months later, the U.D.C. had contracted to build thirty-three thousand housing units, about half of which were completed, but, as a result of a combination of unforeseen problems, including a moratorium on dispersing federal housing funds, generally deteriorating economic conditions, and what appears to have been some bad management, it was more than a billion dollars in debt, was unable to get a loan from any bank, and was twelve days away from bankruptcy. This disastrous situation had been kept a Party secret by Republican state officials during most of Malcolm Wilson's campaign for the governorship, and, according to Carey, he had no inkling until twelve days before he took office that the U.D.C. was virtually bankrupt. The banks' denial of further loans to the corporation was based on the fact that the corporation's bonds were backed not by "the full faith and credit" of the state (an obligation that New York's voters had twice rejected for such projects) but by the state's "moral obligation," and since this concept had never been tested, no one knew what it meant in terms of investors' getting their money back. A general conviction that the U.D.C. (whose original goals were in fact commendable) had been a fishy operation from the start was not shaken by the revelation that the "moral obligation" ruse

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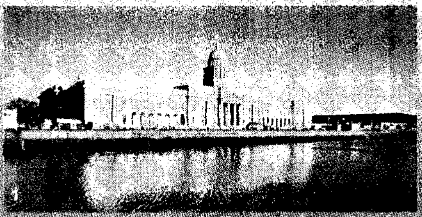
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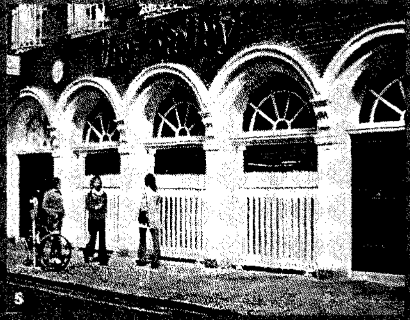
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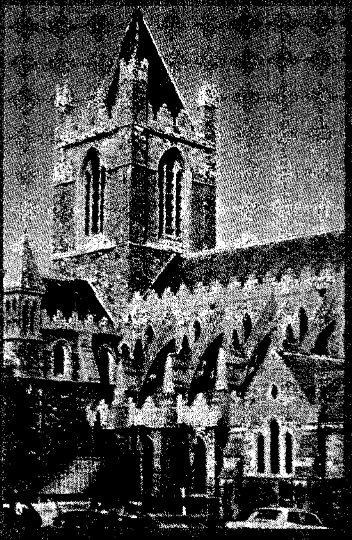
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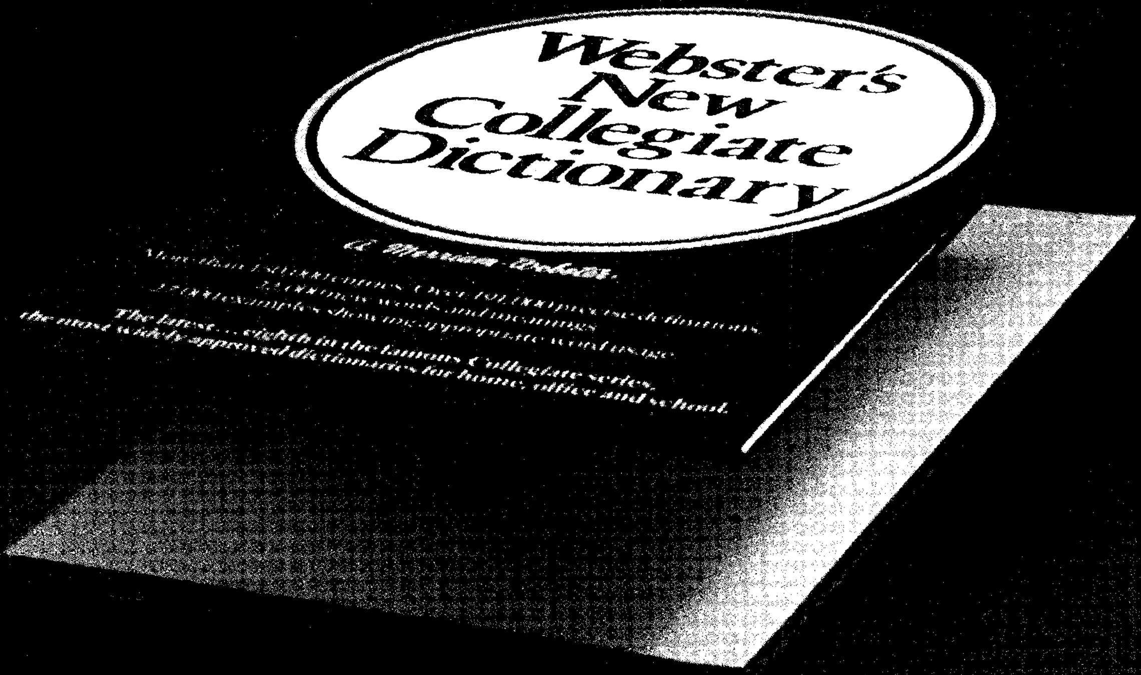

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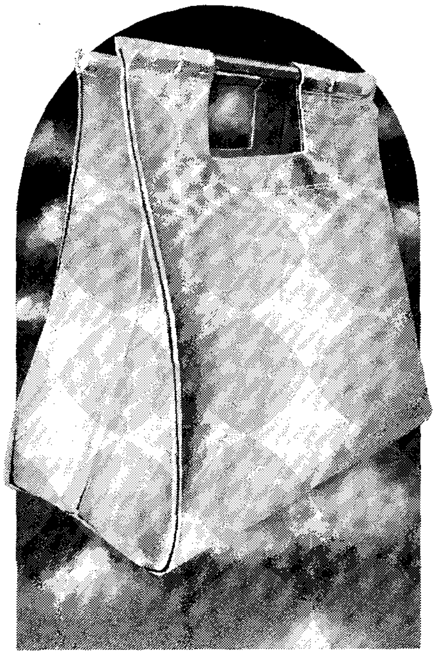
for getting around the state's constitutional requirement that the voters endorse bonding powers had been the brainchild of former Attorney General John Mitchell in the days when he was a practicing state-and-municipal-bond specialist.

One Carey option would have been to let the U.D.C. go under, on the argument that the disaster could not fairly be laid at the door of someone who was down in Washington as a Brooklyn congressman during Rockefeller's Albany years, but the threatened spectacle of half-finished structures' being abandoned all over the state almost as soon as a Democratic administration took over was not appealing, no matter whose fault it was. And there was the further problem that if the U.D.C., financed by moral-obligation bonds, should fall, other state agencies that had relied on this stratagem might also topple one by one. (Some state-government leaders are said to have had difficulty keeping their minds on the debate raging this spring in Washington on the nation's moral obligation toward Indo-China and the validity of the domino theory because they were preoccupied with the same terms in Albany in another connection.) In the end, after months of tortuous negotiation, the rescue of the U.D.C. came down to persuading a recalcitrant Legislature to vote large sums (the total appropriations came to two hundred and twenty-eight million dollars, including a hundred and forty million dollars authorized from a state contingency fund) that would restore the U.D.C.'s fiscal health to the point where the banks, which had sworn they would have no more to do with it, would lend it enough money to complete the projects now under way.

The chairman of a special commission appointed by Carey to investigate the U.D.C. debacle has announced that he may call both Rockefeller and Mitchell before it to testify. Also hard at work is another Carey-appointed commission, looking into scandals in the state's nursing-home industry during the Rockefeller years. Among the matters that this commission will certainly consider (along with similar involvements by a number of Democrats) is recently headlined testimony before a special committee of the Legislature to the effect that unpublicized conferences between one of the more notorious nursing-home operators and Rockefeller's close advisers were held at the Rockefeller-owned town house on West Fifty-fifth Street, which served as the Governor's New York office during his administration. On a third subject left over from the Rockefeller era, a former prosecutor has charged that indictments for criminal behavior in the 1971 Attica prison riot were deliberately limited to inmates—no guards or state troopers—and Carey has appointed a special investigator to look into that. Reports about the inquiry have already included extended discussions of Rockefeller's role in the dénouement of the riot, in which forty-three inmates and guards were killed. Altogether, no matter how busy the Vice-President is elsewhere with matters of national and international concern, a glance at the local headlines often suggests that he has never left home.

Until recently, Carey held off blaming Rockefeller for the complications of his first months in office to a degree that many New Yorkers considered odd, indeed. He didn't complain publicly even after he visited the Vice-President in Washington last February, seeking help in getting more money for the state, and Rockefeller noted the irony of the fact that the last time they had met in Washington in similar circumstances Rockefeller had been the supplicant governor, seeking help in getting federal funds for New York State from Representative Carey. Carey later told reporters that when he asked if Rockefeller had any suggestions for dealing with the various fiscal crises that he had inherited, the former Governor had just "kept on smiling." Note was taken of the fact that the two men, though of different parties, had always got on suspiciously well, and Rockefeller had done Carey some significant political favors. (Before the congressional election of 1972, for example, the Brooklyn district represented by Carey, a liberal Democrat, had grown increasingly conservative, and Rockefeller's assistant, James Cannon, had gone to Carey's Republican opponent and somehow persuaded him to reject the Conservative Party endorsement, thus conveniently splitting the anti-Carey votes between two opponents.) And it was also recalled that both men had a certain obligation to the oil business: Carey's father was the head of a small oil company, and his brother Edward is now president of what is said to be the largest privately owned oil company in the world—New England Petroleum. One explanation that Carey supporters gave for his restraint was that he had to keep a civil tongue in his head until he got the U.D.C. appropriations through the Legislature, where Rockefeller's Re-



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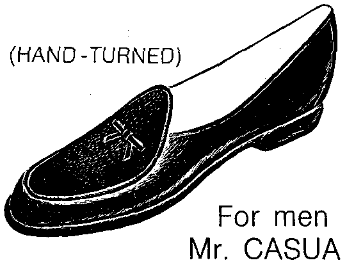
publican allies (also known as "the Albany mall mob") still control the State Senate, and that he also badly needed the coöperation (which he received) of the Chase Manhattan Bank's president, David Rockefeller, in persuading local banks to help in the bailing-out operation.

In any case, since the U.D.C. pact began to shape up, the new Governor has changed his tune concerning the former Governor to the point where some observers have been reminded of Carey's having once mentioned that in the early Depression years his father was driven out of business by the big oil companies. "My father had all the stories you want to hear about the Rockefellers," he had said. Last month, he complained to reporters that as soon as he got to Albany he had run "into a rock slide, and that's with a capital 'R,' " and a few weeks ago he managed to make a rather sinister affair out of a description to the Associated Press reporter David Shaffer of how in Rockefeller's time most of the judgments about state government were made not in the state capital but "down on Fifty-fifth Street." "People don't realize how much their lives were affected by judgments made on Fifty-fifth Street," said Carey. "There are no windows at Fifty-fifth Street. Did you ever notice that?" he asked Shaffer. After pointing out the bulletproof glass in the windows of the Albany office that is now his and used to be Rockefeller's, he went on, "I never found any place with so many fallout shelters and places of refuge in case of catastrophe as you find around here. I've no idea why Governor Rockefeller had that feeling of insecurity. He was always ready for Armageddon, somehow." The national Conventions are more than a year off, but at a time when the hazards of Presidential mental instability and overinsulation from reality are a subject of wide discussion, there is some sense that the 1976 campaign may have already begun.

Meanwhile, however, the new Governor must find some way of solving the financial troubles of the state and (if he wants to be able to rely on New York City's Democratic votes in future elections) those of the city. Of the two crises, the city's is by far the more serious. Any initial tendency of Mayor Beame's to count heavily on the advantages of having a fellow-Democrat (and fellow-Brooklynite) in charge in Albany was probably dampened by Carey's response to the Mayor's talk of the city's financial



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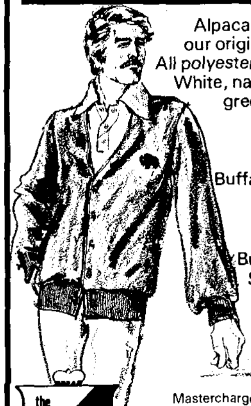

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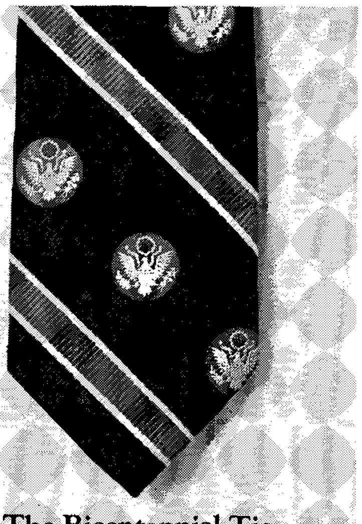

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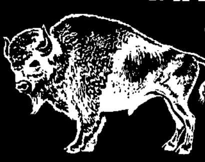

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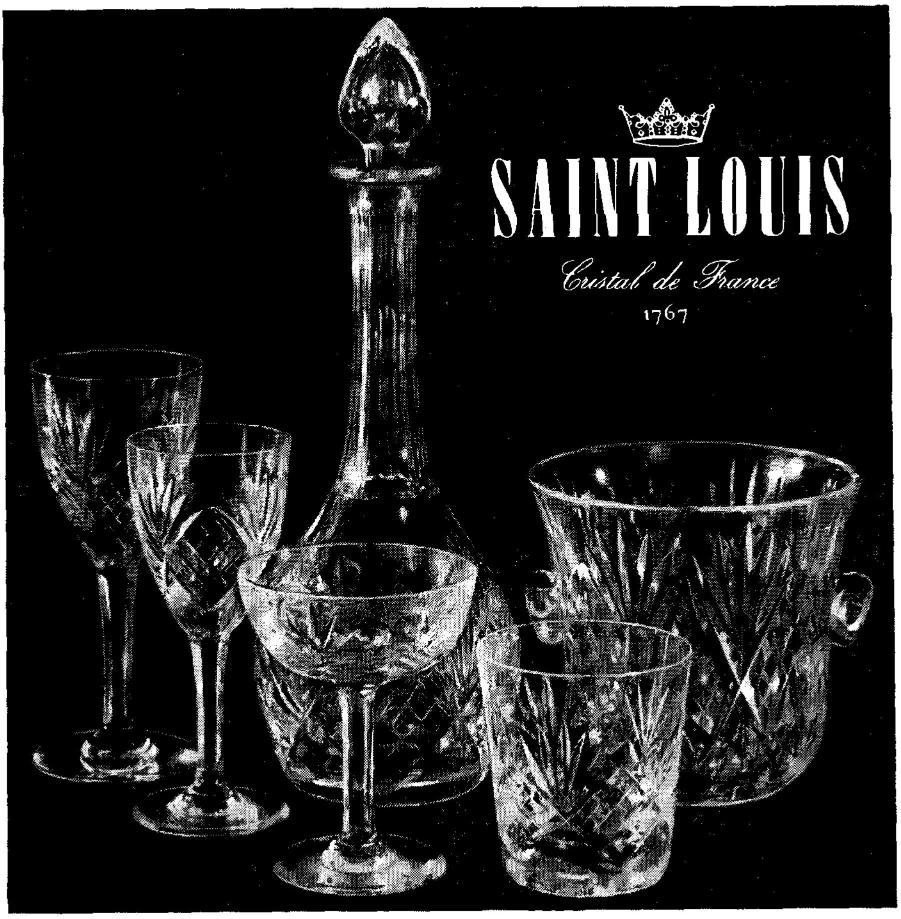
problems soon after last fall's election: "Well, we both know the way to Washington." It has sometimes seemed in recent weeks that the two men have been spending more time in that city seeking some resolution of New York's problems than they have spent here or in Albany. So far, the response has been discouraging. In view of the long-standing notion of most federal officials and out-of-town congressmen that the troubles of New York City are of little national relevance or concern, New Yorkers had no reason to be surprised at a recent report in the *Times* that the original decision of General George Washington and other Revolutionary leaders in 1776 had been simply to forget about the city and abandon it to the enemy, and that the grudging decision to defend it after all was based on the fear that such abandonment might cause a falling away of military assistance from abroad. In the urgent requests to federal authorities to assist in the city's financial rescue, City Hall's special pleaders have emphasized the effect that a local failure could well have on the national economy, the country's banking system, and public financing in general. There was some sense of encouragement after a recent session, attended by Carey, Beame, and Secretary of the Treasury Simon, when Simon referred, if not to dominoes, at least to "ripple effects" that financial disaster here would have on other areas. After the two New Yorkers took their case to the President, though, Ford's answer was a flat refusal to involve the White House in the city's problems. (The Presidential letter saying this was largely prepared by James Cannon, Rockefeller's former assistant, whom the Vice-President arranged to have appointed as executive director of the President's Domestic Council.) The news of the rejection arrived as Carey and Beame were preparing to speak at a hundred-and-twenty-five-dollar-a-plate dinner of the Brooklyn Democratic organization. "We didn't even get thirty pieces of silver," Carey angrily told the crowd, indicating a certain mental confusion about Biblical lore. Beame expressed astonishment that "the President of the United States thinks more about the stockholders of Lockheed or Penn Central than the eight million people of our city." Carey demanded, "Must a city riot?" and accused the Ford Administration of "a level of arrogance and disregard for New York that rivals the worst days of Richard Nixon and his gang of cutthroats." He added, "If we can't



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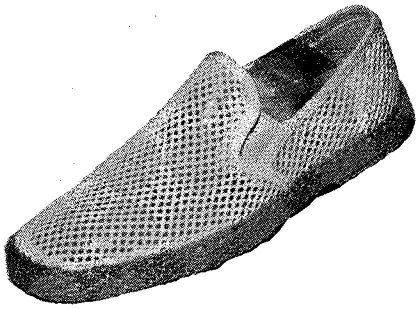

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get the President to change his mind, *we're going to change the President."*

WHILE these stormy confrontations have been going on, some members of the City Hall staff have had a more cheerful assignment. Wearing Big Apple emblems in their lapels, they have been engaged in trying to persuade the site-selection committee of the Democratic National Committee to choose New York for the 1976 Convention. In making their pitch, they will probably do well not to remind the committee members about the major-party Conventions that have been held here in the past. There have been only two. On July 4, 1868, the Democrats gathered in the new marble-and-brick Tammany Hall on East Fourteenth Street. Frequent cries arose from out-of-towners that their New York hosts had packed the gallery, even though the stalemate that developed was between now forgotten candidates of two other states. After five days, on the twenty-second ballot, the delegates chose a compromise candidate—the Convention's presiding officer, Horatio Seymour, who had twice been governor of New York, and who lost that November to General Ulysses S. Grant. The site of the other national Convention held here, also a Democratic gathering, in June and July, 1924, was the old, *old* Madison Square Garden, which actually stood on Madison Square, having been built there in 1890 according to the design of Stanford White. In honor of the visitors, the Garden, then down-at-the-heel, was repainted from baseboard to skylight and hung with thirteen thousand five hundred flags. That was the first national Convention to be broadcast, and the basement stalls, where the animals were kept in the circus season, were fitted out with telegraph and radio equipment. The summer heat was so prodigious, however, that after a few days the reconstituted splendor began to crack and wilt and, as the *American* described it, "to give forth . . . if faintly, the atmosphere of the long-vanished circus." Before the Democrats arrived, the Police Department announced that it had rounded up all the town's more notorious pickpockets and locked them in the Tombs. Nevertheless, on the fifth day of the Convention someone stole William Jennings Bryan's watch, and as a stalemate developed and the Convention continued into a second week and then into a third, many delegates who hadn't already run out of money were relieved of their belongings by light-fingered natives who had escaped the police sweep. The stalemate was between New York's favorite son, Governor Al Smith (who until Carey's victory last fall was the only Irish Catholic to be elected governor of the state), and Woodrow Wilson's Secretary of the Treasury, William McAdoo. The McAdoo forces charged that the gallery was packed with local Smith supporters, and reported at one point that Tammany goons were going up and down the aisles with baseball bats getting delegates in line. Smith supporters accused McAdoo of being allied with the oil interests. The deadlock was broken on the hundred-and-third ballot (by that time the recurrent cry from the Alabama delegation of "Twenty-four votes for Underwood!"—a favorite son—was only a minor punctuation point in the pervading boredom), with the nomination of John W. Davis, a Wall Street lawyer running under the banner of his birthplace, West Virginia, and he was beaten by Calvin Coolidge that November. In retrospect, the 1924 Convention's most striking event was the return to the political arena of Franklin D. Roosevelt, who had been struck down three years earlier by polio. Wheeled to the platform, he nominated Al Smith in the famous "Happy Warrior" speech. (Smith, of course, did win the nomination in 1928, with F.D.R.'s turn coming four years later.) Otherwise, the 1924 Convention was memorable only for its oppressively seedy atmosphere in the terrible heat and for its great length. "WELCOME LONG OUTWORN" was the headline over the *Times* story the morning after the Convention finally ended, sixteen days after it began, and a California delegate told the *Tribune*, as he packed up, "There will never be another Convention in New York City in this century."

Although this prediction has so far held, City Hall is now busy pointing out that the new, *new* Madison Square Garden, on West Thirty-third Street (the second of that name to be built since the Garden on Madison Square was torn down, in 1925), is air-conditioned and regularly deodorized. Though the city's violent-crime rate is nothing to brag about, it is lower than that of twelve other large American cities—including Los Angeles, which is said to be New York's closest rival for the Convention. On a visit to New York this week, the site-selection committee is scheduled to make a grand tour of the new Police Department Headquarters, but there is probably nothing to the rumor that every one of the city's thirty thousand policemen will be visibly on duty during the visit. It shouldn't hurt New York's chances that the chairman of the site-selection committee is Democratic State Chairman Patrick Cunningham, from the Bronx. If New York should win this one, it would be something for City Hall's now glum and harried leaders to look forward to, and would also, of course, be of interest in Albany. "The Big Apple is the place. It's where F.D.R. came from," Hugh Carey told reporters last month. "It's the place Harry Truman loved so much," he said, moving to retrieve Roosevelt's successor from the proprietary grasp of Nixon's successor, head of the party Truman gave hell to. Carey said that there would soon be a change in the future of the Democratic Party, adding, not at all slothfully, "The beginning will be in New York City in 1976."

—ANDY LOGAN

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might grow to
a house,

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each twig each
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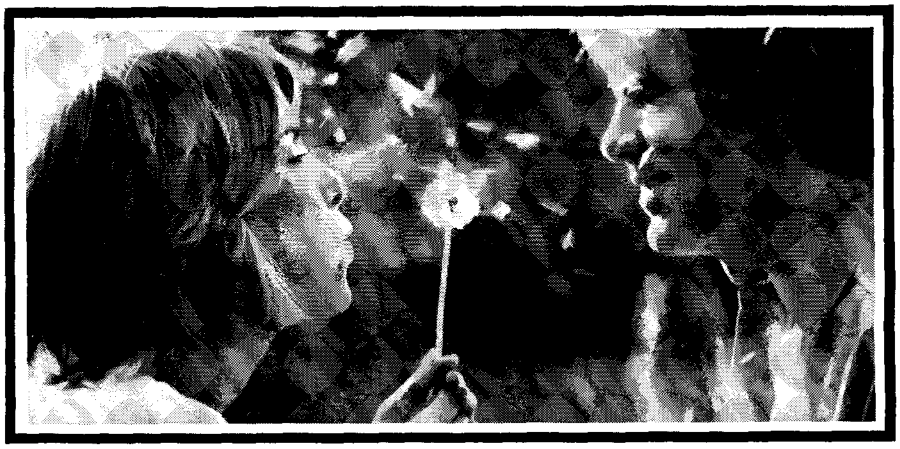
—PHILIP BOOTH



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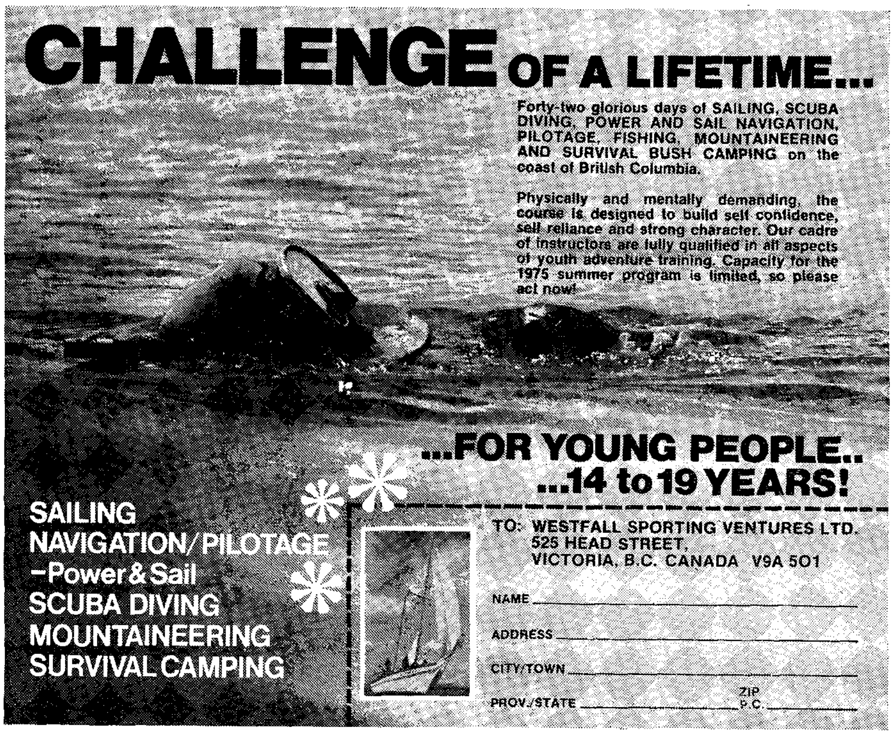

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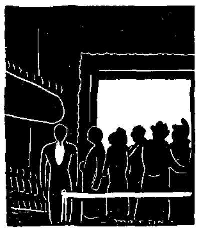
Russian Minds

"WITHOUT knowing what I am and why I am here, life's impossible," says Tolstoy through Levin in "Anna Karenina." And "It would be interesting to know what it is men are most afraid of. Taking a new step, uttering a new word," says Dostoevski through Raskolnikov in "Crime and Punishment." The investigation of principles is of much more urgency to the Russian mind than anything that may flow from them. We know this especially from nineteenth-century literature, and a change of political system does not alter anything so key: the Soviet Russian temperament cleaves to the same sense of what is important and what is paltry. The 1970 Russian film of "Crime and Punishment," directed by Lev Kulijanov, which runs for a little under three and a half hours, is about what we are and why we are here. It is also about why we have these fears of the freshly thought and undertaken; that is to say, of genius.



Raskolnikov, Dostoevski's superannuated student hero, is played by Georgi Taratorkin, a socket-eyed figure ransacked by self-inquiry and staring at us out of a very lonely desert. The character has come to grips with the obscure universal terror of the innovative. The new step, the new utterance. Everyone else in the story is to some extent engaged in this high order of risk taking. Dostoevski's people experience crises that are lived in their heads, not in their taverns or their hovels or their attic rooms. The film, which is minutely realistic on its surface, more profoundly uses the concrete to describe people's minds. Though the film is laid in czarist Saint Petersburg, and though it meticulously reproduces the place and the period, its real setting is the metaphysical situation of men's souls. As in the book, the picture's grotesque details are the insignia of states of spirit. It is not for nothing that Raskolnikov's tall frame barely fits into his warped little lodgings when he is standing up. His head seems to be struggling to get through the ceiling. His lanky, buckling figure as he half runs beside the River Neva in his black stovepipe hat is an extension of his consciousness, to which the stale modes of thought that he is struggling against are as constraining as his attic. Raskolnikov is one of Russia's classic demolishers of the outworn. When he is lying on his bed, with his eyes half shut, he seems to be doing nothing; that is, if the measurement of work is activity. But he says, correctly, that he is working. At what? Thinking. He doesn't get rich enough to pay the rent by it, but it is how a human being lives. Every one of his companions in the story agrees with him: students, drunkards, whores, even enemy investigators. We are in Dostoevski's peculiar kingdom of thought. The film thrums with intellectual vivacity. Nothing here is trivial. The villains are the large, dulled abstractions that oppose the birth of ideas: habit, sloth, greed, caution, puniness of reach. And the hero is not Raskolnikov's attempt at a system of starveling despotism but Raskolnikov himself, for trying. The film takes a very direct and simple view of complicated matters, and in that it is entirely true to the historical nature of Russian art. Things are in disarray. That's a fact, as Russians say. But then, from the philosophical point of view, they are never in very good order. The film imparts a Russian essence in its comicality and amplitude, as it does in its disposition to the fantastic and the flukish.

When a gang of serfs on the family estate killed Dostoevski's father, he felt a common guilt with the culprits, and later behaved as if he had to absolve himself of an act not his own. When Raskolnikov kills Alyona, the old widow pawnbroker, it is as if to substantiate a sense of guilt that has always existed in him. Like many sincere and troubled writers conveniently labelled illiberal, including Evelyn Waugh, Dostoevski had a generous vision of the shames of extraordinary men. Raskolnikov is a promontory of that vision, and Taratorkin plays him ineradicably. We are in the presence of a ferociously distressed man. He is ill, delirious, haunted by the ghosts that are the shreds of metaphysical universes invisible to the people who live altogether in this world (of whom there are not many in Russian literature; those there are seem to be the laggards and boneheads who constitute originality's opposition). In spite of his illness, we see resolve in the long, gaunt figure as it hurries along the streets of old Saint Petersburg, looking as if its bent back were made of something crusty, like an insect's. His is a very modern and educated case, cramped by a scholar's reminders, unsettled by theories. The theory that rules him at the moment postulates that he belongs among a handful of men born beyond rules. It evolved out of his fretful way of going over and over his own past; to this hungry, intelligent man recollection is everything, and the rest is vanished smoke. He has eventually arrived at a decision to test the theory by committing one audaciously arbitrary illicit act. There must be a few who are above the law. Raskolnikov correctly diagnoses himself as a sort of Napoleon, though there remains the sorry and flagrant fact that he has no army, and no war to declare. What to conquer, when he is so poor he has to pawn his belongings for a few rubles at the fetid-looking flat of a grasping old practitioner of usury? Conquer *her*? That ant of a prize? What if Napoleon had had no Toulon and no Egypt but only an old hag to be killed? Even Raskolnikov's objective seems intended to diminish him. But he nerves himself to undertake the act all the same, trying to see it simply as a means of checking the correctness of his notion about élitist rights. He first advanced that theory in an article he wrote a while before, in which he speculated that the chosen few who are capable of uttering some new word are bound to be criminals. The essay was published in a literary journal, over initials (like much of Dostoevski's own journalism). The brilliantly relaxed investigator, called Porfiry, turns out to be as well informed about it as he is about everything else to do with Raskolnikov's being.

So begins the most celebrated, bloodless, and lengthy cat-and-mouse game in literature. Porfiry is wonderfully played by the celebrated Innokenty Smoktunovsky, of the 1964 Russian film of "Hamlet," and of "The Letter That Was Never Sent" (1960) and "Nine Days of One Year" (1961). He makes the character compliant, bland, and unnervingly sympathetic. Raskolnikov responds as if he had been programmed. This is an investigator in the classic vein, he thinks. A fit person. A catechizer with nobility. Porfiry disarmingly seems to be Raskolnikov's ally, and so foretells the existentialist concept of an intimate pact between torturer and victim as he potters about his rooms in his expensive dressing gown, nodding his heavy tortoise head and sometimes turning a blanched, amiable face to Raskolnikov's, which is fiercely distraught. As Smoktunovsky has grown older, he has come to seem more and more like Ralph Richardson, that most Slavic and burblingly expansive of English actors. This Porfiry ranks with the very greatest Russian performances, including the film records we have of Kachalov at the Moscow Art Theatre long ago.

The third unforgettable piece of acting is Evgeny Lebedev's as Marmeladov, the tavern drunkard, whom Raskolnikov here talks to before the credits. It is a fragile, sad scene, yet one of the most stirring preambles ever filmed. Marmeladov, rocking slightly under the low curve of the tavern ceiling, speaks to Raskolnikov with careful mannerliness. "May I inquire," he asks, with a delicate movement of the hand, "have you ever spent the night on a hay barge on the Neva?" He has just come from one, he says, with dignity. He is a titular counsellor, he says. Growing gently more drunk as he goes on, he is full of generously dispensed compliments to education, teetotalism, and any believer that poverty is no vice. The dignity crumbles. He speaks of his daughter Sonia (Tatiana Bedova, frailly beautiful), who has gone on the streets to make up to the rest of the family the income that his drinking costs. He is now in a mood of apology, always augustly expressed, even when he looks about to weep. This is the mood in which he exquisitely says in the novel, about the consumptive Mrs. Marmeladov, "You can judge the extremity of her calamities, that she . . . should have consented to be my wife." The filmed scene ends with Marmeladov, arms spread out, imagining himself as Jesus welcoming the fallen into Heaven: " 'Come forth, ye drunkards,' He will say. 'Come, ye who are weak. . . .' O Lord, Thy Kingdom come!" Lebedev's is the best small performance in the film, but practically every other is as fine-detailed: especially Vladimir Basov's as the dandy and opportunist Luzhin, the fiancé of Raskolnikov's sister, and Elfim Kopelian's as the blackguard Svidrigaïlov, mouth curling like a brigand's mustache.

By the familiar miracle of Soviet literary comprehension of a damned era's classics, Dostoevski's unique sense of the topography of his characters' souls is preserved intact, and so is the novel's diffuseness. The film does nothing to distort the meaning of the book. It simply presents Raskolnikov as a fragment painfully broken off from the main social structure. The name "Raskolnikov" comes from the Russian

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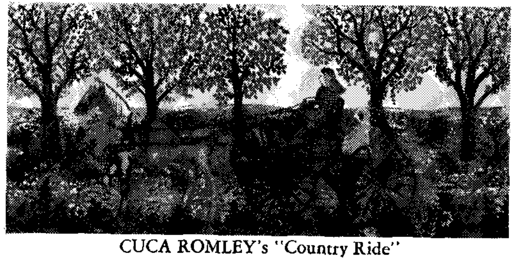

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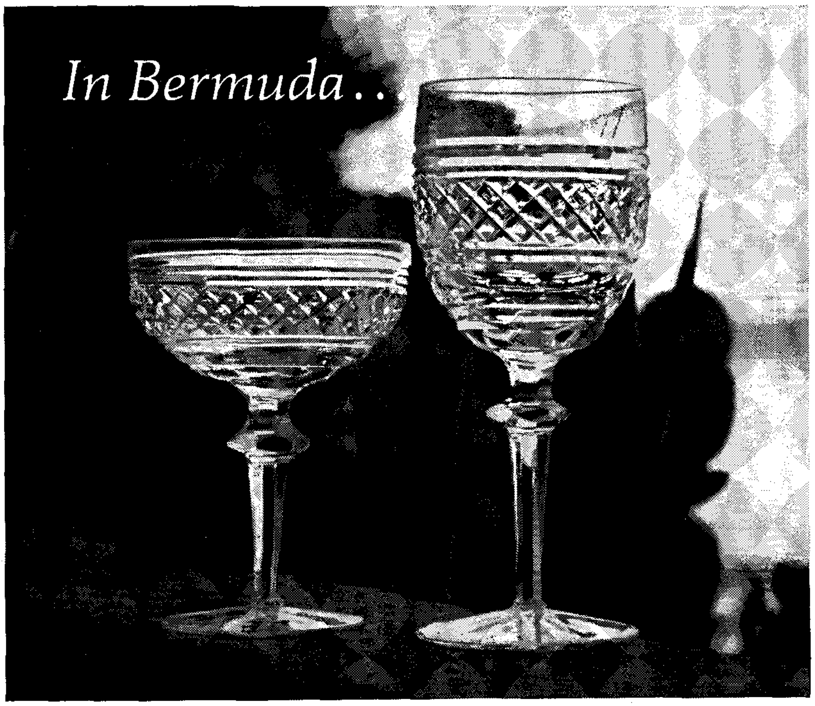

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for "a schismatic." Dostoevski felt deeply about being in touch with the general flux. Like most Russians, and in spite of his moments of élitism, he held to the idea of communality. "Crime and Punishment" evinces it all the way through, especially in the novel's epilogue, which is not in the film. Raskolnikov has been sent to Siberia, and Sonia is there with him. After his interval of numbness, there is the famous passage about his fevered hospital dream: "He dreamt that the whole world was condemned to a terrible new strange plague. . . . Some new sorts of microbes were attacking the bodies of men, but these microbes were endowed with intelligence and will. . . . Whole villages, whole towns and peoples went mad from the infection. All were excited and did not understand one another. Each thought that he alone had the truth." When the fever has subsided and the climactic dream form of the superman theory has been shaken off, Raskolnikov's schism from society is ended. It occurs to him at last that he is in love with Sonia, and in his new ease he buries his picture of himself as belonging to a tiny elect of tyrannical solitaries. Both the novel and the film faithfully reflect many of Dostoevski's mixed feelings about schism and solidarity in the conduct of his working and political life. He was grieved and made conservative by the gap between the educated classes and the peasants, which stopped liberal reformers from bringing about any lasting and general change in the color of Russian existence. At the same time, he was not so clearly a reactionary as to accept any divisions as intransigent. He struggled against them all his life, and some of the most warring elements in his own and the national consciousness are brought together in "Crime and Punishment." There is something nearly impossible, though wise and signal, in this intelligence's effort to reconcile czarist history, the class system, and usury with the extreme egalitarian charity he extends to his characters. Nearly impossible, but not quite. Czarist novel and Soviet film of it, "Crime and Punishment" exists.

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

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The average U. S. magazine devotes 60 hours a week to housework while her spouse averages 45 hours at his job. —*New Brunswick (N. J.) Daily Home News.*

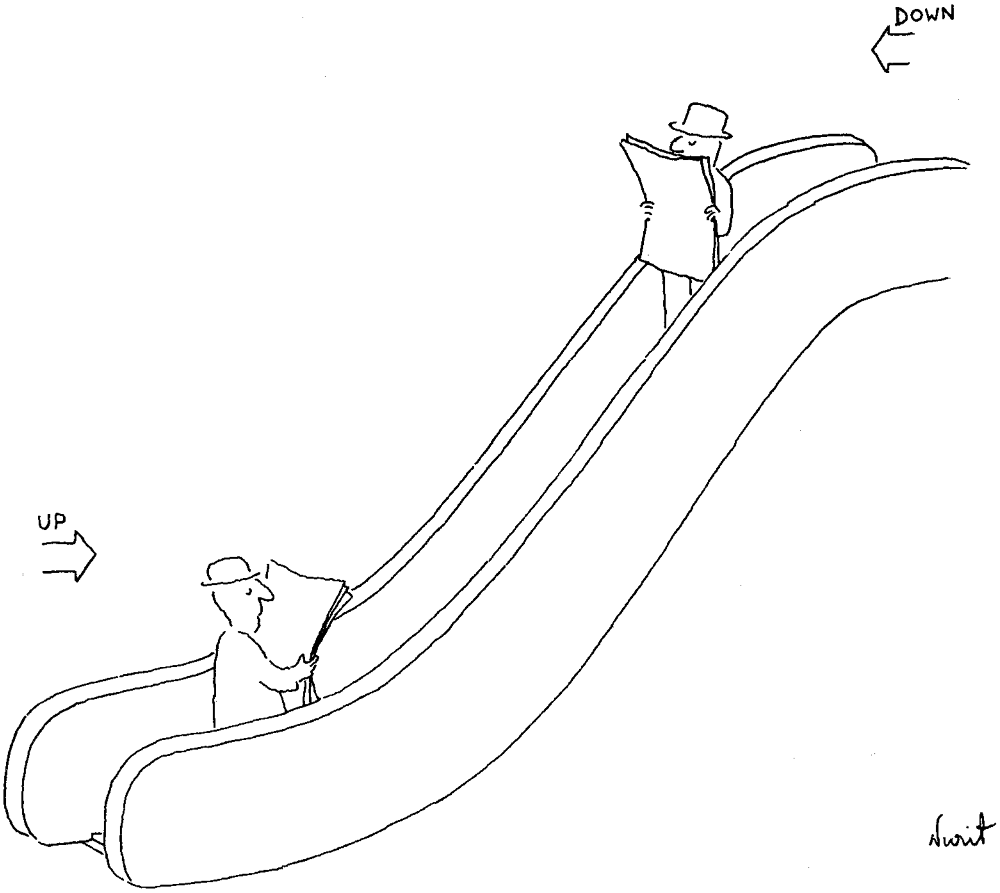
You'd never know it to look around *this* office.

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

MAY 17

THE President's order to recapture the merchant ship Mayagüez by force, his dispatch of Marine Corps contingents to Tang Island, off the Cambodian coast, and his authorization of bombing raids on an airport and an oil depot on the mainland seem to have met with approval here and in most parts of the country. Coming so shortly after what many regard as the national humiliation over the "loss" of South Vietnam, any show of determination, particularly in Southeast Asia, was bound to have a bracing effect on those who feared that military timidity had overtaken our leadership, and it is believed that Ford has strengthened himself in his own party. It seems quite possible, though, that congressional investigations of the affair will reveal that there was neither much valor nor much discretion in what the President did. It has for several days been clear that the bombings and the airborne assaults were unnecessary for the return of the ship's crew, and, apparently because of faulty communications and intelligence on the American side, nothing came of these actions except the killing of a number of Americans and Cambodians. (Had there been heavier or more prolonged Cambodian resistance, the ship's crew might also have died, either by their captors' fire or by that of their rescuers.) If the episode has helped the President's standing here, there seems no reason to suppose that it has helped him much beyond our borders. The administrators of the South Korean dictatorship are jubilant, seeing in the action evidence that American forces will come to their defense if necessary, and there were some sympathetic words from the Shah of Iran, who happened to be the President's dinner guest. No official disapproval has been expressed in allied capitals, but there have been references to "gunboat diplomacy" in the Western European press and some harsh criticism in the American press.

In justification, it has been said that the new Cambodian regime has shown a disregard for life and suffering even greater than is the rule in most Communist countries, so if the crew was to be rescued at all it had to be done quickly. By most accounts, the new Cambodian rulers have been a good deal more brutal in their hours of victory than the North Vietnamese and the Vietcong in theirs, and it may be that the thirty-nine men seized would have been executed. But it is clear that our own dead were more than the one officially announced, and the total may reach or exceed the number of hostages returned, since "missing" troops often turn out to be dead ones. No figures on the combat have yet come out of Phnom Penh, but it seems more likely than not that our superior firepower and our sinking of the three ships resulted in at least as many Cambodian as American deaths and perhaps more. If it took forty or fifty lives to save thirty-nine, the ratio seems hardly satisfactory, especially since the assumption that the crew of the Mayagüez would have been killed is an assumption and nothing more. In any case, one can be sure that if Cambodia had been a more formidable power, sustained efforts at diplomacy would have been made. (When the crew of the intelligence-gathering vessel Pueblo was taken into custody in North Korea, in 1968, the notion of sending an expeditionary force to liberate its members was never seriously entertained.) Officials here say that diplomatic efforts were made: they asked Chinese help in approaching the Cambodian Embassy in Peking, they say, and the State Department did ask the Secretary-General of the United Nations to lend his good offices, but the request did not reach him until more than twelve hours after the sinking of the patrol boats. Sixty hours elapsed between the boarding of the Mayagüez and the Tang Island assault. Diplomatic initiatives intended to bring diplomatic results can hardly get under way in so short a period, and the process is likely to be particularly slow when dealing with a government as new to power as the one in Cambodia and one as yet unrecognized by our government and those of our allies. What seems most reprehensible of all was Washington's failure to notify the government of Thailand of our intentions; in his news conference yesterday the Secretary of State tried to explain this by asserting that advance notification or consultation was impossible, because the situation at hand was an "emergency," and that, in any case, consultation would have involved "massive problems." Had the situation been reversed—had some other nation surreptitiously used our territory as a staging area for operations against a third power—we would certainly not have tolerated "emergency" or "massive problems" as a defense. Now the Thai premier, Kukrit Pramoj, has recalled his ambassador, and may, in time—either because of this affair or



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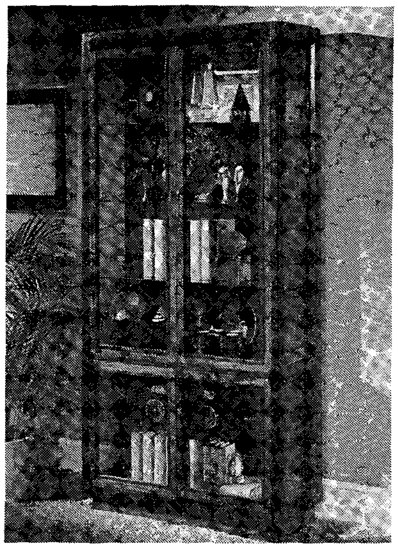
using it as a pretext—break all relations with the United States. That seems a problem at least as "massive" as any that Henry Kissinger may have foreseen last week.

The Cambodian government has described our role in last week's events as "imperialist," and not the defense of the freedom of navigation and the protection of nationals that Ford and Kissinger insist it was. At least a few people here share that view. If by "imperialist" it is meant, as the Cambodian communiqué seems to have it, that Washington was acting in support of some territorial or economic objectives or that it wished to resume the war in Southeast Asia, the claim seems lacking in merit. Even if the Ford Administration did seek either to annex territories or to renew hostilities, which is unlikely, Congress and the people would have no part of it. We do have economic objectives in that part of the world, but they are hardly to be achieved by a few skirmishes in Cambodia. On the other hand, the ethic that apparently underlies actions of this sort appears to betray an imperialist mentality. We have treated a small power with a contempt and a recklessness with which we would not approach a large one. Contempt showed most clearly when a CBS account of an interview with Senator Barry Goldwater had to delete the expletive used by Goldwater to describe the kind of "little nation" he thinks Cambodia is. Our aggressive military operations—the bombings and the landings—seemed carried out as much for purposes of punishment as for those of strategy. All the talk about not letting Americans be "pushed around" comes with remarkably poor grace from a nation that has lately done far more than its share of "pushing" and when the supposed "pusher" in this instance is a nation that, by its own acknowledgment, can protect its interests only within its own borders and has to yield quickly to a superior force only a few miles off its shores.

In time, the whole affair will be studied by the appropriate congressional committees. Hearings may or may not clear up the mystery of whether the Mayagüez was on a political as well as a commercial mission. Evidently it was not gathering intelligence, because it is not the kind of vessel generally put to such use. (It should be possible to assume that if it *had* been monitoring Cambodian communications it would have learned of its own fate; however, the Pueblo is thought to have intercepted the orders for its own cap-

time will tell



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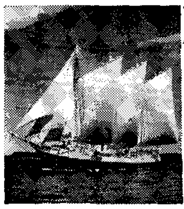

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ure and, instead of evaluating them on the spot, passed them, along with everything else, back to Washington.) No doubt the investigators will try to learn something about the intensity of the diplomatic efforts. But the main focus, it is thought, will be on the working of the resolutions and statutes passed by Congress in 1973 and intended specifically to give Congress a role in decisions of the sort the President made earlier in the week. One attempt at legislative restraint of the President is the War Powers Act of 1973, passed over Richard Nixon's veto. It calls upon the President to "consult" with Congress in "every possible instance" before ordering military action and also to "report" to Congress within forty-eight hours when time does not allow consultation. With such language, this statute is clearly no restraint at all. The White House says that it did "notify" Congress within the specified time, though as important a figure as Mike Mansfield, the Democratic leader in the Senate, says that no one tried to reach him. Another law passed in 1973 states that none of the funds approved by Congress for national defense shall, after August 15, 1973, be used to "finance directly or indirectly combat activities by United States military forces in or over or from off the shores of North Vietnam, South Vietnam, Laos, or Cambodia." That law was clearly broken by the President earlier in the week.

IN both major parties, there has for some time been considerable disaffection on both the left and the right. President Ford seems to suit neither conservative nor liberal Republicans; most of the leading Democratic prospects for a Presidential nomination are liberals, at least on domestic issues, but some of them are too liberal to suit the right and not enough so to suit the left. In both parties, civil rights and foreign policy are divisive factors, and it has for some time seemed possible that two splinter parties might emerge from the 1976 Conventions—the Republican malcontents rallying behind Ronald Reagan, the Democratic ones behind George Wallace. Recently, however, there has been much talk of a union of the apostates in both parties to support a Reagan-Wallace ticket. In a recent Harris Survey, it was reported that such a ticket could get twenty-three per cent of the vote if Ford ran with Nelson Rockefeller and if Edward Kennedy ran with John Glenn as his candidate for Vice-President. The poll shows the Ford-Rockefeller ticket get-

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ting thirty per cent of the vote, the Kennedy-Glenn ticket getting thirty-eight. Kennedy seems to have the largest following of any potential candidate in either party, but he has said he will not run, and most people take him at his word. Presumably another Democratic candidate would do less well, which would probably mean more votes for Ford, but if no majority emerged in the Electoral College, the Constitution would require that the election be thrown into the House of Representatives, where each state would cast one vote.

There are at present in the House thirty-six state delegations in which Democrats have a majority, eleven in which Republicans prevail, and three in which representation is equal. It would appear, thus, that if Reagan and Wallace joined forces they would assure the eventual election of a Democrat, probably a liberal one. True, there are some Democratic states in the Solid South whose delegations might be attracted by a Wallace candidacy, particularly if the Governor was running for President. (This would not be because his fellow Southern politicians have much fondness for him; most of them don't, but they respect his power and might feel that their constituents would expect them to vote for him.) But the ticket that has aroused most speculation has Reagan for President, Wallace for Vice-President, and it is hard to see how a region would be satisfied by having a man it favors in an office as impotent as the Vice-Presidency. Moreover, Reagan's economic conservatism seems unlikely to be found congenial in the South, most of whose people have been enthusiastic supporters of the idea of a welfare state. But even if all three divided delegations voted for Reagan or Ford, and if eleven Democratic ones defected, the Democrats, assuming they kept anything like their present strength—it seems more likely to increase than to diminish—would win. Assuming that neither Reagan nor Ford captured all the Republican delegations, there might be no winner on the first ballot. But on a second, almost certainly, the Democratic candidate would win.

Neither Reagan nor Wallace has yet conceded a willingness to run with the other. After all, no one announces ten months before the first primary that he is seeking the Vice-Presidency. But neither has repudiated the other or the suggestion that they run in tandem. What kind of platform they could agree on is hard to imagine. Unlike Reagan, Wallace is *anything* but a conservative in economic matters. He is a traditional Southern populist, who welcomes government intervention. He has accepted favors from private interests and has doubtless done some in return, but he can hardly be classified as a supporter of the free-enterprise system, which Reagan emphatically is. Wallace is a racist, though he has been a somewhat subdued one of late; Reagan's record on civil rights is a good deal less than outstanding, but he has never, so far as is known, been a segregationist. On foreign policy, both men have supported intervention in Southeast Asia and have faulted recent Administrations for insufficient bellicosity. Since the major phases of the recent war are over, military policy is unlikely to be an issue unless our leaders involve us in some other part of the world. However, Wallace's recently reported statement to the effect that we fought on the wrong side in the Second World War, and that we would have better served our own interests by allying ourselves with Germany and Japan, introduces a new dimension to foreign-policy issues. That conflict may be ancient history to a majority of voters, and many may not be interested in any politician's view of it. However, the suggestion that Nazi Germany, Fascist Italy, and Imperial Japan should have been rescued from defeat by us is, to say the least, not one that will attract many voters and is certain to repel some, especially in the South, which takes so much pride in its military heritage. One would expect that it would also repel Reagan, a patriot of the most militant sort and one who has found little to criticize in American history before the last thirty years. But if it has offended him he has not said so publicly, nor have many of the proponents of a Reagan-Wallace ticket. In this week's *Newsweek*, Kevin Phillips—a conservative ideologue and the author of "The Emerging Republican Majority," one of the last decade's most unprophetic books—writes enthusiastically of the prospect and, in a punning mood, asserts that it would be logical to follow Franklin Roosevelt's New Deal and Harry Truman's Fair Deal with Reagan's and Wallace's Right Deal. Nor, it seems, does either Reagan or Wallace find unsettling the strong probability that their running together might assure the election of the sort of candidate they profess to despise most. Both seem capable of rising above the principles they proclaim. —RICHARD H. ROVERE

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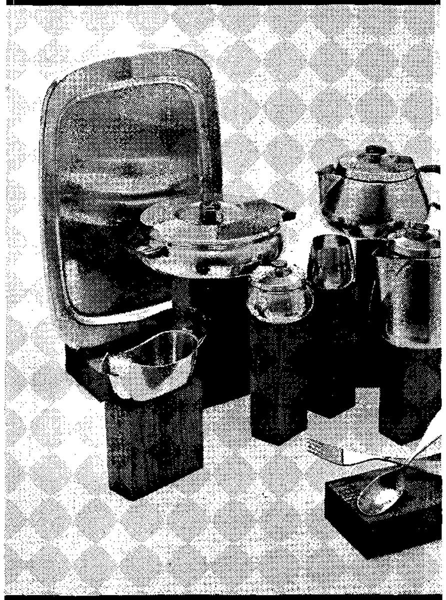

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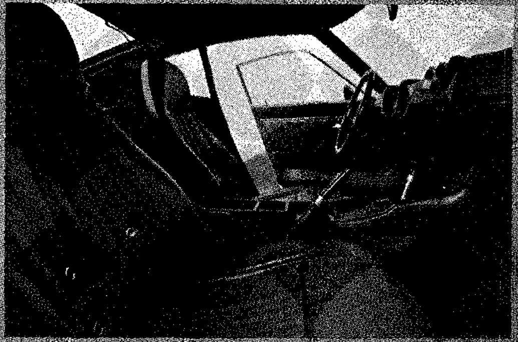

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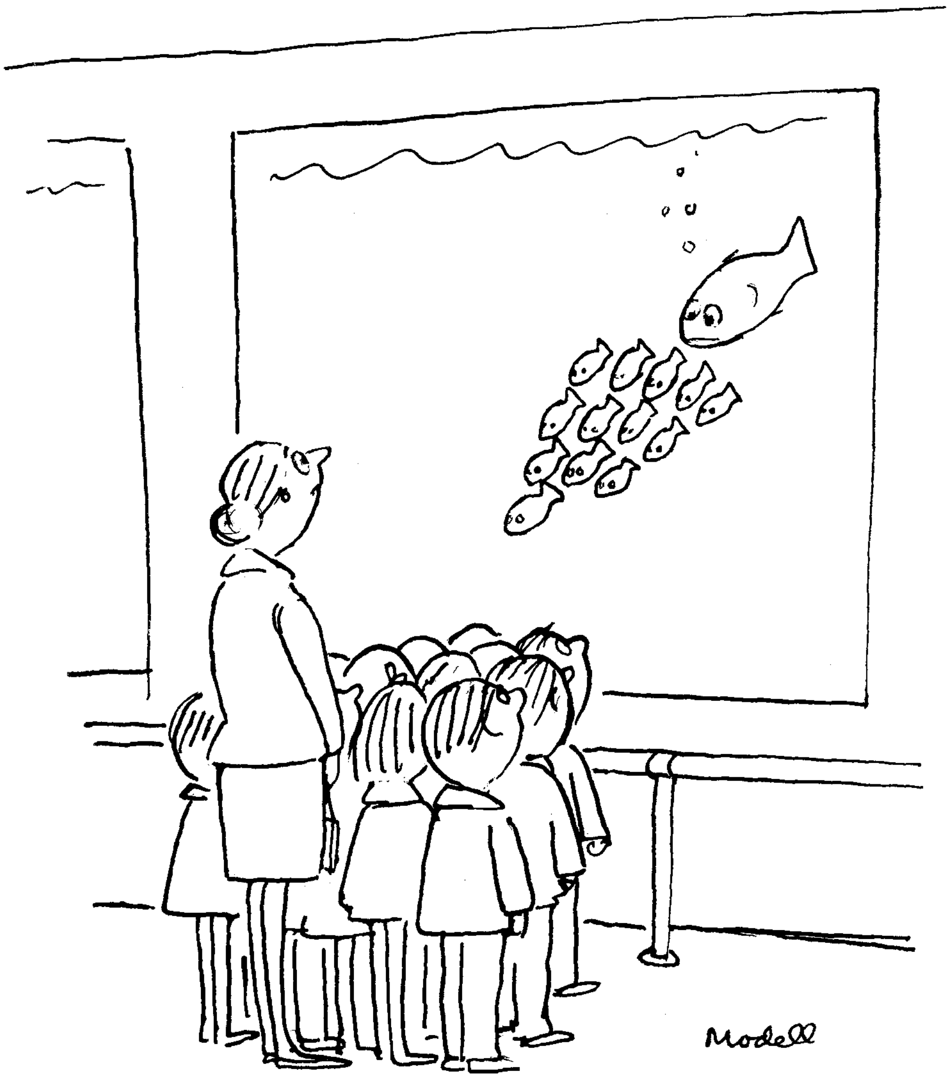
MUSICAL EVENTS

Music of Our May

MAY, it seems, is the most fecund month for new music in New York. First performances are busting out all over, and a conflict of concerts attractive to a listener is bound to occur at times. But when—as happened on Monday last week—programs by the Speculum Musicae, the Composers Theatre, and the League of Composers/International Society for Contemporary Music (United States Section), each of the three containing premières, are coincident, planning is agley, and the result is tertiation of the potential audience at each. (The same day, there was also a pair of Composers' Showcase concerts at the Whitney Museum, devoted to the theatre music of Leonard Bernstein, but their appeal was doubtless to a different crowd.) Similarly, but worse, for Tuesday this week the bills showed the Group for Contemporary Music, the Juilliard School, Richard Teitelbaum, Steve Reich, and Carla Hübner all competing for much the same contemporary-music audience. Most of the organizations concerned receive funds from the New York State Council on the Arts. So does the Center for New Music, an office set up to coördinate activities in the field. The Council would presumably like the concerts it supports to be not merely played but heard by many interested listeners. So I hope its music officers are preparing to knock the Council clients' heads together in good time to prevent wasteful clashes next season.

On busy Monday, I chose, perhaps undaringly, to go to Alice Tully Hall and hear the Composers Theatre event. It proved to be devoted to music of what might be called middle-guard composers. There is a place for them in the musical life of every country—these erstwhile venturers into territories then unfamiliar, and the younger men still content to work yesterday's fields. Measured words, even appreciative words, about decent, soundly made middle-of-the-road compositions provide dull reading; a critic who feels neither enthusiasm nor wrath should at least be brief. I heard Karel Husa's Poem for Viola and Orchestra at its first performance, fifteen years ago, at the I.S.C.M. Festival in Cologne. It was a point of repose then between adventures instigated by Karlheinz Stockhausen, György Ligeti, Mauricio Kagel, Sylvano Bussotti, and Nam June Paik. At the Composers Theatre concert, in its New York première, it again sounded unadventurous but completely agreeable, in its temperately romantic way. By Walter Trampler the solo part was very beautifully played. Ezra Laderman's Violin Concerto, first performed in 1951 and then, reorchestrated, over CBS Television in 1963, is a work of greater variety and distinction than were apparent in the monochrome performance given by Gerald Tarack and the Composers Festival Orchestra, conducted by Alvin Brehm. Although Laderman uses an orchestra without violins, his score need not sound, as it did here, constantly sombre. Walter Ross's Trombone Concerto, which ended the concert, was colorful, and effective in an obvious sort of way; this was also a local première. The new works were John Herbert McDowell's "Practical Magic," subtitled "A Brief Concerto for Orchestra," a cheerful assemblage of fragments in popular vein; and John Watts' "Laugharne" (the name of the little town where Dylan Thomas is buried), a memorial that sets three French poems (not by Thomas) for soprano, orchestra, and an "atmospheric" tape background such as accompanies pan shots over bleak, windswept headlands. It was not exactly an exciting event; the word "Festival," applied to this concert and another, a week later (promising a new work by Roger Hannay and old works by Wallingford Riegger, Vincent Persichetti, Otto Luening and Vladimir Ussachevsky, and Leon Kirchner), seemed inappropriate. But if the evening was not festive, it was at least respectable. The epithet has acquired damning overtones; I intend it in the precise sense of deserving respect.

TWO days earlier, in Carnegie Recital Hall, the New Structures Ensemble introduced Matthias Kriesberg's setting of Dylan Thomas's "Not from This Anger," for tenor and eight instrumentalists. The cantata, an imaginative and delicately scored piece of work, deserved its public hearing, and Steven Algie was a cogent soloist. Two other works were worth hearing, too: Krzysztof Penderecki's "Strophes" and Stefan Wolpe's Sonata for Oboe and Piano. But both needed more in-



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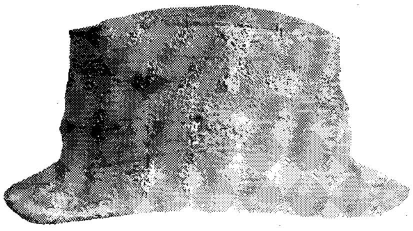

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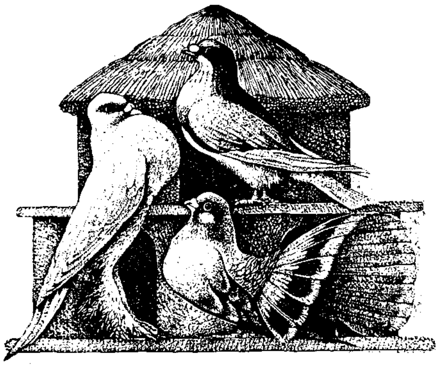

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cisive execution. Charles Wuorinen's "Making Ends Meet," for piano duet, and Maurice Wright's Chamber Symphony for Seven Instruments, a first performance, proved intolerably dull; were the players or the composers to blame for the monotony of texture and the absence of any compelling musical incident? Nineteen artists were engaged in the concert, and there were maybe thirty-eight auditors in the hall. Unhealthy proportion. I suspect that central Manhattan may be overstocked with events of this kind; the next week or two will show.

JEAN PHILIPPE RAMEAU is the genius the Metropolitan and the City Opera do wrong to ignore. (Not that they are the only troupes at fault; Covent Garden, Glyndebourne, and, for that matter, the Paris Opera itself are equally neglectful.) As a candidate for regular exposure on the modern stage, his great predecessor Jean-Baptiste Lully is harder to champion. Lully is important. Voltaire deemed him "the father of true French music," and the line from him to those other Italian creators of French grand opera—Cherubini, Spontini, Rossini, Donizetti, and Verdi—runs unbroken. His *tragédies lyriques* proceed in a clear, noble, and spacious manner. They contain some marvellous airs (such as Cadmus's "Belle Hermione, hélas! hélas!," Charon's lively patter as he collects the ferry fares in "Alceste," "Bois épais" from "Amadis")—airs, as Burney observed, "so easy and natural, that it is hardly possible for a lover of Music, gifted with a voice and disposition for singing, to hear them frequently performed, without remembering them." Yet, despite these bright, memorable episodes, despite the energetic rhythms of the recitatives, despite the strength of the large choruses that are the load-bearing pillars of his dramatic structures, Lully at length can be wearying. Francesco Cavalli, from whom Lully learnt so much, had a directness that Lully lacked. Cavalli's characters show more personality and simple warmth in their singing, and his operas now grace our stages. Lully, for the most part, is revived only in studio productions, mounted in countries that have adult broadcasting systems, and in concert performances.

To celebrate their fiftieth anniversary, the Dessoff Choirs, in Alice Tully Hall, performed Lully's massive Te Deum and then the Prologue, Act III, and the Act V finale of his "Amadis." ("Amadis" was first performed, at the

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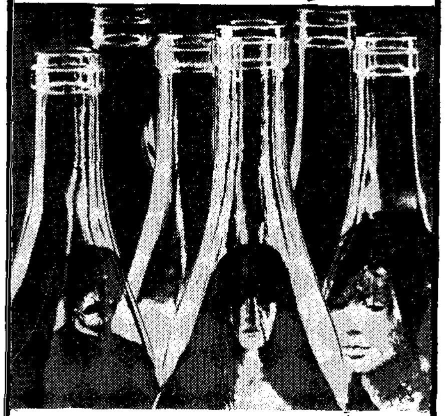

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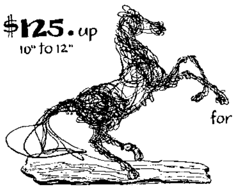

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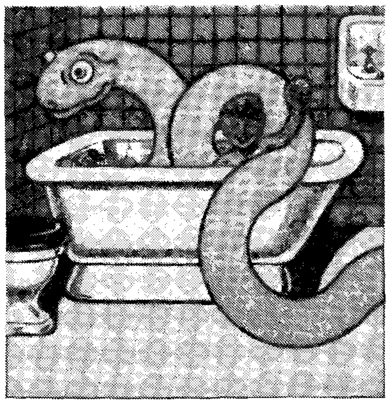
Paris Opera, in 1684, and first performed in America, in Lowell House, Harvard, in 1951.) The sacred piece bears out Manfred Bukofzer's remark that "Lully handled his keys with striking monotony;" variety comes from ringing textural changes with *grand chœur*, *petit chœur*, and soloists in diverse combinations. "Amadis de Gaula," a romance admired by readers as different as Francis I and Charles V, Ariosto and Montaigne, inspired many composers, and Lully claims to have tackled the subject, suggested to him by Louis XIV, with especial delight. The striking things in the excerpts presented by the Dessoff Choirs were the opening chorus of Act III, for prisoners (among them a chained Florestan) and jailers in alternation; the solemn utterance of a Spectre arising reproachfully from his tomb; and the substantial Chaconne from Act V. Most of the solo singing was passable; that of David Britton, in a small tenor role, was distinguished. The chorus was assured. The anonymous orchestra was able, though perhaps a shade top-heavy; Lully's Vingt-Quatre Violons du Roi (not all violins in the modern sense, of course) were disposed, it seems, 6.4.4.4.6 along the five-part texture, while Michael Hammond, the conductor of the Dessoff Choirs, arranged his sixteen players 4.3.3.3.3, mixing violins with violas on inner parts, and using gamba, cello, and double bass on the bottom line. He adopted an interesting and deliberately inconsistent approach to *notes inégales*, and many small details of the execution evinced an approach to the text both scholarly and imaginative. Mr. Hammond's actual conducting showed a good feeling for the driving rhythms that propel Lully's music. The new organ was brought into play for the Te Deum but was shuttered from sight again during "Amadis." Is there an acoustical reason for hiding it? The hall looks so much more attractive when it closes the view. A pleasure to report that the program book included a libretto of the "Amadis" excerpts, with Philippe Quinault's French and an English translation. (Beckmesser adds a line of regret that the pointing, the lineation, and the typographical distinction between lines long and short of Quinault's verses were not more carefully followed.) There were also suggestions for further reading.

IN matters textual and contextual, the presentation of Bach's Ascension cantata (No. 11, "Lobet Gott in seinen Reichen") in Holy Trinity



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Why outhouses have moons.
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Why John Wayne is called "The Duke."
Where to dig for worms.
Who figured out arithmetic.
Where to complain about potholes.
Who Peach Melba was named after.
Where to grow mushrooms.
Why they created West Virginia.
Who won the battle of Culloden.
How to fix your car.
Where they made "Ben Hur."
Who said, "Don't give up the ship".
Why they eat spaghetti in China.
Where the sun goes at night.
How to make a million.
Who plays tackle for Detroit.
Who stood in the snow at Canossa.
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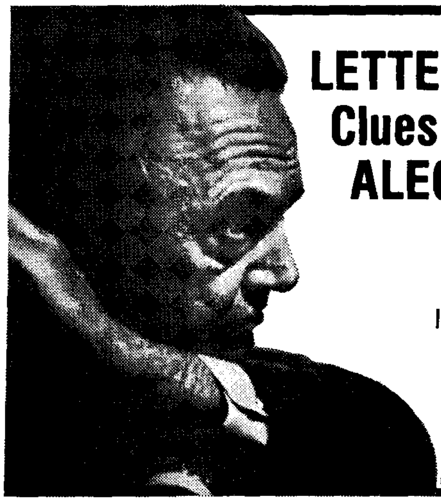
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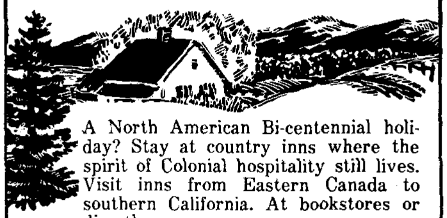

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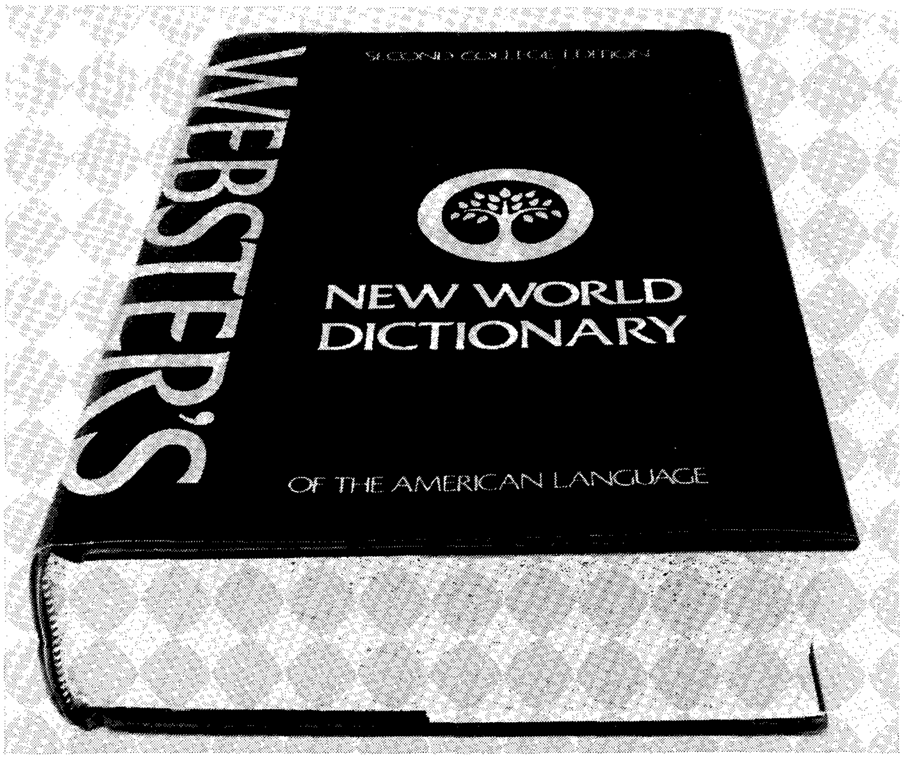

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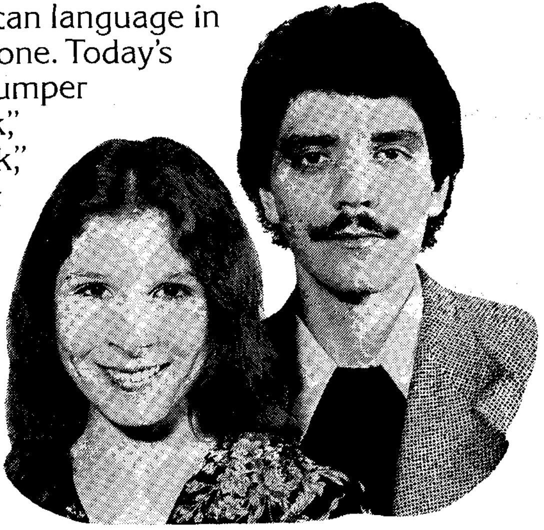

Lutheran Church, on the Sunday after Ascension, can be lauded. The German words and a translation were provided. The pastor spoke a brief program note. The Lesson, on which the cantata text is a gloss and its music a meditation, was read (the music was performed as the center of a vesper service); the organ prelude and postlude were Bach chorale-preludes on hymns sung by the congregation-audience. Women took the boys' parts, which is regrettable but inevitable in most churches today. There were some tension-dropping gaps between recitatives and arias. If the executants, who were in the West gallery, could have listened to themselves down in the nave, they might have striven for still more precise articulation, because the church is resonant and much contrapuntal detail was lost. Nevertheless, not even in Bach's own St. Thomas's, in Leipzig, are his cantatas today performed so meetly.

—ANDREW PORTER

•

SLIGHT HEADACHE DEPARTMENT

[*Letter received by a psychiatrist in Los Angeles*]

DEAR DOCTOR:

Long before Freud turned his attention to Hamlet and Lear, Shakespeare was celebrated by literary scholars as the world's greatest poet-psychologist. Fascination with his work continues, and analysis of the characters reveals the bard's uncanny insight into human behavior—behavior that often may find counterparts in current clinical situations.

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Lear, although striving to remain "every inch a king," is stretched beyond the limits of his reality-testing abilities and sinks into madness. In twentieth-century terms he could be labeled demented, delirious, or schizophrenic. His schizophrenia—hallucinatory behavior, conceptual disorganization, suspiciousness—might well be treatable today with Serentil® (mesoridazine).

•

What is the southernmost point in the United States?—R. S., Huntley, Ill.

Cape Ka Lae (also called South Cape) on the island of Hawaii. Its geographical position is 18 degrees 58 minutes north of the equator, which translates to 379 miles north of Key West, Fla., which used to be the southernmost point. This ought to help win a few saloon bets for you.—*Chicago Daily News.*

On the contrary, it'll keep us *out* of saloons.

BOOKS

Pioneer's Progress

AT her death, in 1797, Mary Wollstonecraft left an uncompleted novel, "Maria, or the Wrongs of Woman," a restatement, in fictional form, of the ideas in her famous essay of 1792, "A Vindication of the Rights of Woman." The finished chapters of the novel and the outline of the rest, first published, posthumously, with a preface by her widower, William Godwin, have now been reprinted, by Norton, with an introduction by Moira Ferguson.

Mary Wollstonecraft's ability to survive was remarkable. She surmounted a loveless childhood and a penniless girlhood to become a respected, self-supporting journalist. She lived in France through the French Revolution's Terror and, though regarded as a radical, through the years of right-wing political repression in England at war with France. She survived an unhappy love affair that left her with an illegitimate child to support; she failed twice at suicide. In fact, it took eighteenth-century obstetrics to kill her—she died of a postpartum infection after giving birth to her second daughter. Though she is considered a founding mother of feminism, the cause of her death emphasizes the remoteness of her difficulties as a woman. For modern middle-class Western women, the control of fertility and the improvement of obstetrical care have created a total break with the past. Indeed, the change is so drastic that we may not have grasped it. (One might begin with a necrology of famous women who died of complications attending pregnancy or childbirth; among writers, Charlotte Brontë comes to mind.)

Yet Mary Wollstonecraft has a place in what I think *are* historical continuities. She belongs to the world of journalism that took shape in the eighteenth century and that has remained essentially unchanged. She also belongs to another tradition that was invented in the eighteenth century, and that still survives: romantic radicalism. "Maria," which is a fascinating book, though not a good novel, exemplifies both these traditions. Miss Wollstonecraft's gifts were those of a polemical journalist. Whenever "Maria" argues, it is lively, but the author lacks a novelist's ability to write in other people's voices. She is making do with her own opinions, and with intelligence and sympathy. These two qualities are evident in her Jemima, a woman at the rock bottom of society. The illegitimate child of a servant, Jemima has been a prostitute, a thief, a washerwoman, and a beggar before she attains the job of keeper in the insane asylum into which Maria, as the story opens, has been shanghaied by her profligate, avaricious husband. Jemima risks her job, her last chance for solvency (and solvency at this point in her life is the only happiness she can imagine), to help Maria. She manages Maria's meetings with Henry Darnford, an inmate who has also been unjustly confined, and who becomes Maria's lover. Jemima helps her escape, becomes her maid, rescues her from suicide (after Darnford has abandoned her), and recovers her baby, who was thought to have died. In the eighteenth century, the pairings of master and man and of mistress and maid were literary staples (Wooster and Jeeves may be the last of that ancient line), but Jemima is not a conventional repeat of a bookish formula. She skips the cant about how happy the poor are, and how honest work is always available to those who seek it—the eighteenth-century version of contemporary guff about the "lazy" welfare population. Though the novel is by our standards sentimental, the author does not make the sentimental error of suggesting that Jemima's sufferings have been morally beneficial or that she is conventionally good. Jemima is a resourceful tough cookie. It is a pity Mary Wollstonecraft did not have the art to make her a realized character, but it is greatly to the credit of the author, as a feeling and thinking woman, that she could conceive her.

Maria—or, rather, Maria's money—is the book's problem. The theme of the work is that women should have the right to do as they wish with their money and their love, but Mary Wollstonecraft does not tell the truth about eighteenth-century money. At first, she suggests—her contemporaries must have known better about such things—that Maria's husband, George Venables, who married Maria for her five-thousand-pound dowry, has possession of this money. The book is extremely foggy about Maria's "fortune," though it is constantly at issue. Sometimes it is suggested that Venables owns or controls it; sometimes only that he seeks it. In eighteenth-century England, a wife's money, unless there were special arrangements, legally be-

the Bronx
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5
Levin

longed to her husband, and a washerwoman's spouse could make off with her earnings. But pounds were treated more carefully than pennies, and the law, concerned primarily with the protection and preservation of property, took very good care of a married woman's inheritance or dowry. The eighteenth and nineteenth centuries negotiated marriage settlements in the distrustful spirit in which the twentieth century negotiates divorce agreements, and a wife's dowry was hedged about by marriage contracts with all the ingenuity the legal profession could devise. Frequently, her capital benefitted her children, not her husband. (In "Northanger Abbey," Henry Tilney, a younger son, is to inherit "a very considerable fortune . . . by marriage settlements.") The use of the income from a dowry, too, was stipulated; a man might break his wife's spirit, but he could not withhold pin money. The book partly acknowledges this: Maria says, late in the tale, that she has "destroyed the settlement," meaning that she has finally given the dowry to her husband. She has come into an inheritance, and is seeking a divorce so she can marry, and spend her money on, Darnford. But this is implausible. The document would be kept by a solicitor, who would be unlikely to let her tear it up; besides, women (and men) were not trustees of their own marriage settlements. Malcolm Elwin, in "Lord Byron's Wife," tells how Lady Byron and her parents tried to undo some family settlements in order to produce some ready cash for the impecunious poet. For the better part of a year, all three struggled to persuade their lawyers to let them part with their own money, and it is not clear that they succeeded before the Byrons separated. The more one considers the subject, the more one realizes that there is a radical theme *manqué* in the book—the extent to which, in all civilizations, human beings have been more or less incidents in the history of property: the entailed estate lives on, intact, unsalable, from generation to generation; the factory, though nationalized, keeps the assembly line going at a good fast clip.

Maria may be confused about business matters because Mary Wollstonecraft herself despised commerce, calculation, and even prudence, and endowed her heroine with this attitude. On the subjects of both love and money, her novel elevates passionate sincerity and deprecates realistic judgment. She wrote as if human passion were rare and valuable, and prudence common and cheap. This is not so. All the way from wisdom, its highest level, to its everyday variant, common sense, good judgment is much scarcer among mankind than strong feeling. Maria and Mary Wollstonecraft are arguing for the legal recognition of romantic love—a passion so entrancing we forget that it is inherently subversive. It has interfered with pagan peace (the Trojan War), with Christian marriage (Tristan and Isolde), and—to judge by Soviet and Chinese legislation and propaganda—with building Socialism. It is terribly difficult to criticize romantic love, because every one of us believes in it; I suppose it is the most widely shared ideal in the world today.

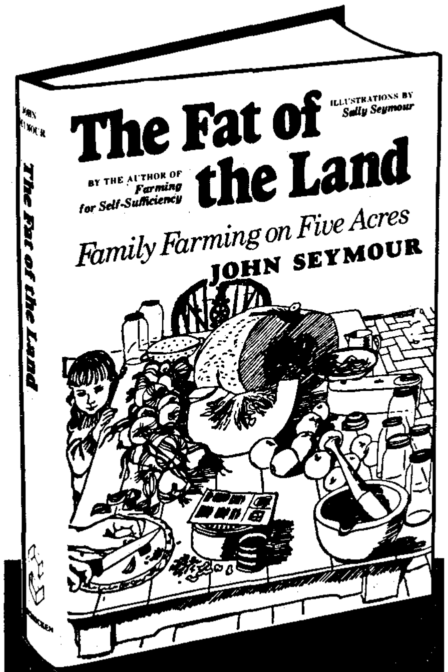
The one person in "Maria" who does question the right to romantic love is the judge who refuses Maria a divorce; he "alluded to 'the fallacy of letting women plead their feelings, as an excuse for the violation of the marriage-vow.' " He is, by the way, concerned about Maria's giving money to Darnford. His is the only voice that the author has really created, and though he is meant to be a villain, I find him a comic one. He is the eternal Tory, convinced that civilization hangs by a thread, and that any change—bobbed hair on women or long hair on men—will snap that thread. He is the perennial loser in the struggle to make everybody steady and tidy, and the world productive and expectable, by denying or controlling or punishing romantic love. Héloïse's barbarous relatives did not warn off future generations, and "Romeo and Juliet" persuades parents to let their children marry where they will, although Juliet would not have died if she had obeyed her parents. Surely Maria and Mary Wollstonecraft are mistaken in insisting that falling in love is a heroic act, akin to rescuing a baby from a burning building, when it is something most of us can't help, like slipping on a banana peel.

—NAOMI BLIVEN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

MOISE AND THE WORLD OF REASON, by Tennessee Williams (Simon & Schuster). Imagine a landscape as unconsoling as any conceived of by Beckett. Then people it with a feverish company of lonely, bitchy, somewhat histrionic characters restlessly prowling it for earthly joys and you have the quality of Mr. Williams' first full-length novel. A bawdy *no* drama on a lone prairie. Ostensibly,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the action takes place in Greenwich Village, but it could be any large city. The nameless narrator—"a distinguished failed writer at thirty"—lives in a sectioned-off corner of an abandoned warehouse on West Eleventh Street. For thirteen years, he has shared these ascetic quarters in comparative bliss with a light-skinned black, Lance, an ice skater and drug addict who called himself "the living nigger on ice." But Lance O.D.'s, his replacement proves to be frivolous, and the narrator, in his unhappiness, turns for solace to Moise, a woman painter whose pure (some would say loony) spirit and poetic pronouncements have sustained him in the past. But Moise is without funds, food, or pigment, and hardly in a position to help; only the narrator's notebooks and a last-minute promising glance from a young photographer suggest a way out of searing remorse. Much of this is maudlin, a great deal of it is blurry and repetitive, and only the strong, self-mocking humor and the evocative reminiscences about the narrator's Southern past remind us of the author's singular gift as a playwright.

GENERAL

Knaves, Fools and Heroes, by Sir John Wheeler-Bennett (St. Martin's). As a young, comfortably off Englishman who was almost passionately keen on contemporary history, and who was convinced that its focal point for some time would be Weimar Germany, Sir John in the late nineteen-twenties settled in Berlin, where he got to know von Seeckt, father of the Reichswehr and for a while virtual ruler of the Weimar Republic; Brüning, its last decent chancellor; von Papen; the unspeakable von Schleicher; and a quartet of top Nazis. He saw the Reichstag burning, and he was in the hall on the day all power was given to Hitler by the Enabling Act. This book spans the between-the-wars years (another volume is in the making), and it covers other theatres of history as well—France, Italy, Czechoslovakia, Austria, Mexico (where Sir John interviewed Trotsky for his book on the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk), and even Doorn, Holland (where he had a tête-à-tête of several days with ex-Kaiser Wilhelm II). Freed, for the moment, of the disciplines of formal historical writing, Sir John can let himself go in these reminiscences;

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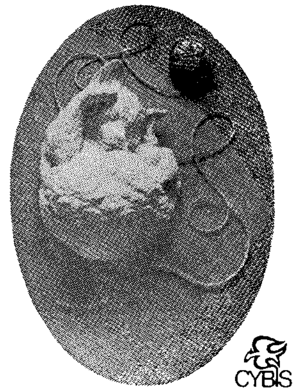
Lester Grinspoon is a practicing psychiatrist and professor of psychiatry at Harvard.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THREE ON THE TOWER: THE LIVES AND WORKS OF EZRA POUND, T. S. ELIOT, AND WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS, by Louis Simpson (Morrow). The author, himself a distinguished American poet, gets right to the heart of the poetic accomplishments of these three Americans, explaining the relationships between their era and their lives, their lives and their work, and each other. None had an assured self; each had to find a voice. The voice that Mr. Simpson finds most influential lately is Williams'. Young American poets have been following his example of using American vernacular speech, a practice that in poetry entails not only an American vocabulary but rhythms or metres that differ from traditional English poetic feet. Mr. Simpson manages to discuss the techniques of poetry without relying on a specialist's vocabulary. His prose is lucid and readable, and attains a perfect blend of liveliness and earnestness.

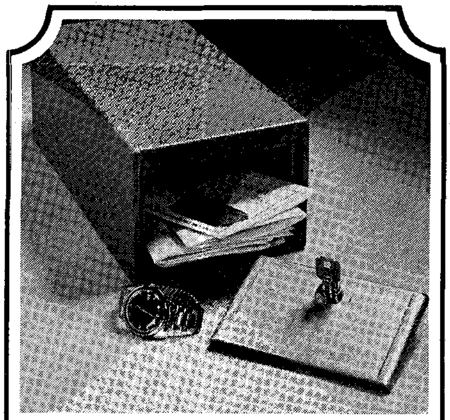
PIRANDELLO: A BIOGRAPHY, by Gaspare Giudice, translated from the Italian by Alastair Hamilton (Oxford). This first biography of Pirandello to appear in English is an abridged translation of a book published in Italy in 1963. It is factual and pedestrian but not dull, for it sets the reader to wondering. Was Pirandello really a Fascist, or was he an artist who was apolitical and found it simpler to go along with Mussolini? Did he feel, until his success, that the modern theatre was nothing, and not for him? Was it bravado that this man who boasted to his children of his acclaim should direct, in a will written twenty-five years before his death, that he have a pauper's hearse with "no one to accompany me, neither friends nor relations. The hearse, the horse, the driver—that is all"? The author does not explain.

•

Morgan Guaranty Trust, the nation's 6th largest commercial bank, announced today a lowering of its prime interest rate from 8¼ per cent to the industry-wide low 7¾ per cent, effective tomorrow.

This is the first time the Prime Minister has been that low since July 3, 1973.—*Kingston (Jamaica) Daily Gleaner.*

We're *all* a bit gloomy. It's natural.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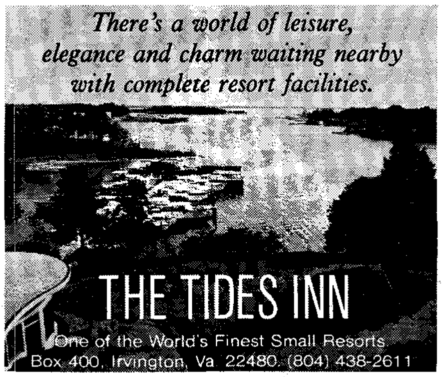
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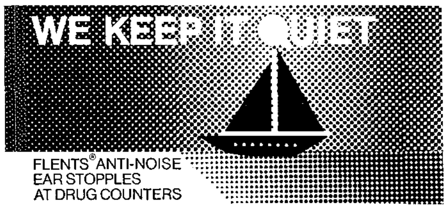
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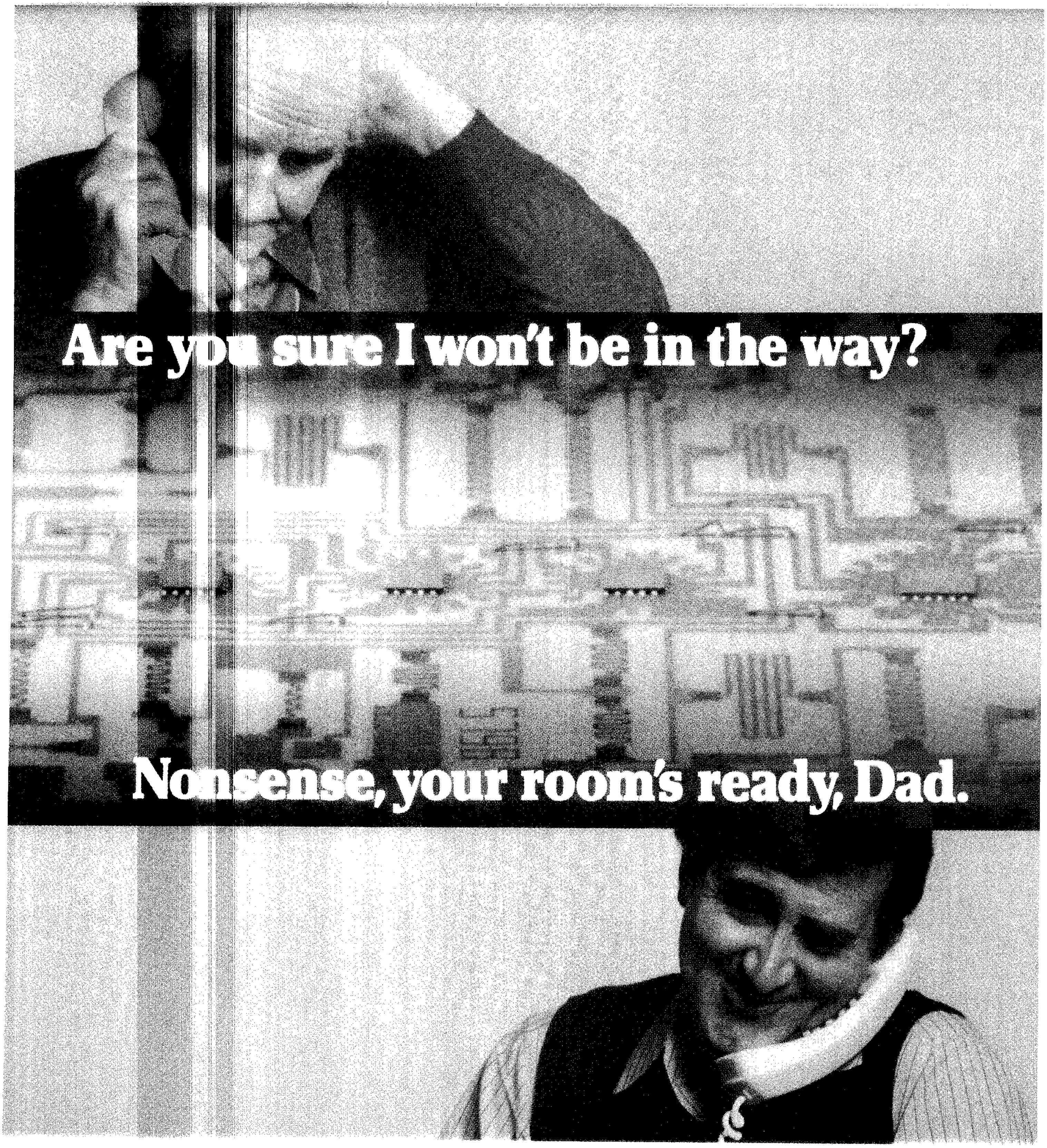
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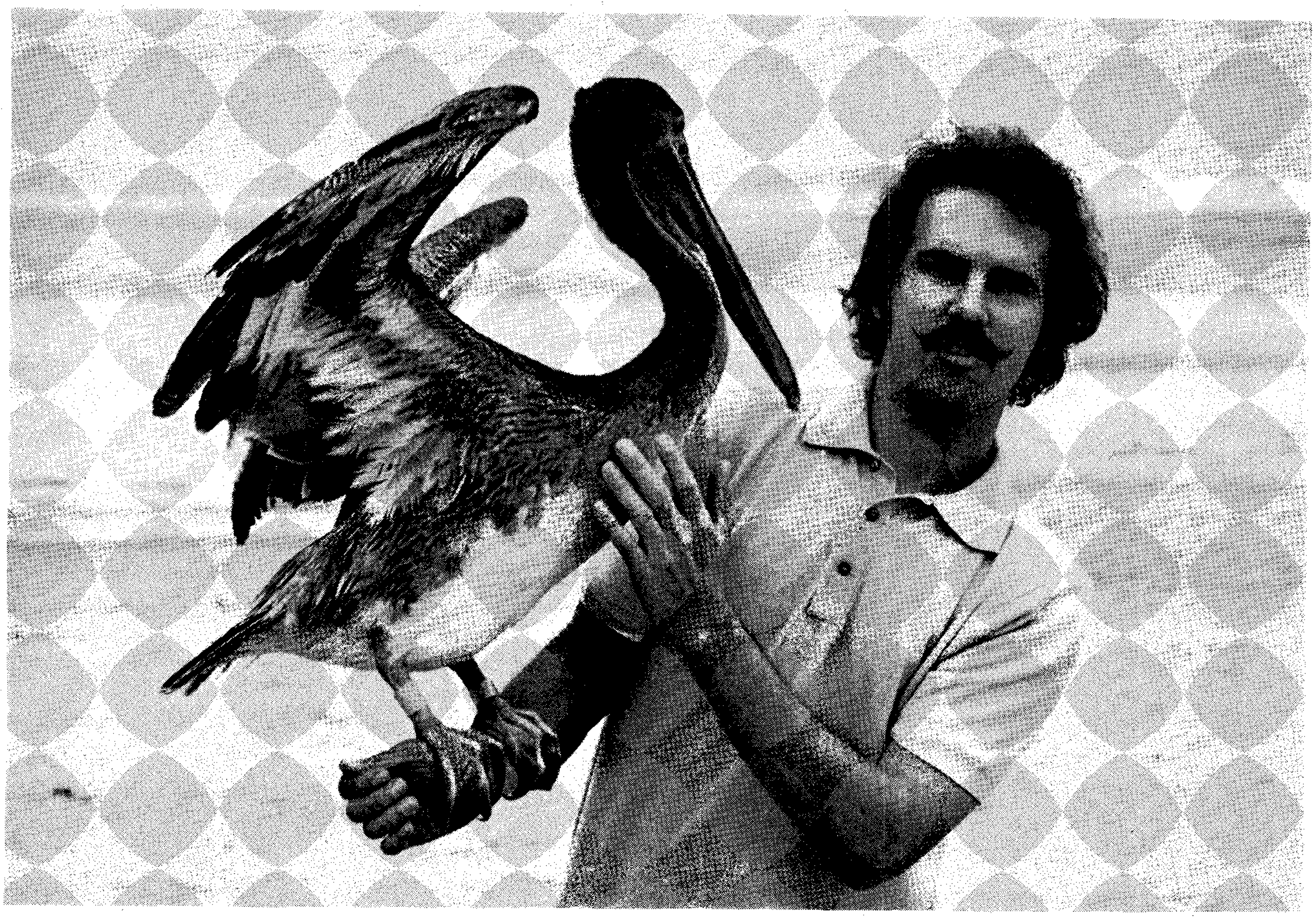

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RALPH HEATH

HOME: St. Petersburg, Florida

AGE: 28

PROFESSION: Zoologist

HOBBIES: Restoring antique cars, scuba diving, flying, film making.

MOST MEMORABLE BOOK: "Silent Spring" by Rachel Carson

LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Founded the Suncoast Seabird Sanctuary where he cares for thousands of sick and injured birds and works to improve their ecological conditions.

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John Dewar & Sons Ltd
PERTH
SCOTLAND

Authentic. There are more than a thousand ways to blend whiskies in Scotland, but few are authentic enough for Dewar's "White Label." The quality standards we set down in 1846 have never varied. Into each drop go only the finest whiskies from the Highlands, the Lowlands, the Hebrides.

Dewar's never varies.